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VOL. XXXVI.

THE GIFTS OF SCIENCE TO ART.

PART I.

STEAM—DAGUERRETYPE—LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS—THE SAFETY LAMP—ELECTRO-PLATING AND GILDING—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

EACH succeeding age and generation leaves behind it a peculiar character, which stands out in relief upon its annals, and is associated with it for ever in the memory of posterity. One is signalised for the invention of gunpowder, another for that of printing; one is rendered memorable by the revival of letters, another by the reformation of religion; one epoch is rendered illustrious by the discoveries of Newton, another by the conquests of Napoleon. If we are asked by what characteristic the present age will be marked in the records of our successors, we answer, by the miracles which have been wrought in the subjugation of the powers of the material world to the uses of the human race. In this respect no former epoch can approach to competition with the present.

Although the credit of the invention of the steam-engine must be conceded to the generation which preceded us, its improvement and its most important applications are unquestionably due to our contemporaries. So little was the immortal Watt himself aware of the extent of the latent powers of that machine, that he declared, upon the occasion of his last visit to Cornwall, on ascertaining that a weight of twenty-seven millions of pounds had been raised one foot high by the combustion of a bushel of coals under one of his boilers, that the *ne plus ultra* was attained, and that the power of steam could no further go. Nevertheless the Patriarch of the steam-engine lived to see forty millions of pounds raised the same height by the same quantity of fuel. Had he sur-

vived only a few years longer, he would have seen even this performance doubled, and still more recently it has, under favourable circumstances, been increased in a threefold ratio.

But it is not in the mere elevation of mineral substances from the crust of the globe, nor in the drainage of the vast subterranean regions which have become the theatre of such extensive operations of industry and art, that steam has wrought its greatest miracles. By its agency coal is made to minister in an infinite variety of ways to the uses of society. Coals are by it taught to spin, weave, dye, print, and dress silks, cottons, woollens, and other cloths; to make paper, and print books on it when made; to convert corn into flour; to press oil from the olive, and wine from the grape; to draw up metal from the bowels of the earth; to pound and smelt it, to melt and mould it; to forge it; to roll it, and to fashion it into every form that the most wayward caprice can desire. Do we traverse the deep?—they lend wings to the ship, and bid defiance to the natural opponents, the winds and the tides. Does the wind-bound ship desire to get out of port to start on her voyage?—steam throws its arms round her, and places her on the open sea. Do we traverse the land?—steam is harnessed to our chariot, and we outstrip the flight of the swiftest bird, and equal the fury of the tempest.

It results, from the official returns of the Cornish authorities, that as much power is there obtained from a bushel of coals, as is equivalent to an average day's work of an hundred stage-coach horses.

The great pyramid of Egypt stands upon a base measuring seven hundred feet each way, and is five hundred feet high. According to Herodotus, its construction employed an hundred thousand labourers for twenty years. Now we know that the materials of this structure might be raised from the ground to their present position by the combustion of four hundred and eighty tons of coals.

The Menai Bridge consists of about two thousand tons of iron, and its height above the level of the water is one hundred and twenty feet. Its entire mass might be lifted from the level of the water to its present position by the combustion of four bushels of coal!

Marvellous as the uses are to which heat has been rendered subservient, those which have been obtained from light are not less so. Ready-made flame is fabricated in vast establishments, erected in the suburbs of cities and towns, and transmitted in subterranean pipes through the streets and buildings which it is desired to illuminate. It is supplied, according to individual wants, in measured quantity; and at every door an automaton is stationed, by whom a faithful register is kept of the quantity of flame supplied from hour to hour!

It resulted from scientific researches on the properties of solar light, that certain metallic preparations were affected in a peculiar manner by being exposed to various degrees of light and shade. This hint was not lost. An individual, whose name has since become memorable, M. Daguerre, thought that as engraving consisted of nothing but the representation of objects by means of incisions on a metallic plate, corresponding to the lights and shades of the object represented—and as these same lights and shades were shown by the discoveries of science to produce on metals specific effects, in the exact proportion of their intensities—there could be no reason why the objects to be represented should not be made to *engrave themselves* on plates properly prepared!! Hence arose the beautiful art now become so universally useful, and called after its inventor—**DAGUERROTYPE.**

The object of which it is desired to produce a representation, is placed be-

fore an optical instrument, with which every one is familiar as the camera-obscura. An exact representation of it, on a scale reduced in any required proportion, is thus formed upon a plate of ground glass, so that it may be viewed by the operator, who can thus adjust the instrument in such a manner as to obtain an exact picture of it. If it be desired to make a portrait, the effect of the posture of the sitter can thus be seen, and the most favourable position ascertained before the process is commenced.

When these arrangements have been made, the plate of ground glass, on which the picture was previously formed, is withdrawn, and the metallic plate, on which the picture is to be engraved, is substituted for it. This latter being placed in the groove from which the plate of ground glass has been withdrawn, the picture will be formed upon it with the same degree of precision, and in exactly the same position in which it was previously seen on the plate of ground glass.

When the light is favourable, four or five seconds are sufficient to complete the process. According as it is less intense, the necessary time may be greater, but never should exceed a minute. In general, the shorter the time in which a picture is made, the more perfect the picture will be, especially if it be a portrait, because the defects of the representation most commonly arise from the object represented, or some part of it, having shifted its position during the process. In that case, the picture presents the object as though it were seen through a mist. The best portraits we have ever seen produced by this art have been completed in four seconds!

It might be supposed, from what we have here said, that it would be almost impossible, in any case, to obtain a perfect representation of the eyes in a portrait, because of the difficulty of abstaining from winking. It happens, however, that winking being a change of position which is only continued for an inappreciable instant of time, the eye resuming its position immediately, is almost the only movement incidental to a sitter which does not affect the precision of the portrait; unless, indeed, the action of winking were to be continued in rapid succession, which, in practice, almost never occurs.

One of the defects of *Daguerreotype*, as applied to portraiture, arises from the impossibility of bringing the entire person of the sitter at once into focus. To render this possible, it would be necessary that every part of the person of the sitter should be at precisely the same distance from the lens of the camera obscura, a condition which obviously cannot be fulfilled. It happens, consequently, that those parts of the person of the sitter which are nearest to the lens, will be represented on a scale a little greater than those parts which are most distant; and if the instrument be adjusted so as to bring the nearer parts into very exact focus, the more distant parts will be proportionally out of focus.

These defects cannot be removed, but may be so much mitigated as to be imperceptible. By using larger lenses, the camera can be placed at a considerable distance from the sitter, without inconveniently diminishing the size of the picture. By this expedient, the difference between the distances of different points of the sitter from the lens, will bear so small a proportion to the whole distance, that the amount of distortion arising from the cause just mentioned may be rendered quite imperceptible. Large lenses, however, when good in quality, are expensive; and it is only the more extensively-employed practitioners in this business that can afford to use them.

The magnitude of these pictures will, in a great degree, depend on the magnitude of the lens. We have seen, lately, groups executed by a Parisian artist, on plates from fifteen to sixteen inches square.*

The agency of light and shade has been successfully used, in the same manner, to produce pictures on paper, glass, wood, and other substances, chemically prepared, so as to be more or less impressed with some dark colour. The representations obtained in this manner have not, however, the precision and distinctness which are so universally characteristic of the *Daguerreotype* process.

Attempts have been recently made, with more or less success, to remove the metallic or *lead* hue which has

been found disagreeable in *Daguerreotype* portraits. This is effected by colouring them by means of dry colours rubbed into the incisions made by the action of the light. These coloured *Daguerreotypes*, though more open to objection on artistic grounds, are, nevertheless, decidedly popular, when judiciously executed.

Artists, and especially miniature-painters, are naturally opposed to *Daguerreotype*. No miniature, however, will, so far as relates to mere resemblance, bear comparison to a *Daguerreotype*. The artist can soften down defects, and present the sitter under the most favourable aspect. The sun, however, is no flatterer, and gives the lineaments as they exist, with the most inexorable fidelity, and the most cruel precision.

Nevertheless, it is known that some of the most eminent portrait-painters—those whose productions have raised them above petty feelings—do avail themselves of the aid of *Daguerreotypes*, where well-executed representations of that kind are obtainable; and they see in this no more degradation of their art, than a sculptor finds in using a cast of the subject which his chisel is about to reproduce.

But of all the gifts which Science has presented to Art in these latter days, the most striking and magnificent are those in which the agency of electricity has been evoked.

From the moment electric phenomena attracted the attention of the scientific world, the means of applying them to the useful purposes of life were eagerly sought for. Although such applications had not yet entered into the spirit of the age as fully as they have since done, it so happened that, in this department of physics, a volunteer had enlisted in the army of science, the characteristic of whose genius was eminently practical, and soon achieved, by his discoveries, an eminence to which the world has since offered universal homage. Benjamin Franklin, a member of a literary society in Philadelphia, had his attention called to the then recent discovery, the phenomena of the Leyden Jar, which at that time astonished all

* The most successful practitioner in *Daguerreotype* now in Paris is Mr. W. Thompson, an American.

Europe. From that moment the views of Franklin were bent on the discovery of some useful purpose to which these discoveries could be applied. *Cui bono?* was a question never absent from his thoughts. After having made some of those great discoveries which have since formed the basis of electrical science, and have surrounded his name with unfading lustre, he expressed, in a letter to the secretary of the Royal Society of London, in his usual playful manner, his disappointment at not being yet able to find any application of the science beneficial to mankind:—

"Chagrined a little," he wrote, "that we have hitherto been able to produce nothing in the way of use to mankind; and the hot weather coming on, when electrical experiments are not so agreeable, it is proposed to put an end to them for the season, somewhat humorously, in a party of pleasure, on the banks of the Schuylkill.* Spirits, at the same time, are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side, through the river, without any other conductor than the water; an experiment which we some time since performed to the amazement of many.† A turkey is to be killed for dinner by the electrical shock, and roasted by the electrical jack, ‡ before a fire kindled by the electrical "ottle" (since known as the Leyden phial), when the healths of all the famous electricians in England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns from the electrical battery."§

Although the application of the great principles of science to the practical uses of life cannot be too highly appreciated, it would be a great error to carry this enthusiasm for the useful to such an excess as to exclude a just admiration for those high abstract laws, the discovery of which had conferred lustre on the names of our greatest philosophers, and on none more justly than that of Franklin himself. It must be admitted, however, that this

craving after utility was the great characteristic of his mind, and may even be regarded as having been carried almost to a fault. It has been justly observed by a contemporary writer—

"That although the application of the properties of matter and the phenomena of nature to the uses of civilised life is undoubtedly one of the great incentives to the investigation of the laws of the material world, yet it is assuredly a great error to regard that either as the only or the principal motive to such inquiries. There is in the perception of truth itself—in the contemplation of connected propositions, leading by the mere operation of the intellectual faculties, exercised on individual physical facts, to the development of those great general laws by which the universe is maintained—an exalted pleasure, compared with which the mere attainment of convenience and utility in the economy of life is poor and mean. There is a nobleness in the power which the natural philosopher derives from the discovery of these laws, of raising the curtain of futurity and displaying the decrees of nature, so far as they affect the physical universe for countless ages to come, which is independent of, and above all, utility. While, however, we thus claim for truth and knowledge all the consideration to which, on their own account, they are entitled, let us not be misunderstood as disparaging the great benefactors of the human race, who have drawn from them those benefits which so much tend to the well-being of man. When we express the enjoyment which arises from the beauty and fragrance of the flower, we do not the less prize the honey which is extracted from it, or the medicinal virtues which it yields. That Franklin was accessible to such feelings, the enthusiasm with which he expresses himself throughout his writings, in regard to natural phenomena, abundantly proves. Nevertheless, *useful application* was undoubtedly ever uppermost in his thoughts; and he probably never witnessed a physical fact, or considered for a moment any law of nature, without inwardly proposing to himself the question, 'In what way can this be made beneficial in the economy of life.'"

After studying the properties of

* A picturesque river which washes the Western suburbs of Philadelphia, and to the valley of which it is the custom of the citizens to make pic-nic parties. In the summer months, the temperature at Philadelphia is so high as to banish to the watering-places all who are not absolutely tied to the town by the exigencies of their business.

† This experiment has been recently reproduced in the investigations connected with the electric telegraph, but without giving credit to Franklin as its original author.

‡ It will be seen by this hint that the idea of applying electricity, as a moving power, had already occurred to Franklin.

§ Franklin's Works, vol. v. p. 210. Boston: 1837.

|| "Lardner on Electricity and Magnetism," vol. i. p. 41.

metals, in virtue of which electricity runs along them in preference to other substances, and discovering the property of points to attract the electric fluid, Franklin proceeded at once to the discovery of conductors, or "lightning-rods," for the protection of buildings. "If these things be so," wrote he—

"May not the knowledge of this power of points be of use to mankind in preserving houses, churches, ships, &c., from the stroke of lightning, by directing us to fix on the highest points of those edifices upright rods of iron made sharp as a needle, and gilt (at the points) to prevent rusting; and from the foot of those rods a wire down the outside of the building into the ground, or down round one of the shrouds of a ship, and down her side till it reaches the water? Would not these pointed rods probably draw the electric fire out of a cloud before it came nigh enough to strike, and thereby secure us from that most sudden and terrible mischief?"*

It is known to every one, that after this Franklin established his theory by the celebrated experiment of the kite, by which he literally drained a cloud of its lightning; but what is not so well known is, that when the paper written by Franklin, explaining his project of constructing lightning-conductors for the protection of buildings, was soon afterwards read before the Royal Society of London, it was received with peals of laughter, and was voted so absurd as to be deemed unworthy of being printed in the "Philosophical Transactions." It *was*, however, printed by an independent publisher, and has attained, as is well known, a world-wide celebrity.

Not long afterwards, the same members of the Royal Society who laughed at Franklin's project, were called upon to superintend the erection of conductors upon the royal palace, when, to gratify the royal spleen against the rebellious philosopher of the revolted colonies, they rejected the *pointed conductors* recommended by Franklin, and actually caused *blunt conductors* to be placed on the palace. Franklin, who held the office of American Minister in London (the independence of the United States being then recently acknowledged), on hear-

ing this, wrote to one of his friends in Philadelphia:—

"The king's changing his *pointed* conductors for *blunt* ones is a matter of small importance to me. If I had a wish about them it would be that he would reject them altogether as ineffectual. For it is only since he thought himself and his family safe from the thunder of heaven that he has dared to use his own thunder in destroying his innocent subjects."†

Art often presses into its service the discoveries of Science, but it sometimes provokes them. Art surveys the fruit of the toil of the philosopher, and selects such as suits her purposes; but sometimes, not finding what is suitable to her wants, she makes an appeal to Science, whose votaries direct their researches accordingly towards the desired object, and rarely fail to attain them.

One of the most signal examples of the successful issue of such an appeal presents itself in the *safety-lamp*.

The same gas which is used for the purposes of illumination of our cities and towns (and which, as is well known, is obtained from coals by the process of *baking* in close retorts) is often spontaneously developed in the seams of coal which form the mines, and collects in large quantities in the galleries and workings where the coal-miners are employed. When this gas is mingled with common air, in a certain definite proportion, the moisture becomes highly explosive, and frequently catastrophes, attended with frightful loss of life, occurred in consequence of this in the mines. The prevalence of this evil at length became so great, that government called the attention of scientific men to the subject, and the late Sir Humphrey Davy engaged in a series of experimental researches with a view to the discovery of some efficient protection for the miner, the result of which was, the now celebrated *safety-lamp*.

Davy first directed his inquiries to the nature and properties of flame. What is flame? was a question which seems until then never to have been answered or even asked.

All known bodies, when heated to a

* "Franklin's Works," Vol. v. p. 235. Boston: 1837.

† "Franklin's Works," vol. v. p. 227.

certain intensity, become luminous. Thus iron, when its temperature is elevated first, gives a dull red light, which becomes more and more white as the temperature is increased, until at length it becomes as white as the sun. Davy showed that gaseous substances are not exempt from this law, and that flame is nothing more than gas rendered *white hot*.

He further showed that if the gas thus rendered white hot be cooled, it will cease to be luminous in the same manner, and from the same cause as would be the case with a red hot poker plunged in water.

He shewed that the gas which forms flame may be cooled by putting it in contact with any substance, such as metal, which, being a good conductor, would deprive it of so much of its caloric that it must cease to be luminous.

Thus, if a piece of wire net-work, with meshes sufficiently close, be held over the flame of a lamp or candle, it will be found that the flame will not pass through the meshes. The wire will become red hot, but no flame will appear above it.

It is not, in this case, that the gas which forms the flame does not pass through the meshes of the wire, but in doing so, it gives up so much of its heat to the metal, that when it escapes from the meshes above the wire, it is no longer hot enough to be luminous.

Sir Humphrey Davy, in the researches which he was called to make, discovered this important fact, which enabled him to explain the nature and properties of flame; and having so discovered it, he did not fail promptly to apply it to the solution of the practical problem with which he had to grapple.

This problem was to enable the miner to walk, lamp in hand, through an atmosphere of high explosive gas, without the possibility of producing explosion. It was, as though he were required to thrust a blazing torch through a mass of gunpowder without either extinguishing the flambeau or igniting the powder: with this difference, however, that the gaseous atmosphere to which the miner was often exposed was infinitely more explosive than gunpowder.

The instrument by which he accomplished this was as remarkable for its simplicity as for its perfect efficiency. A common lantern, containing a lamp

or candle, instead of being as usual enclosed by glass or horn, was enclosed by wire gauze of that degree of fineness in its meshes which experiment had proved to be impervious to flame. When such a lantern was carried into an atmosphere of explosive gas, the external atmosphere would enter freely through the wire gauze, and would burn quietly within the lantern; but the meshes which thus permitted the cold gas to enter, forbid the white-hot gas within to escape without parting with so much of its heat in the transit as to deprive it of the character and properties of flame; so that, although it passed into the external explosive atmosphere, it was no longer in a condition to inflame it.

The lamp thus serves a double purpose: it is at once a *protection* and a *warning*. It protects, because the flame within cannot ignite the gas outside the lantern. It warns, because the miner, seeing the gas burning within the lantern, is informed that he is enveloped by an explosive atmosphere, and takes measures accordingly to ventilate the gallery, and meanwhile to prevent unguarded lights from entering it.

Nothing can be imagined more triumphantly successful than this investigation of Sir Humphrey Davy. Some philosophers have the good fortune to arrive at great scientific discoveries in the prosecution of those researches to which the course of their labours leads them. Some are so happy as to make inventions of high importance in the arts, when such applications are suggested by the laws which govern the phenomena that have arisen in their experimental researches. But we cannot remember any other instance in which an object of research being proposed to an experimental philosopher, foreign to his habitual inquiries, having no associations with those trains of thought in which his mind has been previously involved, he has prosecuted the inquiry so as to arrive not only at the development of a natural law of the highest order, the fruitful parent of innumerable consequences of great general importance in physics, but has at the same time realised an invention of such immense utility as to form an epoch in the history of art, and to become the means of saving countless numbers of human lives.

As wire-gauze drains flame of its danger in the safety-lamp, it drains air of its poison by another felicitous application of a physical principle in the case of the needle-grinder's mask. In that department of industry, the health of the artisan was impaired, and the duration of his life abridged, by respiring continually, while at work, an atmosphere impregnated with steel-dust. A mask was invented composed of a gauze formed of magnetised wire, through which the artisan was to breathe. The air, in passing from the external atmosphere to the mouth and nostrils, left all the steel-dust which it held in suspension on the wire of the mask, from which, from time to time, it was wiped off as it accumulated.

Electricity has proved a fertile source of benefits conferred on Art by Science. When a galvanic current is passed through a fluid which holds in solution any substance which has the property of being attracted by one of the poles of the battery, such substance will desert the fluid, and collect upon any object, being a conductor, which may be used to form the attracting-pole.

This fact has been already variously applied in the arts, and in no case with greater felicity and success than in the process of gilding and silvering the baser metals.

The process of electro-gilding or plating, which now forms so important a department of industrial art, is easily described.

Let us suppose that it be required to gild an object formed of silver, copper, or any inferior metal. The object, being first fabricated in the form it is destined to have, is submerged in a fluid which holds gold in solution. It is then put in connexion with the attracting pole of the galvanic battery, while the solution of gold is put in connexion with the other pole. The galvanic current thus passing through the solution, will decompose it, and the gold will attach itself to the metallic object, which in a few seconds will be sensibly gilt.

Any quantity of gold which may be desired can thus be deposited on the surface of the object. This is accomplished merely by allowing it to remain for a longer period of time in the solution. Thus the gilding may be regulated with the utmost precision, and the quantity of gold which has been

deposited over the object to be gilt may always be known with perfect exactitude.

An object may be silvered in some parts and gilt in others, by a very simple expedient. Let the parts intended to be gilt be coated with some non-conducting substance not affected by the solution of silver, and let the object be then immersed in the solution, and put in connexion with the galvanic battery as already described. The parts not coated will then be plated. Let the parts thus plated be now coated with a non-conducting substance not affected by the solution of gold, the coating previously applied being removed, and let the object be immersed in the solution of gold, and being connected with the battery, the parts not coated will be gilt.

The result of the two operations will be, that the object will be plated on some parts and gilt on others.

In this manner, beautiful effects are produced on vessels used for domestic purposes, which are adorned with various designs expressed by such combinations of plating and gilding.

But all the applications of electric agency to the uses of life, that which is transcendently the most admirable in its effects, and the most important in its consequences, is the electric telegraph. No force of habit, however long continued, no degree of familiarity can efface the sense of wonder which the effects of this most marvellous application of science excites. If any sanguine and far-seeing votary of science had ventured thirty years ago to prognosticate the events which are now daily and hourly witnessed in the Central Electric Telegraph Office, Lothbury, at the Ministry of the Interior in Paris, or in the Telegraphic Bureau at New York, he would have been pronounced insane by every sober-minded and calmly-judging person.

It is not many weeks since we, being in Paris, entered the Telegraphic Office, at the Ministry of the Interior, in the Rue Grenelle St. Germain. There we found ourselves in a room about twenty feet square, in the presence of some half-dozen persons seated at desks, employed in transmitting to, and receiving from various distant points of France, despatches. Being invited, we dictated a message, consisting of about forty

words, addressed to one of the clerks at the railway-station at Valenciennes, a distance of an hundred and sixty-eight miles from Paris. This message was transmitted in two minutes and an half. An interval of about five minutes elapsed, during which, as it afterwards appeared, the clerk to whom the message was addressed was sent for. At the expiration of this interval the telegraph began to express the answer, which, consisting of about thirty-five words, was delivered and written out by the agent at the desk, in my presence, in two minutes. Thus, forty words were sent an hundred and sixty-eight miles, and thirty-five words returned from the same distance, in the short space of four minutes and thirty seconds.

But surprising as this was, we soon afterwards witnessed, in the same room, a still more marvellous performance. A memoir on an improvement on the Electric Telegraph, by Mr. Alexander Bain, having been read before the Institute, and submitted to the Committee of the Legislative Assembly appointed to report on the project of law for opening the telegraphs to the use of the public, a series of experiments were ordered to be made, with the purpose of testing this alleged improvement. The Committee, among whom were M. Leverrier (celebrated for having discovered a planet before it was visible), M. Pouillet, professor of physics, and other distinguished persons desiring to submit the invention to a more severe test as to distance, than the existing telegraphs supplied the means of accomplishing, adopted the following expedient:—Two telegraphic wires, extending from the Ministry of the Interior to Lille, were united at the latter place, so as to form one continuous wire, extending from the Ministry to Lille, and back from Lille to the Ministry, making a total distance of three hundred and thirty-six miles. This, however, not being deemed sufficient for the purpose, several spiral coils of wire, wrapped in silk, were obtained, measuring in their total length seven hundred and forty-six

miles, and were joined to the extremity of the wire returning from Lille, thus making one continued wire measuring one thousand and eighty-two miles. A message consisting of two hundred and eighty-two words was now transmitted from one end of the wire. A pen attached to the other end immediately began to write the message on a sheet of paper, moved under it by a simple mechanism, and the entire message was written in full in the presence of the Committee, each word being spelled completely and without abridgement, in *fifty-two seconds*, being at the average rate of *two words and four-tenths per second*!

By this instrument, therefore, it is practicable to transmit intelligence to a distance of upwards of a thousand miles, at the rate of nineteen thousand five hundred words per hour!

The instrument would, therefore, transmit to a distance of a thousand miles, in the space of an hour, the contents of twenty-six pages of the book now in the hands of the reader!!

But it must not be imagined, because we have here produced an example of the transmission of a despatch to a distance of a thousand miles, that any augmentation of that distance could cause any delay of practical importance. Assuming the common estimate of the velocity of electricity, the time which actually elapsed in the transition of the despatch in this case was the two-hundredth part of a second. If, therefore, instead of sending the despatch along a thousand miles of wire, we had sent it along a wire completely surrounding the globe, the time of its transmission would still be only the *eighth part of a second*.*

Such a despatch would fly eight times round the earth between the two beats of a common clock, and would be written in full at the place of its destination more rapidly than it could be repeated by word of mouth. When such statements are made do we not feel disposed to exclaim—

"Are such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That makes the reason prisoner?"

The wildest flights of the most exalted

* We have here taken the usual estimate of the speed of an electric fluid; recent experiments render it probable that it is somewhat less, and depends on the conductivity of the wire. Thus copper and iron give different rates of transmission:

imagination would not have dared, even in fiction, to give utterance to these stubborn realities. Shakspeare only ventured to make his fairy

"Put a girdle round the earth
In forty minutes!"

To have encircled it eight times in a second, would have seemed too monstrous, even for Robin Goodfellow.

The curious and intelligent reader of these pages will scarcely be content, after the statement of facts so extraordinary, to remain lost in vacant astonishment at the power of science, without seeking to be informed of the manner in which the phenomena of nature have been thus wonderfully subdued to the uses of man. A very brief exposition will be enough to render intelligible the manner in which these miracles of science are wrought.

The electric telegraph, whatever form it may assume, derives its efficiency from the three following conditions:—

1. A power to develop the electric fluid continuously, and in the necessary quantity.
2. A power to convey to it any required distance without being injuriously dissipated.
3. A power to cause it, after arriving at such distant point, to make written or printed characters, or some sensible signs, serving the purpose of such characters.

The apparatus used for producing the electric fluid consists of a series of plates of zinc and copper, united in pairs, and placed in a porcelain, or wooden trough. The zinc plates are previously rubbed with mercury, which, combining with the superficial part of the zinc, forms a coating of amalgam, which renders the development of the electricity more regular and uniform. The cells between the successive pairs of plates are filled with dry and perfectly clean sand, which is moistened with a solution consisting of eleven parts of water to one of strong sulphuric acid.*

A series of troughs, thus arranged, are called a galvanic battery; and if they be united by metallic connexions—the series of plates following the same order, and their extremities being connected by a metallic bar or wire—a

continuous current of electricity will be propagated along such bar or wire, from one end of the battery to the other. Batteries of this kind are simple, cheap, steady, and continuous in their effects; their action being maintained during a period of four or five months, no other attention being required than to renew the acid solution from time to time, with which the sand is moistened.

Such an apparatus as that which we have here described, is to the electric telegraph what a boiler is to a steam engine. It is the generator of the fluid by which the action of the machine is produced and maintained.

We have next to explain how the electric fluid, generated in the apparatus just explained, can be transmitted to a distance without being wasted or dissipated in any injurious degree *en route*.

If tubes or pipes could be constructed with sufficient facility and cheapness, through which the subtle fluid could flow, and which would be capable of confining it during its transit, this object would be attained. As the galvanic battery is analogous to the boiler, such tubes would be analogous in their form and functions to the steam-pipe of a steam engine.

The construction of such means of transmission has been accomplished by means of two well-known properties of the electric fluid, in virtue of which it is capable of passing freely over a certain class of bodies called *conductors*, while its movement is arrested by another class called *non-conductors*, or *insulators*.

The most conspicuous examples of the former class are the metals; the most remarkable of the latter being resins, wax, glass, porcelain, silk, cotton; &c., &c.

Now, if a rod or wire of metal be coated with wax, resin, silk, cotton, or other *insulator*, the electric fluid will pass freely along the metal, in virtue of its character of a conductor; and its escape from the metal to any lateral object will be prevented by the coating, in virtue of its character of an insulator.

The insulator in such cases is, so far as relates to the electricity, a real

* Other combinations are occasionally used, but the principle is the same.

tube, inasmuch as the electric fluid passes through the metal included by the coating, in exactly the same manner as water or gas passes through the pipes which conduct it; with this difference, however, that the electric fluid moves along the wire more freely, in an almost infinite proportion, than does either water or gas in the tubes which conduct them.

If, then, a wire, coated with a non-conducting substance, capable of resisting the vicissitudes of weather, were extended between any two distant points, one end of it being attached to one of the extremities of a galvanic battery, a stream of electricity would pass along the wire—*provided the other end of the wire were connected by a conductor with the other extremity of the battery.*

To fulfil this last condition, it was usual, when the electric telegraphs were first erected, to have a second wire extended from the distant point back to the battery in which the electricity was generated. But it was afterwards discovered that the EARTH ITSELF was the best and by far the cheapest and most convenient conductor which could be used for this returning stream of electricity. Instead, therefore, of a second wire, the extremity of the first, at the distant point to which the current is sent, is attached to a large metallic plate, measuring five or six square feet, which is buried in the earth. A similar plate, connected with the other extremity of the battery, at the station from which the current is transmitted, is likewise buried in the earth, and it is found that the returning current finds its way back through the earth from the one buried plate to the other buried plate.

Of all the miracles of science, surely this is the most marvellous. A stream of electric fluid has its source in the cellars of the Central Electric Telegraph Office, Lothbury, London. It flows under the streets of the great metropolis, and, passing along a zig-zag series of railways, reaches Edinburgh, where it dips into the earth, and diffuses itself upon the buried plate. From that it takes flight through the crust of the earth, and *finds its own way back to the cellars at Lothbury!!*

Instead of burying plates of metal,

it would be sufficient to connect the wires at each end with the gas or water pipes which, being conductors, would equally convey the fluid to the earth; and in this case, every telegraphic despatch which flies to Edinburgh along the wires which border the railways, would fly back, rushing to the gas-pipes which illuminate Edinburgh—from them through the crust of the earth to the gas-pipes which illuminate London, and from them home to the batteries in the cellars at Lothbury.

The atmosphere, when dry, is a good non-conductor; but this quality is impaired when it is moist. In ordinary weather, however, the air being a sufficiently good non-conductor, a metallic wire will, without any other insulating envelope except the air itself, conduct the stream of electricity to the necessary distances. It is true that a coated wire, such as we have already described, would be subject to less waste of the electric fluid *en route*; but it is more economical to provide batteries sufficiently powerful to bear this waste, than to cover such extensive lengths of wire with cotton, or any other envelope.

The manner in which the conducting wires are carried from station to station is well known. Every railway traveller is familiar with the lines of wire extended along the side of the railways, which, when numerous, have been not unaptly compared to the series of lines on which the notes of music are written, and which are the metallic wires on which invisible messages are flying continually with a speed that surpasses imagination. These wires, in the case of the English telegraphs, are galvanised so as to resist oxydation, and are of sufficient thickness to bear the tension to which they are submitted. They are suspended on posts, erected at intervals of sixty yards, being at the rate of thirty to a mile. These posts, therefore, supply incidentally a convenient means by which a passenger can ascertain the speed of the train in which he travels. If he count the number of telegraph posts which pass his eye in two minutes, that number will express in miles per hour the speed of the train.

To each of these poles are attached as many tubes or rollers of porcelain

or glass as there are wires to be supported. Each wire passes through a tube, or is supported on a roller; and the material of the tubes or rollers being among the most perfect of the class of non-conducting substances, the escape of the electricity at the points of contact is impeded.

Notwithstanding these precautions, a considerable escape of electricity still takes place in wet weather. The coat of moisture which collects on the wire, the tube or roller, and the post being a conductor, carries away more or less of the fluid. Consequently, more powerful batteries are necessary to give effect to the telegraph in wet than in dry weather.

In England, and on the Continent, the material used for the supports of the wires is porcelain. In the United States it is glass, which is a more perfect insulator. In England the supports are tubes—on the Continent and in America they are rollers.

In some cases, as for example in the streets of London, it is found inconvenient to carry the wires elevated on posts, as here described. In such cases other methods are adopted.

The wires proceeding from the central telegraph station in London are wrapped with cotton thread, and coated with a mixture of tar, resin, and grease. This coating forms a perfect insulator. Nine of these wires are then packed in an half-inch leaden in-pipe, and four or five such pipes are packed in an iron pipe about three inches in diameter. These iron pipes are then laid under the foot pavements, along the sides of the streets, and are thus conducted to the terminal stations of the various railways, where they are united to the lines of wire supported on posts along the sides of the railways, already described.

Provisions, called *testing-posts*, are made at intervals of a quarter of a mile along the streets, by which any failure or accidental irregularity in the buried wires can be ascertained, and the place of such defect always known within a quarter of a mile.

In Prussia, and one or two other continental states, the system of subterranean conducting-wires is exclusively adopted, not only in cities, but generally along the entire telegraphic lines.

In France, on the other hand, and in the United States, the wires, even in the cities and towns, are conducted on rollers at an elevation, as on other parts of the lines. In Paris, for example, the telegraphic wires proceeding from the several railway stations are carried round the external boulevards and along the quays, the rollers being attached either to posts, or to the walls of houses or buildings, and are thus carried to the central station at the Ministry of the Interior.

In Europe, the telegraphic wires invariably follow the course of railways, and this circumstance has led some to conclude that, but for the railways the electric telegraph would be an unprofitable project.

This, however, is a mistake. In the United States, where a much greater extent of electric telegraph has been erected and brought into operation than in Europe, the wires do not follow the course of the railways. They are conducted, generally, along the sides of the common coach-roads, and sometimes even through tracts of country where no roads have been made.

It is contended in Europe that the wires would not be safe, unless placed within the railway fences. The reply to this is, that they are found to be safe in the United States, where there is a much less efficient police; even in the neighbourhood of towns, and in most places no police at all. It may be observed, that the same apprehensions of the destructive propensities of the people have been advanced upon first proposing most of the great improvements which have signalled the present age. Thus, when railways were projected, it was objected that mischievous individuals would be continually tearing up the rails, and throwing obstructions on the road, which would render travelling so dangerous, that the system would become impracticable.

When gas-lighting was proposed, it was objected that evil-disposed persons would be constantly cutting or breaking the pipes, and thus throwing whole towns into darkness.

Experience, nevertheless, has proved these apprehensions groundless; and certainly the result of the operations on the electric telegraph in the United States goes to establish the total inutilty of confining the course of the

wires to railways. Those who have been practically conversant with the system, both in Europe and in America, go further, and even maintain that the telegraph is subject to less inconvenience, and that accidental defects are more easily made good, and that an efficient superintendence is more easily insured on common roads, according to the American system, than on railways according to the European system. Our limits, however, preclude us from entering into all the details of this question.

Nothing in the history of the influence of the arts on social progress presents a more curious subject of reflection than do these systems of metallic wire passing under our feet as we walk the streets, and beside us as we traverse the railways.

"In our metropolis," observes a lively contemporary, "there is scarcely a street which does not appear to take pride in exposing, as often as possible, to the public view, a series of pipes of all sizes, in which fire of various companies, pure water of various companies, and unmentionable mixtures, common to all, pass cheek by jowl with infinitely less trouble than the motley human currents flow above them. But among all the subterranean pipes laid bare before us, there is certainly no one which has more curious contents than the three-inch iron pipe of the electric telegraph company; and yet of all the multitudes who walk the streets, how few of them ever care to reflect what a singular contrast exists between the slow pace at which they themselves are proceeding, and the rate at which, beneath their feet, forty-five electric wires are transmitting in all directions, and to a variety of distances, intelligence of every possible description!"

"How singular is it to reflect, that within the narrow space of the three-inch iron pipe which encases them, notice of a murder is flying to the London papers, passing news from India going into the country; along another wire an officer is applying for his regimentals, while others are conducting to and fro the 'price of stocks,' 'news of the Pope,' a speech from Paris of a poet," &c. &c. &c.

In case, from the cotton that surrounds the numerous copper wires within the pipe, any of them come into contact with each other, the intelligence which each is conveying is suddenly confounded; in which case other wires must instantly be substituted. Indeed, even as re-

gards the strong galvanised iron wires which in the open air run parallel to our arterial railways, if in wet weather, in spite of the many ingenious precautions taken, the rain should form a continuous stream between the several wires and the ground, the electric fluid, escaping from the wires, is conducted by the water till it finds earth, the best of all conductors; and, therefore, instead of the intelligence going on, say to Edinburgh, it follows the axiom of electricity by selecting the shortest road, and thus completing its circuit through the earth, it returns to London. Sometimes, instead of going to earth, it flies back to the office in London, along another wire, to which, by means of a continuous line of water, or of entanglement of the two wires, it has managed to escape; in which case, the messages on the two wires wrangling with each other, the communication is stopped.

"It is commonly asserted and believed, that many birds are killed by merely perching upon the iron wires of the electric telegraph; but at any time they can do so with perfect impunity. If, indeed, a bird could put one of his feet on the wire, and with the other manage to reach the earth, he would then, no doubt, be severely galvanised. That the railway company's men often pick up under the wires of the electric telegraph, partridges, and other birds, which have evidently been just killed—indeed some are found with their heads cut off—is quite true; but these deaths and decapitations have proceeded, not from the electricity, but from the birds, probably during twilight or a fog, having at full speed flown against the wires, which, of course, cut *their* heads off, just as an iron bar would cut off the head of any man, or alderman on horseback, who at a full gallop was to run foul of it.

"In windy weather, the electric wires form an Eolian harp, which occasionally emits most unearthly music. '*Isay, Jack!*' said an engine-driver to his stoker, who like himself was listening for the first time to this querulous sort of noise, proceeding from the newly-erected wires along his line, '*I, Jack! ain't they a-giving it to them Threupstone.*'

"When the posts and wires of the electric telegraph between Northampton and Peterborough were being erected, an honest farmer, who for many minutes had been very attentively watching the operation, inquired of the chief superintendent to what use it was to be applied? On being told that by its means he would in a few minutes receive at *Willingborough* a list of the *Mark-lane* prices in *London*, he evidently incredulously

asked how that was to be done?—and on its being explained to him that the intelligence would be sent down to him *letter by letter*, he exclaimed, '*But you don't mean to say that besides letters it will bring down pulses too?*'"

But to return to the admirable means whereby those extraordinary effects are produced, and to answer the worthy farmer's inquiry somewhat more intelligibly, let us now see how the electric current which flows along the conducting-wires is made to speak, to make dumb signs, or to write the despatch when it arrives at its destination.

There are a great variety of properties of the electric current which supply means of accomplishing this.

If the electric current can be made to affect any object in such a manner as to cause such object to produce any effect sensible to the eye, the ear, or the touch, such effect may be used as a *sign*; and if this effect be capable of being *varied*, each distinct *variety* of which it is susceptible may be adopted as a *distinct sign*. Such signs may then be taken as signifying the letters of the alphabet, the digits composing numbers, or such single words as are of most frequent occurrence.

The rapidity and precision of the communication will depend on the rate at which such signs can be produced in succession, and on the certainty and accuracy with which their appearance at the place of destination will follow the action of the producing cause at the station from which the despatch is transmitted.

These preliminaries being understood, it remains to show what effects of the electric current are available for this purpose.

These effects are:—

I. The power of the electric current to deflect a magnetic needle from its position of rest.

II. The power of the current to impart temporary magnetism to soft iron.

III.—The power of the current to decompose certain chemical solutions.

We shall now briefly show the manner in which these properties supply

signals sufficiently varied for telegraphic purposes.

1. To explain the deflection of a magnetic needle, let us suppose a copper wire extended over the magnetic needle of a common compass, so that the direction of the wire shall be parallel to the needle, without touching it. In this state of things, the needle will remain undisturbed; but if we send an electric current along the wire, which may be done by connecting the ends of the wire with those of a galvanic battery, the needle will instantly throw itself at right angles to the wire, and will remain in that position so long as the galvanic current is maintained; but if that current be discontinued, by withdrawing either end of the wire from the trough, the needle will instantly resume its position of rest.

It is found, also, that the north pole of the needle will turn, in this case, in one direction or in the other, according to the direction given to the galvanic current. If this current flow in one direction, the north pole will throw itself to the east, and the south to the west; if it flow in the contrary direction, the north pole will be thrown to the west, and the south pole to the east.

2. To explain the sudden conversion of iron into a magnet, and the sudden destruction of the magnetic virtue thus imparted, let us suppose a copper wire to be coiled round a piece of soft iron spirally, so that the successive coils shall not touch each other nor touch the iron, which may be done by coating the wire with silk, or any resinous or non-conducting substance. This being done, let us suppose that an electric current is transmitted through the wire, so that it shall flow spirally round the rod of soft iron, which may be effected by placing, as before, the ends of the wire in a galvanic trough. If steel filings, a needle, or any light piece of iron, be brought near the rod, or iron thus circumstanced, they will instantly be attracted by it, showing that it has acquired the magnetic virtue; and this effect will continue to be produced so long as the galvanic current shall be maintained

along the spiral wire; but the instant that the end of the wire is withdrawn from the galvanic trough, the magnetic virtue deserts the iron, and it will no longer attract.

3. If a sheet of paper, moistened with a chemical solution which is capable of decomposition by the galvanic current, be laid upon a metallic plate, which is in connexion with one end of the battery, and the point of a wire in connexion with the other end of the battery, be brought into contact with the paper, a decomposition will take place, and a change of colour will be produced upon the paper under the point of the wire, just as if a dot were made upon it by a pen charged with coloured ink. If the wire be moved upon the paper, a coloured line will be traced; and if the point of the wire be moved as a pen or pencil might be, any characters may be thus written on the paper as they would be with a pen charged with coloured ink, similarly moved. If in this case the current be discontinued during any intervals, the wire, though still in contact with the paper, will leave no trace or dot.

To render intelligible the means whereby these three properties have been made instrumental to the transmission of intelligence to a distance—

We have explained how a magnetic needle over which an electric current passes will be deflected to the right or to the left, according to the direction given to the current. Now, it is always easy to give the current the one direction or the other, or to suspend it altogether, by merely changing the ends of the galvanic trough with which the wires are connected, or by breaking the contact altogether.

A person, therefore, in London, having command over the end of a wire which extends to Edinburgh, and is there connected with a magnetic needle, in the manner already described, can deflect that needle to the right or to the left at will.

Thus a single wire and a magnetic needle are capable of making at least two signals.

But signals, whatever be the form of the telegraph used, may be multiplied by repetition and combination. Thus the operator at London may make the needle at Edinburgh move twice successively to the left, and this may be conventionally settled as a sign,

independently of that which is produced by a single movement to the left. In like manner, two successive movements to the right will supply another signal; and thus we have four independent signals.

But from these four signals we may immediately produce four more, as we may combine one movement to the right with two to the left, and *vice versa*; and one to the left with two to the right, and *vice versa*: and thus we would have eight independent signals.

We may carry this method further, and so arrange the system that three successive movements to the right and three successive movements to the left shall have independent significations; and these again may be combined with each of the eight signals already explained; and, in short, we may carry this system to an extent which shall be limited only by the inconvenience of the delay which would take place in making the repetitions necessary for such signals.

Subject to this delay, however, it is clear that with a single machine we may easily obtain expressions for all the letters of the alphabet and the ten numerals.

But to obviate the inconvenience which would attend multiplied repetitions in the movements of a single needle, we may provide two independent wires, which shall act upon two independent needles.

Each of these needles primarily will afford two independent signals by their movements right and left. These four signals may be combined in pairs, so as to afford four other signals producible by a single movement. Thus, simultaneously with the right-hand movement of one needle we may produce the right-hand movement of the other. In the same way we may simultaneously produce the left-hand movement of both, or the right-hand of either combined with the left-hand movement of the other, which would give eight independent signals, the production of each of which would occupy no more time than that of a single movement. We may then adapt the signals by double movement of each needle, which, combined with each other, and with the single movements, will afford another set of combinations; and by combining these systems, we

may obviously obtain all the signals requisite to express the letters and numerals.

Such is, in general, the nature of the signals adopted in the electric telegraphs in ordinary use in England, and in some other parts of Europe.

It may aid the conception of the mode of operation and communication if we assimilate the apparatus to the dial of a clock with its two hands. Let us suppose that a dial, instead of carrying hands, carried two needles, and that their north poles, when quiescent, both pointed to 12 o'clock.

When the galvanic current is conducted under either of them, the north pole will turn either to 3 o'clock or to 9 o'clock, according to the direction given to the current.

Now, it is easy to imagine a person in London governing the hands of such a clock erected in Edinburgh, where their indications might be interpreted according to a way previously agreed upon. Thus, we may suppose that when the needle No. 1. turns to 9, the letter A is expressed; if it turns to 3, the letter B is expressed. If the needle No. 2. turn to 9 o'clock, the letter C is expressed; if it turn to 3, the letter D. If both needles are turned to 9, the letter E is expressed; if both to 3, the letter F. If No. 1. be turned to 9, and No. 2. to 3, the letter G is expressed; if No. 2 be turned to 9, and No. 1. to 3, the letter H, and so forth.

It may be presumed that there can be but little difficulty in conceiving how, by practice, two persons may communicate with each other by such means, almost, if not altogether, as rapidly as they could write and read.

But a difficulty will doubtless suggest itself to the intelligent and inquisitive reader. It will be asked, whether a sentinel must be kept ever on the watch to observe when a message is coming? for as the hands of our clock do not speak, notice could only be received of a coming message by the incessant vigilance of an observer.

Would it not, however, be admirable if we could attach to this clock a striking apparatus, which should address the ear the moment a message is

about to be sent, and which should, as it were, awaken the attention of the person on duty?

Such an expedient has, in fact, been contrived. The person in London who desires to communicate a message to the telegraphic agent at Edinburgh can actually make the clock strike at his will, and thus command attention.

The manner in which this is accomplished is as admirable by its simplicity and efficiency as that which we have just described.

The quality resorted to in this case is the last of those we have mentioned above, namely, the power to impart the magnetic virtue at will to soft iron.

One of the wires conducted from London passes into the chamber of the telegraphic apparatus at Edinburgh, where it is connected with a coil of wire which envelopes a rod of soft iron. The ends of this rod, which has the form of a horse-shoe, are placed in contiguity, but not in contact, with the detent of a striking apparatus like an alarm-bell. When a message is about to be sent from London, this bell-wire is put in communication with the galvanic trough in London. Immediately the subtle fluid flows along the wire and converts the horse-shoe rod at Edinburgh into a powerful magnet.

The attractive power which it thus suddenly receives irresistibly draws towards it the detent of the alarm, and lets go the bell, which continues to ring until the agent of the telegraph at Edinburgh answers the demand of the messenger from London, and tells him he is attentive. Then the London communicator withdraws the galvanic current from the bell-wire, the horse-shoe at Edinburgh is instantly deprived of its magnetic virtue, the detent flies back to its place by the action of a spring, and silences the bell.*

In the practical arrangement of electric telegraphs, constructed on this principle, the magnetic needles are placed vertically and not horizontally, as in the mariner's compass, and they are kept, when not affected by the current, in the vertical position, by laying two needles having their poles at opposite ends, one upon the other, by which means the polarity of the

system is neutralised, and then a small excess of weight given to one end of the combined needles is sufficient to keep them in the vertical position, when fixed upon an horizontal axis.

In this manner they are fixed upon the dials already described, being free to turn on their axis when affected by a deflecting force sufficiently strong to overcome the small excess of weight just mentioned.

This is the principle of the telegraph now used generally in England. The entire system, except the lines which follow the course of the South-Eastern Railway, is in the hands of a company incorporated by act of parliament, and who, therefore, hold a virtual monopoly of the chief part of the telegraphic business of the kingdom.* A central station is established in London, in Lothbury, near the Bank of England. The lower part of the building is appropriated to the reception of orders and messages. A person desiring to forward a message to any part of England, connected with London, by the wires, writes his message on a sheet of letter-paper, provided for the purpose, and prepared according to a printed form, having the names and address of the writer, and of the party to whom the message is communicated, in blank spaces assigned to them, together with the date and hour at which the message is despatched. The answer is received, accompanied by the date and hour at which the message arrived, and at which the answer was despatched.

The tariff of charges for transmission of telegraphic messages differs very much, according to the destination of the message, and is not strictly regulated by distance.

It is found that by practice the operators of the telegraphic instruments, constructed on this system, are able to communicate about twenty words per minute, when they work with two needles and two conducting-wires, and at the rate of about eight words per minute when working with a single needle.

Besides the transmission of private despatches, stations have been es-

tablished by the company in the chief towns of the kingdom, whence and whither intelligence is transmitted from time to time during the day, so that there is thus kept up a never ceasing interchange of news over the entire extent of that net-work of wires which has overspread the country. At each of these stations public subscription-rooms have been established, in which are posted from hour to hour as they arrive, during the day, the public news, which are known to be of most interest to the local population, such as the money market, shipping intelligence, sporting intelligence, quotations of the commercial markets at all chief places, and parliamentary and general news.

We take the following description of the routine of business in this department of the Central Telegraphic Office at Lothbury, from a popular author already quoted :—

“At seven in the morning the superintendent of the former department obtains all the London morning newspapers, from which he condenses and despatches to the several electric stations the intelligence he considers most useful to each. The local press of course awaits the arrival, and thus by eight o'clock A.M. a merchant at Manchester receives intelligence which the rails can only bring at a quarter before two, and which cannot by rail reach Edinburgh till half-past nine P.M.

“To Glasgow is transmitted every evening detailed intelligence for immediate insertion in the ‘North British Daily Mail,’ giving everything of importance that has occurred since the first edition of the London papers. Similar intelligence is despatched to papers at Hull and Leeds.

“By this rapid transmission of intelligence, the alternations in the prices of the markets at Manchester, &c. &c., being almost simultaneous with those of London, the merchants of the former are saved from being victimised by the latter. It is true that by great exertions prior intelligence may electrically be sent by private message; but as the wary ones cautiously wait for the despatch of the Telegraph Office, it has but little effect.

“At one o'clock information is sent to all the electric reading-rooms of the London quotations of funds and shares up to that hour, thus showing the actual prices at

* A Bill is now before Parliament to incorporate a competing company.

which business has been done. The closing prices of the French funds for the day preceding are usually annexed, and the state of the London wind and weather at that hour.

"Early in the morning the instrument boys are to be seen greedily devouring (for, with the curiosity, eagerness, and enthusiasm of youth, they appear to take great interest in their duties) the various matters which from all quarters at once are imparted to them.

"One has just received intelligence by telegraph from Ely, announcing the result of the Lynn election. Another a copy of a 'Moniteur' extraordinary, containing the first message of the President of the French Republic to the President of the National Assembly.

"Another, that 'Stewart's and Hetton's were nineteen and sixpence. Gosforth eighteen shill. Holywell fifteen and sixpence. Hastings Hartley fourteen and ninepence. S Q—market one hun. fifty one, sold one hun. and three—S Q.

"Market very good—P Q."

"Another, the following characteristic description of the winds and weather of Old England at nine A.M. :—

Places.	Wind.	Weather.
Southampton	W.S.W.	Cloudy.
Gosport	S.E.	"
Poole	S.E.	"
London	E.	Rain.
St. Ives	W.	Very fine.
Cambridge	S.W.	Cloudy.
Newmarket	E.	Cloudy.
Yarmouth	E.	Fine.
Lowestoft	E.	Stormy.
Norwich	E.	Fine.
Chesham	N.E.	Cloudy.
Colchester	S.E.	Fine.
Ipswich	S.E.	Fine.

"The above description of our changeable climate, it occurred to us, would not very incorrectly represent the present political state of Europe.

"During the day telegraphic information flashes upon these boys from the Stock Exchange, informing them of 'prices and closing prices of the funds and principal railway shares. With remarks.'

"From the London cattle market, stating 'the number and quality of beasts, sheep, calves, pigs. *Holland* beasts, sheep, calves. *Danish* beasts. With remarks.'

"From the meat market, stating 'the prices of every description of meat, with remarks.'

"Also similar returns from all the other markets we have enumerated.

"As fast as this incongruous mass of intelligence arrives, it is, in the mode already described, transcribed in writing to separate sheets of paper, which are without delay, one after another, lowered down to the superintendent of 'the Intelligence Department,' by whom they are rapidly digested for distribution either to the whole of the Company's reading-room stations, or for those lines only

which any particular species of information may partially interest—such as corn-markets requiring corn intelligence; seaports, shipping news, &c. &c.

"As quickly as these various despatches are concocted, the information they respectively contain reascends through 'the lift,' or wooden chimney, to the instrument department, from whence it is projected, or rather radiates, to its respective destination; and thus in every one of the Company's reading-rooms throughout the kingdom there consecutively appears, in what would until very lately have been considered magic writing upon the walls, the varied information which had only reached London from all points of the compass *a few minutes ago!*"

It will, however, be asked how despatches can be transmitted to various stations along the extensive lines of telegraphic communication which have been established, unless a separate and independent wire be appropriated to each station, which would be manifestly impracticable.

The answer is easy: At each station the conducting wire is carried from the main wire through the instrument-room of the station, and *passing through the instrument*, is carried out again and continued along the line by the posts as usual. It is, therefore, apparent that every message despatched from any station must affect the instruments at *all the other stations*; and if desired, can be interpreted and written out at them all. It is therefore necessary to provide means by which this needless labour shall not be imposed upon the telegraphic agents, and so that it may be at once known for what station or stations each message is intended.

This is accomplished by the following expedient:—The agent at the station from which the message is despatched first sends the current along the *bell-wire*. By the means already described, bells are then rung at *all the stations*, and the attention of the agents is called. The name of the station for which the despatch about to be forwarded is intended, is then transmitted, and appears upon the dials at *all the stations*. The agents at all the stations, except that to which the despatch is addressed, are then released from further attention, and the agent at the station to which it is addressed interprets the signs as they are successively transmitted, and reduces the message to writing.

It will be seen, therefore, that every message which is despatched, no matter for what station it is intended, is in fact, sent to all the stations which the wire passes.

The telegraphs established in England, which alone we have here explained, are constructed on the needle system, that is to say, the signals are made by the deviations of magnetic needles, from their position of rest produced by electric currents passing around them.

Telegraphs depending on the second and third principles adverted to above, have been brought into extensive use in America, the needle system being in no case adopted.

To explain the construction and operation of telegraphs depending on the power of magnetism on soft iron by an electric current, let us suppose a small lever formed of steel, and balanced on a point. At one end of this lever let a point be formed, so as to constitute a pencil or style. Under the other end let a horse-shoe of soft iron be placed at such a distance, that when it shall receive the magnetic virtue from the electric current, the lever will be drawn to the horse-shoe; and let it be so arranged, that when the horse-shoe shall lose its magnetic virtue, the pencil will fall.

Now suppose that immediately above the pencil is placed a small roller, under which a ribbon of paper passes, which receives a slow progressive motion from the roller. Whenever the pencil is raised by the magnet, its point presses on the paper which moves over it, and if it be kept pressed upon it for any time, a line will be traced. If the pencil be only momentarily brought into contact with the paper, a dot will be produced.

It is clear then, that if we have the power of keeping the pencil for any determinate time in contact with the paper, or of making it only momentarily touch the paper, we shall be enabled to produce lines and dots in any required succession; and by suspending the action of the pencil, we can leave blank space of any desired length between such combinations of lines and dots.

It is easy, therefore, to imagine how a conventional alphabet may be formed by such combination of lines and dots.

To explain the operation of this

system, let us suppose a person at New York desirous of sending a message to New Orleans. A wire of the usual kind connects the two places.

The end at New Orleans is coiled round a horse-shoe magnet. The end at New York can be put in communication with the galvanic trough at the will of the person sending the message. The instant the communication is established, the horse-shoe of soft iron at New Orleans becomes magnetic, it attracts the small lever, and presses the pencil against the paper.

The moment the operator at New York detaches the wire from the trough, the horse-shoe at New Orleans loses its magnetic power, and the pencil drops from the paper. It is clear, then, that the operator at New York, by putting the wire in contact with the trough, and detaching it, and by maintaining the contact for longer or shorter intervals, can make the pencil at New Orleans act upon the paper, as already described, so as to make upon it dots and lines of determinate length, combined in any manner he may desire, and separated by any desired intervals.

In a word, the operator at New York can write a letter with a pencil and paper which are at New Orleans.

Provisions in such an arrangement are made, so that the motion of the paper does not begin until the message is about to be commenced, and ceases when the message is written. This is easily accomplished by the same principle as has been already described in the case of the bell, which gives notice to the attendant in the European telegraph. The cylinders which conduct the band of paper are moved by wheel-work, and a weight properly regulated. Their motion is imparted by a detent detached by the action of the magnet, and which stops the motion when the magnet loses its virtue.

The third system, called the Electro-chemical telegraph, is also exclusively adopted in the United States, and with the improvement which it has recently received, it exceeds by far in efficiency and power all the other telegraphic arrangements hitherto tried. A memoir on this invention has recently been read before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, of which we sha'l avail ourselves.

The imperfections of the needle and magnet telegraphs, which this improvement removes, are stated as follows:—

“To deflect the magnetic needle from a position of rest, and still more to impart sufficient magnetic energy to soft iron so as to produce the necessary effects at the stations of arrival, in the systems above mentioned, a galvanic current of a certain force is indispensable. Lines of telegraphic communication being exposed to local and atmospheric vicissitudes, such a force of the current cannot always be secured. This is especially the case when communications are made to great distances, as for example, 300 miles and upwards.

“Supposing the insulation of the supports of the conducting wire to be perfect, and no accidental disturbances arising from atmospheric influence or local causes to be in operation, the strength of the electric current will nevertheless be influenced by mere distance. When the distance is augmented to a certain extent, the current may become so enfeebled as to be incapable either of imparting the necessary magnetic power to the soft iron, or of deflecting the needles from their position of rest.”

It is then shown that various other causes, such as imperfect insulation, atmospheric vicissitudes, &c., are liable to intercept the action of the needle and magnetic telegraphs; and that they sometimes even destroy the coils of fine wire which are used to affect the magnets.

The inventor of the electro-chemical telegraph, Mr. Alexander Bain, a native of Scotland, and formerly a watchmaker in that country, rejects the use of needles and magnets altogether, and relies exclusively on the chemical effects of the electric current. By this means he shows that he can obtain—

“1st. Greater economy and simplicity in the original construction, and in the permanent maintenance and management of the apparatus;

“2nd. Increased celerity and certainty, and less liability to error in the transmission of communications.”

The mode of construction and operation of the electro-chemical telegraph is as follows:—

“Let a sheet of writing paper be wetted with a solution of prussiate of potash, to which a little nitric and hydrochloric acid have been added.

“Let a metallic disk be provided, corresponding in magnitude with the sheet of paper, and let this metallic disk be put in communication with a galvanic battery so as to form its negative pole. Let a piece of steel or copper wire, forming a pen, be put in connexion with the same battery so as to form its positive pole. Let the sheet of moistened paper be now laid upon the metallic disk, and let the steel or copper point, which forms the positive pole of the battery, be brought into contact with it. The galvanic circuit being thus completed, the current will be established, the solution with which the paper is wetted will be decomposed at the point of contact, and a blue or brown spot will appear. If the pen be now moved upon the paper, the continuous succession of spots will form a blue or brown line, and the pen being moved in any manner upon the paper, characters may be thus written upon it as it were in blue or brown ink.”

The metallic disk on which the paper is placed is circular, and about twenty inches diameter.

“It is fixed on a central axis, with which it is capable of revolving in its own plane. An uniform movement of rotation is imparted to it by means of a small roller, gently pressed against its under surface, and having sufficient adhesion with it to cause the movement of the disk by the revolution of the roller. This roller is itself kept in uniform revolution by means of a train of wheel-work.”

The point of the wire, which may be considered as a pen, is gently pressed on this paper. When the current passes, it leaves a blue trace; when the current is interrupted, it leaves no trace.

It is clear, therefore, that by alternately transferring and interrupting the current, such a pen will leave on the paper a succession of lines and dots in any desired combination, precisely similar to those already described in the case of the American system of magnetic telegraph.

But the prominent feature of this system, which confers on it an immeasurable superiority over all which preceded it, is the extraordinary celerity of which it is susceptible. We have already stated that, in the experiments made with this apparatus before the Committees of the Institute and the Legislative Assembly at Paris, despatches were sent along a thousand miles of wire, at the rate of nearly 20,000 words an hour.

We shall now explain the means by which this extraordinary feat is accomplished.

"A narrow ribbon of paper is wound on a roller, and placed on an axis, on which it is capable of turning, so as to be regularly unrolled. This ribbon of paper is passed between rollers under a small punch, which, striking upon it, makes a small hole at its centre. This punch is worked by a simple mechanism so rapidly, that when it is allowed to operate without interruption on the paper passing before it, the holes it produces are so close together as to leave no unperforated space between them, and thus is produced a continuous perforated line. Means, however, are provided by which the agent who superintends the process can, by a touch of the finger, suspend the action of the punch on the paper, so as to allow a longer interval to elapse between its successive strokes upon the paper. In this manner a succession of holes are perforated in the ribbon of paper, separated by unperforated spaces. The manipulator, by allowing the action of the punch to continue uninterrupted for two or more successive strokes, can make a linear perforation of greater or less length on the ribbon; and by suspending the action of the punch, these linear perforations may be separated by unperforated spaces.

"Thus it is evident, that being provided with a preparatory apparatus of this kind, an expert agent will be able to produce on the ribbon of paper as it unrolls, a series of perforated dots and lines, and that these dots and lines may be made to correspond with those of the telegraphic alphabet already described.

"Let us imagine then the agent at the station of departure preparing to despatch a message. Preparatory to doing so it will be necessary to inscribe it in the perforated telegraphic characters on the ribbon of paper just described.

"He places for this purpose before him the message in ordinary writing, and he transfers it to the ribbon in perforated characters by means of the punching apparatus. By practice he is enabled to execute this in less time than it would be requisite for an expert compositor to set it up in common printing type.

"The punching apparatus for inscribing in perforated characters the despatches on ribbons of paper is so arranged, that several agents may simultaneously write in this manner different messages, so that the celerity with which the messages are inscribed on the perforated paper may be rendered commensurate with the rapidity of their transmission, by merely multiplying the inscribing agents.

"Let us now imagine the message thus completely inscribed on the perforated ribbon of paper. This ribbon is again rolled as at first upon a roller, and it is now placed on

an axle attached to the machinery of the telegraph.

"The extremity of the perforated ribbon at which the message commences is now carried over a metallic roller which is in connexion with the positive pole of the galvanic battery. It is pressed upon this roller by a small metallic spring terminating in points like the teeth of a comb, the breadth of which is less than that of the perforations in the paper. This metallic spring is connected with the conducting wire which passes from the station of departure to the stations of arrival. When the metallic spring falls into the perforations of the ribbon of paper as the latter passes over the roller, the galvanic circuit is completed by the metallic contact of the spring with the roller, but when those parts of the ribbon which are not perforated pass between the spring and the roller, the galvanic circuit is broken and the current is interrupted.

"A motion of rotation, the speed of which can be regulated at discretion, is imparted to the metallic roller by clock work, so that the ribbon of paper is made to pass rapidly between it and the metallic spring, and as it passes this metallic spring falls successively into the perforations on the paper. By this means the galvanic circuit is alternately completed and broken, and the current passes during intervals corresponding precisely to the perforations in the paper. In this manner the successive intervals of the transmission of the current are made to correspond precisely with the perforated characters expressive of the message, and the same succession of intervals of transmission and suspension will affect the writing apparatus at the stations of arrival in the manner already described.

"Now there is no limit to the speed with which this process can be executed, nor can there be an error, provided only that the characters have been correctly marked on the perforated paper; but this correctness is secured by the ribbon of perforated paper being examined after the perforation is completed, and deliberately compared with the written message. Absolute accuracy and unlimited celerity are thus attained at the station of departure. To the celerity with which the despatch can be written at the station of arrival, there is no other limit than the time which is necessary for the electric current to produce the decomposition of the chemical solution with which the prepared paper is saturated."

Such are the means by which these extraordinary effects are produced; and we have been the more willing to give them with some detail, because the memoir from which they are obtained is still unpublished, and the reader would in vain seek for this information elsewhere.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE ARMY SIXTY YEARS SINCE."

I FOLLOWED the soldiers as they marched beyond the outer boulevard, and gained the open country. Many of the idlers dropped off here; others accompanied us a little further; but at length, when the drums ceased to beat, and were slung in marching order on the backs of the drummers, when the men broke into the open order that French soldiers instinctively assume on a march, the curiosity of the gazers appeared to have nothing more to feed upon, and one by one they returned to the capital, leaving me the only lingerer.

To any one accustomed to military display, there was little to attract notice in the column, which consisted of detachments from various corps, horse, foot, and artillery; some were returning to their regiments after a furlough; some had just issued from the hospitals, and were seated in charettes, or country-cars; and others, again, were peasant boys only a few days before drawn in the conscription. There was every variety of uniform, and, I may add, of raggedness, too—a coarse blouse and a pair of worn shoes, with a red or blue handkerchief on the head, being the dress of many among them. The Republic was not rich in those days, and cared little for the costume in which her victories were won. The artillery alone seemed to preserve anything like uniformity in dress. They wore a plain uniform of blue, with long white gaiters coming half way up the thigh; a low cocked hat, without feather, but with the tricoloured cockade in front. They were mostly men middle-aged, or past the prime of life, bronzed, weather-beaten, hardy-looking fellows, whose white moustaches contrasted well with their sun-burned faces. All their weapons and equipments were of a superior kind, and showed the care bestowed upon an arm whose efficiency was the first discovery of the republican generals. The greater number of these were Bretons, and several of them had served in the fleet, still bearing in their looks and carriage some-

thing of that air which seems inherent in the seaman. They were grave, serious, and almost stern in manner, and very unlike the young cavalry soldiers, who, mostly recruited from the south of France, many of them Gascons, had all the high-hearted gaiety and reckless levity of their own peculiar land. A campaign to these fellows seemed a pleasant excursion; they made a jest of everything, from the wan faces of the invalids, to the black bread of the "Commissary;" they quizzed the new "Tourleroux," as the recruits were styled, and the old "Grumblers," as it was the fashion to call the veterans of the army; they passed their jokes on the Republic, and even their own officers came in for a share of their ridicule. The Grenadiers, however, were those who especially were made the subject of their sarcasm. They were generally from the north of France, and the frontier country toward Flanders, whence they probably imbibed a portion of that phlegm and moroseness so very unlike the general gaiety of French nature; and when assailed by such adversaries, were perfectly incapable of reply or retaliation.

They all belonged to the army of the "Sambre et Meuse," which, although at the beginning of the campaign highly distinguished for its successes, had been latterly eclipsed by the extraordinary victories on the Upper Rhine and in Western Germany; and it was curious to hear with what intelligence and interest the greatest questions of strategy were discussed by those who carried their packs as common soldiers in the ranks. Movements and manœuvres were criticised, attacked, defended, ridiculed, and condemned, with a degree of acuteness and knowledge that showed the enormous progress the nation had made in military science, and with what ease the Republic could recruit her officers from the ranks of her armies.

At noon the column halted in the wood of Belleville; and while the men were resting, an express arrived an-

nouncing that a fresh body of troops would soon arrive, and ordering the others to delay their march till they came up. The orderly who brought the tidings could only say that he believed some hurried news had come from Germany, for before he left Paris the *rappel* was beating in different quarters, and the rumour ran that reinforcements were to set out for Strasbourg with the utmost despatch.

"And what troops are coming to join us?" said an old artillery sergeant, in evident disbelief of the tidings.

"Two batteries of artillery and the *voltigeurs* of the 4th, I know for certain are coming," said the orderly, "and they spoke of a battalion of *grenadiers*."

"What! do these Germans need another lesson," said the cannonier, "I thought *Fleurus* has taught them what our troops were made of?"

"How you talk of *Fleurus*," interrupted a young hussar of the south; "I have just come from the army of Italy, and, *ma foi*! we should never have mentioned such a battle as *Fleurus* in a despatch. Campaigning amongst dykes and hedges—fighting, with a river on one flank and a fortress on t'other—*parade manœuvres*—where, at the first check, the enemy retreats, and leaves you free, for the whole afternoon, to write off your successes to the Directory. Had you seen our fellows scaling the Alps, with avalanches of snow descending at every fire of the great guns—forcing pass after pass against an enemy, posted on every cliff and crag above us—cutting our way to victory by roads the hardest hunter had seldom trod; I call that war."

"And I call it the skirmish of an outpost!" said the gruff veteran, as he smoked away, in thorough contempt for the enthusiasm of the other. "I have served under Kleber, Hoche, and Moreau, and I believe they are the first *generals of France*."

"There is a name greater than them all," cried the hussar, with eagerness.

"Let us hear it, then—you mean *Pichegru*, perhaps, or *Massena*?"

"No, I mean *Bonaparte*!" said the hussar, triumphantly.

"A good officer, and one of us," said the artilleryman, touching his belt to intimate the arm of the service the general belonged to. "He commanded the *siege-train* at *Toulon*."

"He belongs to all," said the other.

"He is a dragoon, a *voltigeur*, an *artillerist*, a *pontonier*—what you will—he knows everything, as I know my horse's saddle, and cloak-bag."

Both parties now grew warm; and as each was not only an eager partisan, but well acquainted with the leading events of the two campaigns they undertook to defend, the dispute attracted a large circle of listeners, who, either seated on the greensward, or lying at full length, formed a picturesque group under the shadow of the spreading oak trees. Meanwhile, the cooking went speedily forward, and the camp-kettles smoked with a steam whose savoury odour was not a little tantalising to one who, like myself, felt that he did not belong to the company.

"What's thy mess, boy?" said an old *grenadier* to me, as I sat at a little distance off, and affecting—but I fear very ill—a total indifference to what went forward.

"He is asking to what corps thou belong'st?" said another, seeing that the question puzzled me.

"Unfortunately I have none," said I. "I merely followed the march for curiosity."

"And thy father and mother, child—what will they say to thee on thy return home?"

"I have neither father, mother, nor home," said I, promptly.

"Just like myself," said an old red-whiskered *sapeur*; "or if I ever had parents, they never had the grace to own me. Come over here, child, and take share of my dinner."

"No, *parbleu*! I'll have him for *my* comrade," cried the young hussar. "I was made a corporal yesterday, and have a larger ration. Sit here, my boy, and tell us how art called."

"Maurice Tierney."

"Maurice will do; few of us care for more than one name, except in the dead muster they like to have it in full. Help thyself, my lad, and here's the wine-flask beside thee."

"How comes it thou hast this old uniform, boy," said he, pointing to my sleeve.

"It was one they gave me in the Temple," said I. "I was a '*rat du prison*' for some time."

"Thunder of war!" exclaimed the cannonier, "I had rather stand a whole platoon fire than see what thou must have seen, child."

“And hast heart to go back there, boy,” said the corporal, “and live the same life again?”

“No, I’ll never go back,” said I. “I’ll be a soldier.”

“Well said, *mon brave*—thou’lt be a hussar, I know.”

“If nature has given thee a good head, and a quick eye, my boy, thou might even do better; and in time, perhaps, wear a coat like mine,” said the cannonier.

“*Sacre bleu!*” cried a little fellow, whose age might have been anything from boyhood to manhood—for while small of stature, he was shrivelled and wrinkled like a mummy—“why not be satisfied with the coat he wears?”

“And be a drummer, like thee,” said the cannonier.

“Just so, like me, and like *Masséna*—he was a drummer, too.”

“No, no!” cried a dozen voices together, “that’s not true.”

“He’s right; *Masséna* was a drummer in the Eighth,” said the cannonier; “I remember him when he was like that boy yonder.”

“To be sure,” said the little fellow, who, I now perceived, wore the dress of a “*tanbours*,” “and is it a disgrace to be the first to face the enemy?”

“And the first to turn his back to him, comrade,” cried another.

“Not always—not always”—said the little fellow, regardless of the laugh against him. “Had it been so, I had not gained the battle of *Grandrengs* on the *Sambre*.”

“Thou gain a battle!” shouted half-a-dozen, in derisive laughter.

“What, *Petit Pierre* gained the day at *Grandrengs*!” said the cannonier; “why, I was there myself, and never heard of that till now.”

“I can believe it well,” replied *Pierre*; “many a man’s merits go unacknowledged: and *Kleber* got all the credit that belonged to *Pierre Canot*.”

“Let us hear about it *Pierre*, for even thy victory is unknown by name to us, poor devils of the army of Italy. How call’st thou the place?”

“*Grandrengs*,” said *Pierre*, proudly. “It’s a name will live as long, perhaps, as many of those high-sounding ones you have favoured us with. Mayhap, thou hast heard of *Cambray*?”

“Never!” said the hussar, shaking his head.

“Nor of ‘*Mons*,’ either, I’ll be sworn?” continued *Pierre*.

“Quite true, I never heard of it before.”

“*Voilà!*” exclaimed *Pierre*, in contemptuous triumph. “And these are the fellows pretend to feel their country’s glory, and take pride in her conquests. Where hast thou been, lad, not to hear of places that every child syllables now-a-days?”

“I will tell you where I’ve been,” said the hussar, haughtily, and dropping at the same time the familiar “thee” and “thou” of soldier intercourse—“I’ve been at *Montenotte*, at *Millesimo*, at *Mondovè*——”

“*Allons, donc!* with your disputes,” broke in an old grenadier; “as if France was not victorious whether the enemies were English or German. Let us hear how *Pierre* won his battle at——”

“At *Grandrengs*,” said *Pierre*. “They call it in the despatch the ‘action of the *Sambre*,’ because *Kleber* came up there—and *Kleber* being a great man, and *Pierre Canot* a little one, you understand, the glory attaches to the place where the bullion epaulettes are found—just as the old King of Prussia used to say, ‘*Dieu est toujours à côté de gros bataillons*.’”

“I see we’ll never come to this same victory of *Grandrengs*, with all these turnings and twistings,” muttered the artillery sergeant.

“Thou art very near it now, comrade, if thou’lt listen,” said *Pierre*, as he wiped his mouth after a long draught of the wine-flask. “I’ll not weary the honourable company with any description of the battle generally, but just confine myself to that part of it, in which I was myself in action. It is well known, that though we claimed the victory of the 10th May, we did little more than keep our own, and were obliged to cross the *Sambre*, and be satisfied with such a position as enabled us to hold the two bridges over the river—and there we remained for four days: some said preparing for a fresh attack upon *Kaunitz*, who commanded the allies; some, and I believe they were right, alleging that our generals were squabbling all day, and all night, too, with two Commissioners that the Government had sent down to teach us how to win battles. *Ma foi!* we had had some experience in that way ourselves, without learning the art from two citizens with tricoloured scarfs round their waists, and

yellow tops to their boots! However that might be, early on the morning of the 20th we received orders to cross the river in two strong columns, and form on the opposite side; at the same time that a division was to pass the stream by boat two miles higher up, and, concealing themselves in a pine wood, be ready to take the enemy in flank, when they believed that all the force was in the front."

"*Sacre tonnerre!* I believe that our armies of the Sambre and the Rhine never have any other notion of battles than that eternal flank movement!" cried a young sergeant of the Voltigeurs, who had just come up from the army of Italy. "Our general used to split the enemy by the centre, cut him piecemeal by attack in columns, and then head him down with artillery at short range—not leaving him time for a retreat in heavy masses——"

"Silence, silence, and let us hear *Petit Pierre*," shouted a dozen voices, who cared far more for an incident, than a scientific discussion about *manceuvres*.

"The plan I speak of was General Moreau's," continued Pierre; "and I fancy that your Bonaparte has something to learn ere he be *his* equal!"

This rebuke seeming to have engaged the suffrages of the company, he went on: "The boat division consisted of four battalions of infantry, two batteries of light-artillery, and a voltigeur company of the 'Regiment de Marbœuf'—to which I was then, for the time, attached as 'Tambour en chef.' What fellows they were—the greatest devils in the whole army! They came from the Faubourg St. Antoine, and were as reckless and undisciplined as when they strutted the streets of Paris. When they were thrown out to skirmish, they used to play as many tricks as school-boys: sometimes they'd run up to the roof of a cabin or a hut—and they could climb like cats—and, sitting down on the chimney, begin firing away at the enemy, as coolly as if from a battery; sometimes they'd capture half-a dozen asses, and ride forward as if to charge, and then, affecting to tumble off, the fellows would pick down any of the enemy's officers that were fools enough to come near—scampering back to the cover of the line, laughing and joking as if the whole were sport. I saw one—when his wrist was shattered by

a shot, and he couldn't fire—take a comrade on his back and caper away like a horse, just to tempt the Germans to come out of their lines. It was with these blessed youths I was now to serve, for the Tambour of the Marbœuf was drowned in crossing the Sambre a few days before.—Well—we passed the river safely, and, unperceived by the enemy, gained the pine wood, where we formed in two columns, one of attack, and the other of support—the voltigeurs about five hundred paces in advance of the leading files. The morning was dull and hazy, for a heavy rain had fallen during the night; and the country is flat, and so much intersected with drains, and dykes, and ditches, that, after rain, the vapour is too thick to see twenty yards on any side. Our business was to make a counter-march to the right, and, guided by the noise of the cannonade, to come down upon the enemy's flank in the thickest of the engagement. As we advanced, we found ourselves in a kind of marshy plain, planted with willows, and so thick, that it was often difficult for three men to march abreast. This extended for a considerable distance; and, on escaping from it, we saw that we were not above a mile from the enemy's left, which rested on a little village."

"I know it well," broke in the canonier: "it's called Huyningen."

"Just so. There was a formidable battery in position there; and part of the place was stockaded, as if they expected an attack. Still, there were no *videttes*, nor any look-out party, so far as we could see; and our commanding officer didn't well know what to make of it, whether it was a point of concealed strength, or a position they were about to withdraw from. At all events, it required caution; and, although the battle had already begun on the right—as a loud cannonade, and a heavy smoke told us—he halted the brigade in the wood, and held a council of his officers to see what was to be done. The resolution come to was, that the voltigeurs should advance alone to explore the way, the rest of the force remaining in ambush. We were to go out in sections of companies, and spreading over a wide surface, see what we could of the place."

"Scarcely was the order given, when away we went—and it was now a race

who should be earliest up and exchange first shot with the enemy. Some dashed forward over the open field in front; others skulked along by dykes and ditches; some, again, dodged here and there, as cover offered its shelter: but about a dozen, of whom I was one, kept the track of a little cart-road, which, half-concealed by high banks and furze, ran in a zig-zag line towards the village. I was always smart of foot; and now, having newly joined the “*voltigeurs*,” was naturally eager to show myself not unworthy of my new associates. I went on at my best pace; and being lightly equipped—neither musket nor ball-cartridge to carry—I soon outstripped them all; and, after about twenty minutes’ brisk running, saw in front of me a long, low farm-house, the walls all pierced for musketry, and two small eight-pounders in battery at the gate. I looked back for my companions, but they were not up—not a man of them to be seen. “No matter,” thought I, “they’ll be here soon; meanwhile I’ll make for that little copse of brush-wood;” for a small clump of low furze and broom was standing at a little distance in front of the farm. All this time, I ought to say, not a man of the enemy was to be seen, although I, from where I stood, could see the crenelated walls, and the guns, as they were pointed—at a distance all would seem like an ordinary peasant house.

“As I crossed the open space to gain the copse, *piff!* came a bullet, whizzing past me; and just as I reached the cover, *piff!* came another. I ducked my head and made for the thicket; but just as I did so, my foot caught in a branch. I tumbled and pitched forward; and trying to save myself, I grasped a bow above me. It smashed suddenly, and down I went. *Ay!* down sure enough—for I went right through the furze, and into a well—one of those old, walled wells, they have in these countries, with a huge bucket that fills up the whole space, and is worked by a chain. Luckily the bucket was linked up near the top, and caught me, or I should have gone where there would have been no more heard of *Pierre Canot*; as it was, I was sorely bruised by the fall, and didn’t recover myself for full ten minutes after. Then I discovered that I was sitting in a large wooden

trough, hooped with iron, and supported by two heavy chains that passed over a windlass, about ten feet above my head.

“I was safe enough for the matter of that; at least none were likely to discover me, as I could easily see by the rust of the chain and the grass-grown edges, that the well had been long disused. Now the position was far from being pleasant. There stood the farmhouse, full of soldiers, the muskets ranging over every approach to where I lay. Of my comrades, there was nothing to be seen, they had either missed the way or retreated; and so time crept on, and I pondered on what might be going forward elsewhere, and whether it would ever be my own fortune to see my comrades again.

“It might be an hour—it seemed three or four to me—after this, as I looked over the plain, I saw the caps of our infantry just issuing over the brushwood, and a glancing lustre of their bayonets, as the sun tipped them. They were advancing, but as it seemed, slowly—halting at times, and then moving forward again—just like a force waiting for others to come up. At last they debouched into the plain; but, to my surprise, they wheeled about to the right, leaving the farm-house on their flank, as if to march beyond it. This was to lose their way totally; nothing would be easier than to carry the position of the farm, for the Germans were evidently few, had no *videttes*, and thought themselves in perfect security. I crept out from my ambush, and holding my cap on a stick tried to attract notice from our fellows, but none saw me. I ventured at last to shout aloud, but with no better success; so that, driven to the end of my resources, I set to and beat a ‘roulade’ on the drum, thundering away with all my might, and not caring what might come of it—for I was half mad with vexation as well as despair. They heard me now; I saw a staff officer gallop up to the head of the leading division and halt them; a volley came peppering from behind me, but without doing me any injury, for I was safe once more in my bucket. Then came another pause, and again I repeated my manœuvre, and to my delight perceived that our fellows were advancing at quick march. I beat harder, and the drums of the grenadiers answered me. All right now, thought

I, as springing forward, I called out—'This way, boys, the wall of the orchard has scarcely a man to defend it;' and I rattled out the 'pas-de-charge,' with all my force. One crashing fire of guns and small arms answered me from the farm-house; and then away went the Germans as hard as they could!—such running never was seen! One of the guns they carried off with them, the tackle of the other broke, and the drivers, jumping off their saddles, took to their legs at once. Our lads were over the walls, through the windows, between the stockades, everywhere in fact, in a minute, and once inside, they carried all before them. The village was taken at the point of the bayonet, and in less than an hour the whole force of the brigade was advancing in full march on the enemy's flank. There was little resistance made after that, and Kaunitz only saved his artillery by leaving his rear guard to be cut to pieces."

The cannonier nodded, as if in full assent, and Pierre looked around him with the air of a man who has vindicated his claim to greatness.

"Of course," said he, "the despatch said little about Pierre Canot, but a great deal about Moreau, and Kleber, and the rest of them."

While some were well satisfied that Pierre had well-established his merits, as the conqueror of "Grandrengs," others quizzed him about the heroism of lying hid in a well, and owing all his glory to a skin of parchment.

"An' thou went with the army of Italy, Pierre," said the hussar, "thou'd have seen men march boldly to victory, and not skulk under ground like a mole."

"I am tired of your song about this army of Italy," broke in the cannonier; "we who have served in La Vendée and the North know what fighting means, as well, mayhap, as men whose boldest feats are scaling rocks and clambering up precipices. Your Bonaparte is more like one of these Guerilla chiefs they have in the 'Basque,' than the general of a French army."

"The man who insults the army of Italy, or its chief, insults *me*!" said the corporal, springing up, and casting a sort of haughty defiance around him.

"And then?"—asked the other.

"And then—if he be a French soldier, he knows what should follow."

"Parbleu!" said the cannonier, coolly, "there would be little glory in cutting you down, and even less in being wounded by you; but if you will have it so, it's not an old soldier of the artillery will baulk your humour."

As he spoke, he slowly arose from the ground, and tightening his waist-belt, seemed prepared to follow the other. The rest sprung to their feet at the same time, but not, as I anticipated, to offer a friendly mediation between the angry parties, but in full approval of their readiness to decide by the sword a matter too trivial to be called a quarrel.

In the midst of the whispering conferences as to place and weapons—for the short, straight sword of the artillery was very unlike the curved sabre of the hussar—the quick tramp of horses was heard, and suddenly the head of a squadron was seen, as, with glancing helmets and glittering equipments, they turned off the high-road and entered the wood.

"Here they come!—here come the troops!" was now heard on every side; and all question of the duel was forgotten in the greater interest inspired by the arrival of the others. The sight was strikingly picturesque; for, as they rode up, the order to dismount was given, and in an instant the whole squadron was at work piequeting and unsaddling their horses; forage was shaken out before the weary and hungry beasts; kits were unpacked, cooking utensils produced, and every one busy in preparing for the bivouac. An infantry column followed close upon the others, which was again succeeded by two batteries of field-artillery, and some squadrons of heavy dragoons; and now the whole wood, far and near, was crammed with soldiers, wagons, caissons, and camp equipage. To me the interest of the scene was never-ending—life, bustle, and gaiety on every side. The reckless pleasantry of the camp, too, seemed elevated by the warlike accompaniments of the picture—the caparisoned horses—the brass guns blackened on many a battle-field—the weather-seamed faces of the hardy soldiers themselves—all conspiring to excite a high enthusiasm for the career.

Most of the equipments were new and strange to my eyes. I had never before seen the grenadiers of the Republican Guard, with their enormous

shakos, and their long-flapped vests, descending to the middle of the thigh; neither had I seen the “Hussars de la mort,” in their richly-braided uniform of black, and their long hair curled in ringlets at either side of the face. The cuirassiers, too, with their low cocked hats, and straight black feathers, as well as the “Portes Drapeaux,” whose brilliant uniforms, all slashed with gold, seemed scarcely in keeping with yellow-topped boots: all were now seen by me for the first time. But of all the figures, which amused me most by its singularity, was that of a woman, who, in a short frock-coat and a low-crowned hat, carried a little barrel at her side, and led an ass loaded with two similar, but rather larger casks. Her air and gait were perfectly soldier-like; and as she passed the different posts and sentries, she saluted them in true military fashion. I was not long to remain in ignorance of her vocation nor her name; for scarcely did she pass a group without stopping to dispense a wonderful cordial that she carried; and then I heard the familiar title of “La Mère Madou,” uttered in every form of panegyric.

She was a short, stoutly-built figure, somewhat past the middle of life, but without any impairment of activity in her movements. A pleasing countenance, with good teeth and black eyes, a merry voice, and a ready tongue, were qualities more than sufficient to make her a favourite with the soldiers, whom I found she had followed to more than one battle field.

“Peste!” cried an old grenadier, as he spat out the liquor on the ground. “This is one of those sweet things they make in Holland; it smacks of treacle and bad lemons.”

“Ah, Grognaud!” said she, laughing, “thou art more used to corn-brandy, with a clove of garlic in’t, than to good curaçoa.”

“What, curaçoa! Mère Madou, hast got curaçoa there?” cried a grey-whiskered captain, as he turned on his saddle at the word.

“Yes, Mon. Capitaine, and such as no bourgomaster ever drank better;” and she filled out a little glass, and presented it gracefully to him.

“Encore, ma bonne Mère,” said he, as he wiped his thick moustache; “that liquor is another reason for extending the blessings of liberty to the brave Dutch.”

“Didn’t I tell you so?” said she, refilling the glass; “but, holloa, there goes Gregoire at full speed. Ah, scoundrels that ye are, I see what ye’ve done.” And so was it; some of the wild young voltigeur fellows had fastened a lighted furze-bush to the beast’s tail, and had set him at a gallop through the very middle of the encampment, upsetting tents, scattering cooking-pans, and tumbling the groups, as they sat, in every direction.

The confusion was tremendous, for the picqueted horses jumped about, and some breaking loose, galloped here and there, while others set off with half-unpacked wagons, scattering their loading as they went.

It was only when the blazing furze had dropped off that the cause of the whole mischance would suffer himself to be captured, and led quietly back to his mistress. Half-crying with joy, and still wild with anger, she kissed the beast, and abused her tormentors by turns.

“Cannoniers that ye are,” she cried, “ma foi! you’ll have little taste for fire when the day comes that ye should face it! Pauvre Gregoire, they’ve left thee a tail like a tirailleur’s feather! Plagues light on the thieves that did it! Come here, boy,” said she, addressing me, “hold the bridle; what’s thy corps, lad?”

“I have none now; I only followed the soldiers from Paris.”

“Away with thee, street runner; away with thee, then,” said she, contemptuously; “there are no pockets to pick here; and if there were, thou’d lose thy ears for the doing it. Be off, then; back with thee to Paris and all its villainies. There are twenty thousand of thy trade there, but there’s work for ye all!”

“Nay, Mère, don’t be harsh with the boy,” said a soldier; “you can see by his coat that his heart is with us.”

“And he stole that, I’ll be sworn,” said she, pulling me round by the arm, full in front of her. “Answer me, ‘Gamin,’ where did’s’t find that old tawdry jacket?”

“I got it in a place where, if they had hold of thee and thy bad tongue, it would fare worse with thee than thou thinkest,” said I, maddened by the imputed theft and insolence together.

“And where may that be, young slip of the galloys?” cried she, angrily.

“In the ‘Prison du Temple.’”

"Is that their livery, then?" said she, laughing, and pointing at me with ridicule, "or is it a family dress made after thy father's?"

"My father wore a soldier's coat, and bravely, too," said I, with difficulty restraining the tears that rose to my eyes.

"In what regiment, boy?" asked the soldier who spoke before.

"In one that exists no longer," said I, sadly, and not wishing to allude to a service that would find but slight favour in republican ears.

"That must be the 24th of the Line; they were cut to pieces at 'Tongres.'"

"No—no, he's thinking of the 9th, that got so roughly handled at Fontenoy," said another.

"Of neither," said I; "I am speaking of those who have left nothing but a name behind them, the 'Garde du Corps' of the king."

"Voilà!" cried Madou, clapping her hands in astonishment at my impertinence; "there's an aristocrat for you! Look at him, mes braves! it's not every day we have the grand seigneurs condescending to come amongst us! You can learn something of courtly manners from the polished descendant of our nobility. Say, boy, art a count, or a baron, or perhaps a duke."

"Make way there—out of the road, Mère Madou," cried a dragoon, curveting his horse in such a fashion as almost to upset ass and "cantinière" together, "the staff is coming."

The mere mention of the word sent numbers off in full speed to their quarters; and now, all was haste and bustle to prepare for the coming inspection. The Mère's endeavours to drag her beast along were not very successful; for, with the peculiar instinct of his species, the more necessity there was of speed, the lazier he became; and as every one had his own concerns to look after, she was left to her own unaided efforts to drive him forward.

"Thou'lt have a day in prison if thou'rt found here, Mère Madou," said a dragoon, as he struck the ass with the flat of his sabre.

"I know it well," cried she, passionately; "but I have none to help me. Come here, lad; be good-natured, and forget what passed. Take his bridle while I whip him on."

I was at first disposed to refuse, but her piteous face and sad plight made me think better of it; and I seized the

bridle at once; but just as I had done so, the escort galloped forward, and the dragoons coming on the flank of the miserable beast, over he went, barrels and all, crushing me beneath him as he fell.

"Is the boy hurt?" were the last words I heard, for I fainted; but a few minutes after I found myself seated on the grass, while a soldier was staunching the blood that ran freely from a cut in my forehead.

"It is a trifle, General—a mere scratch," said a young officer to an old man on horseback beside him, "and the leg is not broken."

"Glad of it," said the old officer; "casualties are insufferable, except before an enemy. Send the lad to his regiment."

"He's only a camp-follower, General. He does not belong to us."

"There, my lad, take this, then, and make thy way back to Paris," said the old general, as he threw me a small piece of money.

I looked up, and there, straight before me, saw the same officer who had given me the assignat the night before.

"General La Coste!" cried I, in delight, for I thought him already a friend.

"How is this—have I an acquaintance here?" said he, smiling; "on my life! it's the young rogue I met this morning. Eh! art not thou the artillery-driver I spoke to at the barrack?"

"Yes, General, the same."

"Diantre! It seems fated, then, that we are not to part company so easily; for hadst thou remained in Paris, lad, we had most probably never met again."

"Ainsi je suis bien tombé," General, said I, punning upon my accident.

He laughed heartily, less I suppose at the jest, which was a poor one, than at the cool impudence with which I uttered it; and then turning to one of the staff, said—

"I spoke to Berthollet about this boy already—see that they take him in the 9th. I say, my lad, what's thy name?"

"Tiernay, sir."

"Ay, to be sure, Tiernay. Well, Tiernay, thou shalt be a hussar, my man. See that I get no disgrace by the appointment."

I kissed his hand fervently, and the staff rode forward, leaving me the happiest heart that beat in all that crowded host.

CHAPTER VII.

A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE

IF the guide, who is to lead us on a long and devious track, stops at every by-way, following out each path that seems to invite a ramble or suggest a halt, we naturally might feel distrustful of his safe conduct, and uneasy at the prospect of the road before us. In the same way may the reader be disposed to fear that he who descends to slight and trivial circumstances, will scarcely have time for events which ought to occupy a wider space in his reminiscences; and for this reason I am bound to apologise for the seeming transgression of my last chapter. Most true it is, that were I to relate the entire of my life with a similar diffuseness, my memoir would extend to a length far beyond what I intend it to occupy. Such, however, is very remote from my thoughts. I have dwelt with, perhaps, something of prolixity upon the soldier-life and characteristics of a past day, because I shall yet have to speak of changes, without which the contrast would be inappreciable; but I have also laid stress upon an incident trivial in itself, because it formed an event in my own fortunes. It was thus, in fact, that I became a soldier.

Now, the man who carries a musket in the ranks, may very reasonably be deemed but a small ingredient of the mass that forms an army; and in our day his thoughts, hopes, fears, and ambitions are probably as unknown and uncared for, as the precise spot of earth that yielded the ore from which his own weapon was smelted. This is not only reasonable, but it is right. In the time of which I am now speaking it was far otherwise. The Republic, in extinguishing a class had elevated the individual; and now each, in whatever station he occupied, felt himself qualified to entertain opinions and express sentiments, which, because they were his own, he presumed them to be national. The idlers of the streets discussed the deepest questions of politics; the soldiers talked of war with all the presumption of consummate generalship. The great operations of a campaign, and the various qualities of different commanders, were the daily subjects of dispute in the camp. Upon

one topic only were all agreed; and there, indeed, our unanimity repaid all previous discordance. We deemed France the only civilised nation of the globe, and reckoned that people thrice happy who, by any contingency of fortune, engaged our sympathy, or procured the distinction of our presence in arms. We were the heaven-born disseminators of freedom throughout Europe; the sworn enemies of kingly domination; and the missionaries of a political creed, which was not alone to enoble mankind, but to render its condition eminently happy and prosperous.

There could not be an easier lesson to learn than this, and particularly when dinned into your ears all day, and from every rank and grade around you. It was the programme of every message from the Directory; it was the opening of every general order from the General; it was the table-talk at your mess. The burthen of every song, the title of every military march performed by the regimental band, recalled it, even the riding-master, as he followed the recruit around the weary circle, whip in hand, mingled the orders he uttered with apposite axioms upon Republican grandeur. How I think I hear it still, as the grim old quartermaster-serjeant, with his Alsatian accent and deep-toned voice, would call out—

“Elbows back!—wrist lower and free from the side—free, I say, as every citizen of a great Republic!—head erect, as a Frenchman has a right to carry it!—chest full out, like one who can breathe the air of Heaven, and ask no leave from king or despot!—down with your heel, sir; think that you crush a tyrant beneath it!”

Such and such like were the running commentaries on equitation, till often I forgot whether the lesson had more concern with a seat on horseback or the great cause of monarchy throughout Europe. I suppose, to use a popular phrase of our own day, “the system worked well;” certainly the spirit of the army was unquestionable. From the grim old veteran, with snow-white moustache, to the beardless boy, there was but one

hope and wish—the glory of France. How they understood that glory, or in what it essentially consisted, is another and very different question.

Enrolled as a soldier in the ninth regiment of Hussars, I accompanied that corps to Nancy, where, at that time, a large cavalry school was formed, and where the recruits from the different regiments were trained and managed before being sent forward to their destination.

A taste for equitation, and a certain aptitude for catching up the peculiar character of the different horses, at once distinguished me in the riding school, and I was at last adopted by the riding-master of the regiment as a kind of *aide* to him in his walk. When I thus became a bold and skilful horseman, my proficiency interfered with my promotion, for instead of accompanying my regiment I was detained at Nancy, and attached to the permanent staff of the cavalry school there.

At first I asked for nothing better. It was a life of continued pleasure and excitement, and while I daily acquired knowledge of a subject which interested me deeply, I grew tall and strong of limb, and with that readiness in danger, and that cool collectedness in moments of difficulty, that are so admirably taught by the accidents and mischances of a cavalry riding-school.

The most vicious and unmanageable beasts from the Limousin were often sent to us; and when any one of these was deemed peculiarly untractable, "Give him to Tiernay," was the last appeal, before abandoning him as hopeless. I'm certain I owe much of the formation of my character to my life at this period, and that my love of adventure, my taste for excitement, my obstinate resolution to conquer a difficulty, my inflexible perseverance when thwarted, and my eager anxiety for praise, were all picked up amid the sawdust and tan of the riding-school. How long I might have continued satisfied with such triumphs, and content to be the wonder of the freshly-joined conscripts, I know not, when accident, or something very like it, decided the question.

It was a calm, delicious evening in April, in the year after I had entered the school, that I was strolling alone on the old fortified wall, which, once a strong redoubt, was the favourite walk of the good citizens of Nancy.

I was somewhat tired with the fatigues of the day, and sat down to rest under one of the acacia trees, whose delicious blossom was already scenting the air. The night was still and noiseless; not a man moved along the wall; the hum of the city was gradually subsiding, and the lights in the cottages over the plain told that the labourer was turning homeward from his toil. It was an hour to invite calm thoughts, and so I fell a dreaming over the tranquil pleasures of a peasant's life, and the unruffled peace of an existence passed amid scenes that were endeared by years of intimacy. "How happily," thought I, "time must steal on in these quiet spots, where the strife and struggle of war are unknown, and even the sounds of conflict never reach." Suddenly my musings were broken in upon by hearing the measured tramp of cavalry, as at a walk, a long column wound their way along the zig-zag approaches, which by many a redoubt and fosse, over many a draw-bridge, and beneath many a strong arch, led to the gates of Nancy. The loud, sharp call of a trumpet was soon heard, and, after a brief parley, the massive gates of the fortress were opened for the troops to enter. From the position I occupied exactly over the gate, I could not only see the long, dark line of armed men as they passed, but also hear the colloquy which took place as they entered.

"What regiment?"

"Detachments of the 12th Dragoons and the 22nd Chasseurs-à-Cheval."

"Where from?"

"Valence."

"Where to?"

"The army of the Rhine."

"Pass on!"

And with the words the ringing sound of the iron-shod horses was heard beneath the vaulted entrance. As they issued from beneath the long deep arch, the men were formed in line along two sides of a wide "Place" inside the walls, where, with that despatch that habit teaches, the billets were speedily distributed, and the parties "told off" in squads for different parts of the city. The force seemed a considerable one, and with all the celerity they could employ, the billeting occupied a long time. As I watched the groups moving off, I heard the direction given to one party, "Cavalry School—Rue de Lorraine."

The young officer who commanded the group took a direction exactly the reverse of the right one; and hastening down from the rampart, I at once overtook them, and explained the mistake. I offered them my guidance to the place, which being willingly accepted, I walked along at their side.

Chatting as we went, I heard that the dragoons were hastily withdrawn from the La Vendée to form part of the force under General Hoche. The young sous-lieutenant, a mere boy of my own age, had already served in two campaigns in Holland and the south of France; had been wounded in the Loire, and received his grade of officer at the hands of Hoche himself on the field of battle.

He could speak of no other name—Hoche was the hero of all his thoughts—his gallantry, his daring, his military knowledge, his coolness in danger, his impetuosity in attack, his personal amiability, the mild gentleness of his manner, were themes the young soldier loved to dwell on; and however pressed by me to talk of war and its chances, he inevitably came back to the one loved theme—his general.

When the men were safely housed for the night, I invited my new friend to my own quarters, where, having provided the best entertainment I could afford, we passed more than half the night in chatting. There was nothing above mediocrity in the look or manner of the youth; his descriptions of what he had seen were unmarked by anything glowing or picturesque; his observations did not evince either a quick or a reflective mind, and yet, over this mass of commonplace, enthusiasm for his leader had shed a rich glow, like a gorgeous sunlight on a landscape, that made all beneath it seem brilliant and splendid.

"And now," said he, after an account of the last action he had seen, "and now, enough of myself; let's talk of thee. Where hast thou been?"

"Here!" said I, with a sigh, and in a voice that shame had almost made inaudible; "Here, here, at Nancy."

"Not always here?"

"Just so. Always here."

"And what doing, mon cher. Thou art not one of the Municipal Guard, surely?"

"No," said I, smiling sadly; "I belong to the 'Ecole d'Equitation.'"

"Ah, that's it," said he, in some-

what of confusion; "I always thought they selected old serjeants en retraite, worn out veterans, and wounded fellows, for riding-school duty."

"Most of ours are such," said I, my shame increasing at every word—"but somehow they chose me also, and I had no will in the matter——"

"No will in the matter, parbleu! and why not? Every man in France has a right to meet the enemy in the field. Thou art a soldier, a hussar of the 9th, a brave and gallant corps, and art to be told, that thy comrades have the road to fame and honour open to them; whilst thou art to mope away life like an invalided drummer? It is too gross an indignity, my boy, and must not be borne. Away with you to-morrow at day-break to the 'Etat Major,' ask to see the Commandant. You're in luck, too, for our colonel is with him now, and he is sure to back your request. Say that you served in the school to oblige your superiors; but that you cannot see all chances of distinction lost to you for ever, by remaining there. They've given you no grade yet, I see," continued he, looking at my arm.

"None; I am still a private."

"And I a sous-lieutenant, just because I have been where powder was flashing! You can ride well, of course?"

"I defy the wildest Limousin to shake me in my saddle."

"And, as a swordman, what are you?"

"Gros Jean calls me his best pupil."

"Ah, true! you have Gros Jean here; the best 'sabreur' in France! And here you are—a horseman, and one of Gros Jean's 'élèves'—rotting away life in Nancy! Have you any friends in the service?"

"Not one."

"Not one! Nor relations, nor connexions?"

"None. I am Irish by descent. My family are only French by one generation."

"Irish? Ah! that's lucky too," said he. "Our colonel is an Irishman. His name is Mahon. You're certain of getting your leave now. I'll present you to him to-morrow. We are to halt two days here, and before that is over, I hope you'll have made your last caracole in the riding-school of Nancy."

"But remember," cried I, "that although Irish by family, I have never

been there. I know nothing of either the people or the language; and do not present me to the general as his countryman."

"I'll call you by your name, as a soldier of the 9th Hussars; and leave you to make out your claim as countrymen, if you please, together."

This course was now agreed upon, and after some further talking, my friend, refusing all my offers of a bed, coolly wrapped his cloak about him, and, with his head on the table, fell fast asleep, long before I had ceased thinking over his stories and his adventures in camp and battle-field.

CHAPTER VIII.

"TRONCHON."

My duties in the riding-school were always over before mid-day, and as noon was the hour appointed by the young lieutenant to present me to his colonel, I was ready by that time, and anxiously awaiting his arrival. I had done my best to smarten up my uniform, and make all my accoutrements bright and glistening. My scabbard was polished like silver, the steel front of my shako shone like a mirror, and the tinsel lace of my jacket had undergone a process of scrubbing and cleaning that threatened its very existence. My smooth chin and beardless upper lip, however, gave me a degree of distress, that all other deficiencies failed to inflict: I can dare to say, that no mediæval gentleman's bald spot ever cost *him* one-half the misery, as did my lack of moustache occasion *me*: "A hussar without beard, as well without spurs or sabretasche;" a tambour major without his staff, a cavalry charger without a tail, couldn't be more ridiculous: and there was that old serjeant of the riding-school, "Tronchon," with a beard that might have made a mattress! How the goods of this world are unequally distributed! thought I; still why might he not spare me a little—a very little would suffice—just enough to give the "air hussar" to my countenance. He's an excellent creature; the kindest old fellow in the world. I'm certain he'd not refuse me; to be sure the beard is a red one, and pretty much like bell-wire in consistence; no matter, better that than this girlish smooth chin I now wear.

Tronchon was spelling out the *Moniteur's* account of the Italian campaign as I entered his room, and found it excessively difficult to get back from the Alps and Appenines to the humble request I preferred.

"Poor fellows," muttered he, "four battles in seven days, without stores of any kind, or rations—almost with-

out bread; and here comest thou, whining because thou hasn't a beard."

"If I were not a hussar"——

"Bah!" said he, interrupting, "what of that? Where should'st thou have had thy baptism of blood, boy? Art a child, nothing more."

"I shared my quarters last night with one, not older, Tronchon, and *he* was an officer, and had seen many a battle-field."

"I know that, too," said the veteran, with an expression of impatience—"that General Bonaparte will give every boy his epaulettes, before an old and tried soldier."

"It was not Bonaparte. It was"——

"I care not who promoted the lad; the system is just the same with them all. It is no longer, 'Where have you served?—what have you seen?' but, 'Can you read glibly?—can you write faster than speak?—have you learned to take towns upon paper, and attack a breast-work with a rule and a pair of compasses!' This is what they called 'la génie' 'la génie!'—ha! ha! ha!" cried he, laughing heartily; "that's the name old women used to give the devil when I was a boy."

It was with the greatest difficulty I could get him back from these disagreeable reminiscences to the object of my visit, and, even then, I could hardly persuade him that I was serious in asking the loan of a beard. The prayer of my petition being once understood, he discussed the project gravely enough; but to my surprise he was far more struck by the absurd figure he should cut with his diminished mane, than I with my mock moustache.

"There's not a child in Nancy won't laugh at me—they'll cry, 'There goes old Tronchon—he's like Kleber's charger, which the German cut the tail off to make a shako plume!'"

I assured him that he might as well pretend to miss one tree in the forest

of "Fontainebleu"—that after furnishing a squadron like myself, his would be still the first beard in the Republic; and at last he yielded, and gave in.

Never did a little damsel of the nursery array her doll with more delighted looks, and gaze upon her handywork with more self-satisfaction, than did old Tronchon survey me, as, with the aid of a little gum, he decorated my lip with a stiff line of his iron red beard.

"Diantre!" cried he, in ecstacy, "if thou ben't something like a man after all. Who would have thought it would have made such a change? Thou might pass for one that saw real smoke and real fire, any day, lad. Ay! thou hast another look in thine eye, and another way to carry thy head, now! Trust me, thou'lt look a different fellow on the left of the squadron."

I began to think so too, as I looked at myself in the small triangle of a looking-glass, which decorated Tronchon's wall, under a picture of Kellerman, his first captain. I fancied that the improvement was most decided. I thought that, bating a little over ferocity, a something verging upon the cruel, I was about as perfect a type of the hussar as need be. My jacket seemed to fit tighter—my pelisse hung more jauntily—my shako sat more sanely on one side of my head—my sabre banged more proudly against my boot—my very spurs jangled with a pleasanter music—and all because a little hair bristled over my lip, and curled in two spiral flourishes across my cheek! I longed to see the effect of my changed appearance, as I walked down the "Place Carrière," or sauntered into the café where my comrades used to assemble. What will Mademoiselle Josephine say, thought I, as I ask for my "petit verre," caressing my moustache thus! Not a doubt of it, what a fan is to a woman, a beard is to a soldier!—a something to fill up the pauses in conversation, by blandly smoothing with the finger, or fiercely curling at the point!

"And so thou art going to ask for thy grade, Maurice?" broke in Tronchon, after a long silence.

"Not at all. I am about to petition for employment upon active service. I don't seek promotion till I have deserved it."

"Better still, lad. I was eight

years myself in the ranks before they gave me the stripe on my arm. Parbleu! the Germans had given me some three or four with the sabre before that time."

"Do you think they'll refuse me, Tronchon?"

"Not if thou go the right way about it, lad. Thou mustn't fancy it's like asking leave from the captain to spend the evening in a Guinguette, or to go to the play with thy sweetheart. No, no, boy. It must be done 'en regle.' Thou'lt have to wait on the general at his quarters at four o'clock, when he 'receives,' as they call it. Thou'lt be there, mayhap, an hour, ay, two or three belike, and after all, perhaps, won't see him that day at all! I was a week trying to catch Kellerman, and, at last, he only spoke to me going down stairs with his staff."

"Eh, Tronchon, another bullet in thy old carcass; want a furlough to get strong again, eh?"

"No, colonel; all sound this time. I want to be a Serjeant—I'm twelve years and four months corporal."

"Slow work, too," said he, laughing, "ain't it, Charles?" and he pinched one of his young officers by the cheek. "Let old Tronchon have his grade; and I say, my good fellow," said he to me, "don't come plaguing me any more about promotion, till I'm General of Division. You hear that?"

"Well, he's got his step since; but I never teased him after."

"And why so, Tronchon?" said I.

"I'll tell thee, lad," whispered he, in a low, confidential tone, as if imparting a secret well worth the hearing. "They can find fellows every day fit for lieutenants and chefs d'escadron. Parbleu! they meet with them in every café, in every 'billiard' you enter; but a Serjeant! Maurice, one that drills his men on parade—can dress them like a wall—see that every kit is well packed, and every cartouch well filled—who knows every soul in his company as he knows the buckles of his own sword-belt—that's what one should not chance upon, in haste. It's easy enough to manœuvre the men, Maurice; but to make them, boy, to fashion the fellows so that they be like the pieces of a great machine, that's the real labour—that's soldiering, indeed."

* "And you say I must write a petition, Tronchon?" said I, more anxious to bring him back to my own

affairs, than listen to these speculations of his. How shall I do it?"

"Sit down there, lad, and I'll tell thee. I've done the thing some scores of times, and know the words as well as I once knew my 'Pater.' Parbleu, I often wish I could remember that now, just to keep me from gloomy thoughts when I sit alone of an evening."

It was not a little to his astonishment, but still more to his delight, that I told the poor fellow I could help to refresh his memory, knowing, as I did, every word of the litanies by heart; and, accordingly, it was agreed on that I should impart religious instruction, in exchange for the secular knowledge he was conferring upon me.

"As for the petition," said Tronchon, seating himself opposite to me at the table, "it is soon done; for mark me, lad, these things must always be short; if thou be long-winded, they put thee away, and tell some of the clerks to look after thee—and there's an end of it. Be brief, therefore, and next—be legible—write in a good, large round hand; just as, if thou wert speaking, thou wouldst talk with a fine, clear, distinct voice. Well then, begin thus:—'Republic of France, one and invincible!' Make a flourish round that, lad, as if it came freely from the pen, When a man writes—'FRANCE!' he should do it as he whirls his sabre round his head in a charge! Ay, just so."

"I'm ready, Tronchon, go on."

"'Mon General!' Nay, nay—General mustn't be as large as France—yes, that's better. 'The undersigned, whose certificates of service and conduct are herewith enclosed.' Stay, stop a moment, Tronchon; don't forget that I have got neither one or t'other. No matter; I'll make thee out both. Where was I?—Ay, 'herewith enclosed; and whose wounds, as the accompanying report will show—'"

"Wounds! I never received one."

"No matter, I'll—ch—what? Feu d'enfer! how stupid I am! What have I been thinking of? Why, boy, it was a sick-furlough I was about to ask for; the only kind of petition I have ever had to write in a life long."

"And I am asking for active service."

"Ha! That came without asking for in my case."

"Then what's to be done, Tronchon?—clearly this wont do!"

He nodded sententiously an assent, and, after a moment's rumination, said—

"It strikes me, lad, there can be no need of begging for that which usually comes unlooked for; but if thou don't choose to wait for thy billet for t'other world, but must go and seek it, the best way will be to up and tell the general as much."

"That was exactly my intention."

"If he asks thee 'Can'st ride?' just say, 'Old Tronchon taught me;' he'll be one of the young hands, indeed, if he don't know that name! And mind, lad, have no whims or caprices about whatever service he names thee for, even were't the infantry itself! It's a hard word, that! I know it well! but a man must make up his mind for anything and everything. Wear any coat, go anywhere, face any enemy thou'rt ordered, and have none of those new-fangled notions about this general, or that army. Be a good soldier, and a good comrade. Share thy kit and thy purse to the last sous, for it will not only be generous in thee, but that so long as thou heardest not, thou'lt never be over eager for pillage. Mind these things, and with a stout heart and a sharp sabre, Maurice, 'tu ira loin.' Yes, I tell thee again, lad, 'tu ira loin.'"

I give these three words as he said them, for they have rung in my ears throughout all my life long. In moments of gratified ambition, in the glorious triumph of success, they have sounded to me like the confirmed predictions of one who foresaw my elevation, in less prosperous hours. When fortune has looked dark and lowering, they have been my comforter and support, telling me not to be downcast or depressed, that the season of sadness would soon pass away, and the road to fame and honour again open before me.

"You really think so, Tronchon? You think that I shall be something yet?"

"'Tu ira loin,' I say," repeated he emphatically, and with the air of an oracle who would not suffer further interrogation. I therefore shook his hand cordially, and set out to pay my visit to the general.

MODERN STATE TRIALS.*

THIS is one of those books which it puzzles a reviewer to deal with. It contains a number of trials connected with state offences, or which, on one account or other, occupied a large share of public attention at the time of their occurrence. It is not very easy to give a definition of the word state trials; at least the editors of the collections published under that name have included in their books numerous cases unconnected with political offences; we might find among them judicial investigations of private murders, of violence to females, of witchcraft, of perjury, brought together on no very intelligible principle. There seems no reason why the Recorder of Macclesfield should not follow the example set him by Emlyn and Hargrave; and he has accordingly not hesitated to introduce in the same volume, which contains the trials of Frost and O'Brien for high treason, and of O'Connell for conspiracy, reports of proceedings against Lord Cardigan for a duel, and Lord Stirling for forgery. We quarrel not with the title of the book, as it might not be easy to suggest one with any nearer approach to accuracy. Indeed, there seems little object in affecting any precision in such a matter; and Mr. Townsend ought, perhaps, to have been satisfied to give his book some such title as "Criminal Trials." The trials, of which reports are given in these volumes, are those of Frost, Oxford, and O'Brien, for high treason; of O'Connell for conspiracy; of Hunter and others for murder and conspiracy; of Stuart, Courvoisier, and McNaughten for murder; of Lord Cardigan for shooting in a duel; of Alexander Alexander, titular Earl of Stirling, for forgery; of Lord Cochrane for conspiracy; of Wakefield for conspiracy and abduction; of Williams for a libel on the Durham clergy; of Pinney, mayor of Bristol, for neglect of duty; and of Moxon for blasphemy; fifteen trials in all, every

one of which has some such peculiar feature of interest as well deserves preservation. "In making a selection," Mr. Townsend says, he "has endeavoured to preserve a faithful, but abridged report of such legal proceedings as would be most likely to command the attention of all members of the community, and to be read by them with pleasure and profit." The difficulty, however, of such a work is not the selection of the particular trials, but, as some process of abridgment is necessary, to determine on what principle that abridgment is to be made. The topics of most interest to a professional student are not those which engage public attention most. And again, those which engage public attention most at the time of the occurrence, are not those which have little bearing on the real question of the guilt or innocence of the party. Frost's trial, for instance, was of more value in a professional man's estimate, for the questions connected with the Crown's right of challenge, and the grounds on which it was argued, and the decision of the judges upon the time at which it was necessary to furnish the prisoner with a list of the witnesses, than for any of the after incidents of the trial. Yet these after-incidents are presented in full detail, especially when any personal repartee occurs between counsel. The play of words, uttered and forgotten, and deserving of nothing but instant oblivion, is thus sought to be given permanence and importance, while all that requires more severe attention of mind is passed over, as not of a sufficiently popular character. We fear that Mr. Townsend has attempted things incompatible—a book useful, really useful to the student, and a book pleasant to glance over, the ornament for a few days or weeks of the drawing room or library-table, till some newer book occupy its place. In one respect, however, the book asserts a claim to high

* "Modern State Trials." By William C. Townsend, Esq., M.A. Q.C., Recorder of Macclesfield. London: Longman, Brown, Greene, and Longmans. 1850.

consideration ; and this gives it a great and enduring value :—

" In the extracts here given from some of the most celebrated speeches of modern days, the editor has also had the great advantage of the last corrections of the speakers themselves, and has thus been enabled to preserve the *ipsissima verba*, by which minds were captivated and verdicts won ; those treasures of oratory which would have gladdened the old age of Erskine, could he have seen how his talisman had been passed from hand to hand, and the mantle of his inspiration caught. The vivid appeals of Whiteside, the magnificent defence of Cockburn, the persuasive imagery of Talfourd, will exist as *κρηματα ἐς αἰετ*, trophies of forensic eloquence, beacon lights it may be, in the midst of that prosaic mistiness which has begun to creep around our courts. In an age which abjures imagination, few figures are now prized save those of the counting-house !"

That the reports of their speeches should be revised by eminent men is, no doubt, most desirable. Still we think that, even after this, it would be well that some process of mere abridgment should be adopted—nothing introduced by the editor—nothing of substance, or even of vivid or peculiar turns of language omitted. There is, necessarily perhaps, in all spoken language, and particularly in the language of the Bar, as distinguished from that of Parliament and places of public business, an amplitude and redundancy of phrase that could be trimmed away with great advantage—words that we have no doubt were uttered, but which, with the unnumbered specimens we have of forensic oratory, might be safely left to the imagination as the common property of all the learned brethren of the mystery, and, in some day, from which, however, we are probably some half-century distant, to be numbered as among the pomps and vanities which are altogether to be eschewed.

Mr. Townsend marks emphatically the favourable contrast between the state trials of our days and all that have preceded them :—

" The humanising influence of a century's civilisation has not been poured in vain upon our courts, every part of which, whether we regard the judges, counsel, or jurors, seems radiant with justice in mercy.

" We are wiser than our forefathers, for we are more humane, and the judgments of the Bench command universal assent, since

who can doubt its anxiety to be just ? In comparison with the calm intelligence and serene urbanity of C. J. Tindal, even the demeanour of Holt, with his sharp ' Sirrah' to the prisoner, and ' Look ye, sirs,' to counsel, looks harsh and austere. The technicalities and bald language of Sir Bartholomew Shower appear still more unfavourable to those who have read the legal arguments and impassioned addresses of Sir F. Pollock and Sir Fitzroy Kelly. There occurs now no unseemly wrangling with the Bar, no caustic and misplaced reviling of a prisoner—such an incident would be deemed too strange for fiction—no ' hard words or hanging,' the last only on occasions of rare necessity, for there is no judge like Page. Whether in reference to the profound ability of the venerable magistrates who presided—one is still happily preserved to grace and dignity and inform the profession—or to the acuteness and eloquence of the counsel who prosecuted and defended—to the clear arrangement of proofs—to the arguments on points of law, or to the equable attention of the jury, who, in their anxiety for the truth, never betrayed, during an investigation of eight days, impatience or weariness ; the lawyer, who rejoices in the honour of the gown, may point with proud satisfaction to the trial of John Frost under the special commission at Monmouth, which distinguished the close of 1839 and the first week of 1840. Rarely has there occurred a more grave case for solemn judicial inquiry. It scarcely seemed credible, at a time of profound peace, when work was abundant, and wages high, and provisions plentiful, that thousands of workmen, chiefly miners, should have been assembled on the hills above Newport on a Sunday night in November, according to previous concert, many of them armed with guns and pikes, to make a midnight attack on a peaceable town. It sounded more like a romance than a chapter of domestic history ; and resembled rather the irruption of Indian savages upon the wigwags of some unoffending settlers, than the assemblage of fellow-countrymen. But for the tempestuousness of the night, which delayed the meeting of the three separate bands, commanded by Frost, Zachariah Williams, and Jones the watchmaker of Pontypool, who had undertaken to collect 10,000 men, the inhabitants of Newport would have been surprised in their sleep, and been exposed to the fury and excesses of an undisciplined multitude. The largest portion of these lawless marauders, under the guidance of Frost, arrived in the suburbs between eight and nine on Monday morning, Nov. 4, 5,000 in number, and attacked the little inn, in which a small detachment of the Queen's troops, under Lieutenant Grey, thirty in all, were drawn up. Taught by the disasters of Bristol, the troops entered into no parleying, no waving of caps, no shaking of hands with the mob. Thrusts

with pikes and firing on the one side, volleys of fire-arms at the word of command on the other, brought the conflict between lawful authority and rabble rule to a crisis at once. In ten minutes all was over. By the discipline of a mere handful of soldiers, judiciously posted and well commanded, the blind fury of thousands of brave men was forthwith subdued, and they fled in a wild panic. But the punishment of these giddy rioters was severe. Not less than thirty are computed to have perished. Many of the slain were carried off, and twelve bodies were left at the threshold of the inn. Slain for what object? The poor, ignorant, misguided working-classes could not themselves tell. They had been marched, without any definite design, to gratify the turbulent fancies and factious vanity of Frost and his brother Chartists, to show their physical strength, and commence a rebellion for that high-sounding term the Charter, of the precise meaning of which they had no clear conception. Some vague, dim notion of improving their state, coercing property, and getting money without work, and the reliance upon empty promises at trades-unions and lodge-meetings, in the absence of real grievances, seem to have urged them on."

The hopelessness of this insurrection formed the chief topic of defence with Frost's counsel. They argued, from the seeming impossibility of success, that it was impossible the attempt should have been contemplated; and efforts were made to break down the testimony in detail. To resist the evidence by which notorious facts were proved, can seldom be successful with the plain-minded intelligence of a jury; a more plausible alternative was relied on, when counsel struggled to exhibit, supposing the facts proved, that Frost's object in appearing in arms was not to seize the town of Newport, making this the beginning of a general rebellion, which would be high treason, but, by the display of physical force, to effect the amelioration of the condition of the Chartist prisoners in Monmouth gaol, which would be but a misdemeanor. Chief Justice Tindal, stating to the jury the distinction on which the case turned, cautiously avoided intimating to them any expression of his opinion whether the insurrection contemplated objects of a general or a particular nature. So studiously did the presiding judge avoid giving the slightest aid to the jury in that which was their peculiar province and duty, that an unfounded impression was created that he was dissatisfied with the verdict:—

"This trial (says Mr. Townsend) also must have furnished an excellent text, on which to strengthen their minds and soften their hearts. It was a noble spectacle to witness the calm, grave stillness which pervaded the Court, its gentle patience and dignified repose, in striking contrast to the fierce passions that raged without the walls. Detachments of troops were then scouring the hills, as a fresh rising of the masses had been apprehended; yet day by day the steadfast course of justice pursued its even path with all the appearance and reality of perfect unruffled security. The master-spirit, who had caused such irreparable mischief, stood at the bar for his deliverance, and knew that he should not suffer from the general excitement. His crime was rather softened than exaggerated in the temperate speeches of counsel for the prosecution, and he met with a courteous forbearance from the Court, which he could not himself have shown. A stranger would not have surmised his guilt from the manner in which his name was mentioned, and the courtesy with which he was addressed. Monsieur Cottu alone, who had studied our criminal proceedings, might have guessed the grave nature of the accusation from this very absence of reproach and contumely. But the full, disimpassioned, and impartial consideration given to his case, the complete conviction impressed into the minds of all that justice had been done in mercy, wrought a salutary and perceptible effect on the lower orders. The most unruly bowed their heads in subjection to the supremacy of the law, so well vindicated to their understandings and commended to their feelings, and that portion of the kingdom has since been at peace."

The trial of Oxford for shooting at the Queen is well given. The defence relied on was insanity; and there can be little doubt that Oxford was scarcely of sufficiently sound mind to distinguish between right and wrong. The evidence for the Crown, also, failed to establish the fact charged in the indictment, that the pistol which he fired at the Queen was loaded with ball; and his counsel contended that the special verdict which the jury gave—"We find the prisoner, Edward Oxford, guilty of discharging the contents of two pistols; but whether they were loaded with ball has not been satisfactorily proved to us, he being of unsound mind at the time"—was equivalent to an acquittal; they certainly did not amount to a conviction. But this verdict was not received; and after some consultation, a verdict of "not guilty, on the ground of insanity," was the form finally adopted.

This case was the occasion of favourably introducing to the public Mr. Sidney Taylor, who conducted the defence, and who had some few years before succeeded, in the Roscommon Peerage case, in establishing a claim to the title against what at first seemed insuperable difficulties. Mr. Taylor had, for many years, written with great earnestness and power against the severity of the criminal law of England; and the changes to a milder system were, in a great degree, attributable to the influence on public opinion which his writings had. The medical evidence in Oxford's case, on which the defence mainly rested, is given here at length, and is well worth preserving — as certainly this and McNaughten's case carried the defence, on the ground of insanity, farther than any previous judicial investigation had warranted; and for a while the public mind was possessed with apprehensions for the consequences of any extension of irresponsibility, which have proved to have been groundless. With respect to the person of the Queen, it is strange that a love of notoriety seems, after Oxford's case, to have led to attempts by some half-witted persons against her life. There does not seem to have been any connexion with political objects, or any object at all, but the strange passion for notoriety. About two years after Oxford's trial, John Francis, a youth of nineteen, fired at the Queen on Constitution-hill. As in the former case, no bullet was found; but evidence of the sharp whizzing report with which the discharge was accompanied, satisfied the jury that the weapon was loaded with some destructive substance. In respect to the Queen's own anxiety on the subject, his life was spared, and the sentence commuted to transportation for life:—

"Scarcely had the reprieve been granted, when a deformed stripling, William Bean, crooked in mind as in body, only seventeen, again presented his pistol at her Majesty, when going to the Chapel Royal. It was only loaded with powder and wadding, for he had sufficient cunning not to put his life in peril. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for the misdemeanor, and Lord Abinger shrewdly remarked that whipping at the cart's tail should be the fitting sentence in future.

"The nuisance had become a national disgrace, and intolerable; some shameful

punishment, suited to the character and condition of such intrusive poltroons, was required; and Sir Robert Peel proposed a measure better adapted to the offence than the high-sounding, but ineffectual charge of high treason, or attempt at treason. Under his auspices was passed the salutary statute, 5 & 6 Vict., c. 51, intitled, 'An Act for the further Security and Protection of Her Majesty's person,' and enacting, in the most comprehensive terms, that 'whosoever shall point any description of fire-arms at the Queen, whether the same shall or shall not contain any explosive or destructive material, shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and liable to the same penalties as in convictions for simple larceny, and, in addition, shall be publicly or privately whipped, as often, and in such manner, as the Court shall direct, not exceeding thrice.' The bill was passed with unanimous assent; and Lord John Russell remarked pointedly, that, 'as the offence to be punished was the offence of base and degraded beings, a base and degrading punishment was most fitly applied to it.'"

The third trial in the selection is one of exceeding interest — it is that of Mr. Stuart, for killing Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel. The introductory remarks by which Mr. Townsend's abstract of this trial is prefaced, are well worth attention. The struggle between the letter of the law and the feelings of society, as existing in the minds of jurors, which prevented the letter of the law from being the rule of conduct to any one, is well exemplified by the production of many remarkable cases: "During the long reign of George the Third, which comprehended nearly sixty years, about 170 duels are known to have been fought, and in those between sixty and seventy persons were slain." We should think these statistics are very much under the mark. In Ireland, certainly, the numbers were vastly greater, or Sir Josiah Barrington is in error—is not that the civil word? But a more faithful witness, the author of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," satisfies us that this, for almost any one country, would be much less than the number of duels fought. In most cases there was no prosecution; and where there were verdicts of conviction, there can be little doubt that, though the verdict did not say it in words, it was in cases where the jury thought the duel was not a fair one, and that murder was actually perpetrated. Major Campbell was sentenced to death and

executed, for a duel Ireland. But in this case the antagonists met in the night time, and without seconds. The words of the dying man were the chief evidence against the survivor, and he denied the fairness of the duel. Another case, worse in its character—where the survivor was convicted and executed—was one which was manifest assassination—where the forms of duelling could scarcely be said to be observed at all. In Lord Byron's case, as we believe in all the cases tried by the House of Lords, the finding, under the most aggravated circumstances, has been *manslaughter*, and the punishment but nominal.

In 1794, an officer, who had been brought to a court-martial and dismissed the service, told the colonel of his late regiment that he was a coward, a ruffian, and a scoundrel. The colonel took no notice of this: on the next day he was again assailed with similar language, and a whip shaken over him. On consultation with his friends, it was deemed necessary that he should send a hostile message. They met, and he was shot dead. Baron Hotham, who tried the case, stated that the facts amounted to murder. "Such is the law of the land, which undoubtedly the prisoner has violated—though he has acted in conformity to the law of honour. His whole demeanour in the duel was that of perfect honour and perfect humanity. Such is the law, and such are the facts. If you cannot reconcile the latter to your consciences, you must return a verdict of guilty. But if the contrary, though the acquittal may tread on the rigid rules of law, yet the verdict will be lovely in the sight both of God and man." "This was going pretty far for a judge; and we confess we think Dr. Johnson's justification of duelling, on the ground of self-defence, more tenable than this mode of stating the law to be one thing, and the extent to which juries should be governed by it a thing wholly different.

The next case Mr. Townsend gives is one of Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara:—

"It was a case of a foolish dispute about two dogs which accompanied the gentlemen when riding in the park: the dogs having quarrelled, Colonel Montgomery, who did not perceive that Captain Macnamara was

near, came and separated them, and said, 'Whose dog is this? I will knock him down.' On which Captain Macnamara rejoined, 'Have you the arrogance to say you will knock my dog down! you must first knock me down.' An altercation took place. Colonel Montgomery and his party rode up through Piccadilly, and Captain Macnamara following him, sent a friend immediately with a message. They met the same day, and Colonel Montgomery was shot dead on the spot.

"The defence in this case was prepared by Mr. Erskine, who appeared as his counsel, but was not allowed by law to address the jury. The defence which he prepared was one which few British juries could resist. He states, 'I am a captain of the British navy. My character you can only hear from others. But to maintain my character, I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge anything against the laws of God or of this land. I know that, in the eye of religion and reason, obedience to the law, though against the feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action; but in putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowances for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms the proper feelings of a gentleman, but their existence has supported this happy country for many ages, and she might perish if they were lost.' The jury instantly acquitted him."

A similar defence was made in another case, tried by Mr. Justice Chambre, who told the jury it was in extenuation: "If you are dissatisfied with the evidence that Mr. Sparling did commit the act which deprived Mr. Grayson of his life, coolly and deliberately—and if, *as I heartily wish, you may* be able to observe any circumstances which will warrant you so to think, you will acquit him." We transcribe the charge, with Mr. Townsend's *italics*, who adds: "Seventy-two witnesses, the number necessary by the ecclesiastical law to convict a cardinal of the crime of incontinence, would not have sufficed to satisfy the jury after this hint, and in twenty minutes they returned with the verdict of 'not guilty.'" We do not read this charge quite in the way Mr. Townsend does. It seems to us clear, that, if on the jury, Chambre would have convicted. The cases tried by the House of Lords have uniformly resulted in a

conviction but for manslaughter, which ought to have modified the strong language with which Mr. Townsend opens his narrative of the following remarkable case :—

"There is a singular case, of Sheppard, tried before Sir Henry Russell, the recorder of Bombay, which issued in a verdict of manslaughter, though, if there be any authority in law for a concerted duel being a crime, it is either a murder or no offence at all. It is as much a departure from the authority of the law to find manslaughter, as to find it no crime. This, however, was an aggravated case. A quarrel took place between two officers in garrison, who chose to go out, after a long delay, several weeks having been spent in the exchange of notes, in the dark, and to fight by the light of a lantern held by a black servant between them, without the inspection of a single European; no witnesses were present. The offence of the party who suffered was of a very vague description, only one person saying that he thinks he had heard Captain Phillips speak lightly of Sheppard on some occasion or other. On this provocation the challenge is given, the parties fight alone (for the black servant was not permitted to give evidence) in the dark, and Captain Phillips is killed on the spot. The boldness with which the judge spoke out (what all judges in their hearts must feel) is remarkable.

"Sir Henry says, after stating that the crime of killing in a duel is murder: 'At the same time, in compassion to human infirmity, courts of law and juries have been in the habit of making great allowances for the circumstances in which persons called upon to fight a duel may have been placed. When a fellow-creature is put to death from motives of deliberate malice, the law pronounces the crime to be murder. When the same act is committed under the immediate influence of violent passion, it is merely accounted manslaughter. Now, in the case before you, it will be for you to consider whether the present circumstances of society, as applied to a gentleman and a soldier, do not take away the particular character of malice from the crime. A man is placed in a situation where, if he does not go out to fight a duel, he has no prospect before him in life but that of contempt and ignominy. Surely the feelings which are inseparable from such a situation may be supposed to deprive a man of self-possession and self-command, as well as a violent gust of passion. And I see no reason why the law should deny, nor do I believe that the law does deny, the same indulgence to those feelings, that it yields to a brutal impulse, which it is the chief object of all human and divine institutions to control. In declaring this opinion, I believe I go further than most judges have done, but I have not formed it without mature delibera-

tion, and I think it places the question of law in cases of duel, upon more stable and more tenable grounds, than the shifts and artifices which have been so generally resorted to.'

But by far the most eloquent, and in all its circumstances the best charge to be found in this class of cases, is that of Baron Smith on the trial of Alcock. Alcock and Colclough were candidates for an Irish county. Alcock had gained the interest of a proprietor, some of whose tenants, forty-shilling freeholders, were about voting for Colclough. Alcock remonstrated with Colclough, who said he had not solicited the votes. "But they shall not vote for you," said Alcock. "How can I prevent them?" said Colclough. Alcock said he must have satisfaction. They fought, and Colclough was shot dead. The prosecution, it would appear, was vindictively conducted by the friends of the deceased—by the very persons who were on the ground witnessing and encouraging the violation of the law—and in the witnessing and encouraging a crime, themselves criminal. The same principle that runs through the latter part of this charge, of the practice of society having abrogated or varied the admitted letter of the law, was strenuously urged by Jeffrey in his defence of Stuart, and it is impossible not to allow it great weight :—

"'If an officer at the head of his regiment,' said Baron Smith, charging the jury, 'be called a coward and a scoundrel, and instead of cutting the offender down, challenge and kill him in a duel, he is a murderer by law; and if you are bound to find the prisoner Alcock guilty, you will be equally obliged to return a verdict of conviction against a gallant officer, under the circumstances which I have described. Yet, on the other hand, the military punishment and intolerable disgrace which must inevitably follow from his submitting to the affront, it cannot be necessary for me to dwell upon. If an aged, an infirm, a beloved, and respectable parent be insulted and reviled, or even struck and beaten in the presence of a son, and this latter happen to kill the assailant in a duel, the transaction will be murder; and, if you cannot acquit the prisoner, you could not acquit the child. If a husband find his wife in the embraces of another, and kill him unarmed and unresisting, this is manslaughter of the lowest and most venial kind. But if, giving the adulterer further time for preparation, and a fairer chance for his life, he puts arms in his

hands, and meets and kills him in a duel, the offence, altering its character, becomes at once murder; and if you are bound to convict the prisoner here, you would be also bound to a conviction in the case which I have supposed. Not because in morals the criminality is equal; but because both offences are murder in the eye of the law. But let me ask of your consciences and your hearts as men, could you convict the officer, the husband, or the son?

"I will not repeat, lest I might seem to inculcate, the austere doctrine of the law. In once stating it, I conceive that I have sufficiently discharged my painful duty. Nay, even sitting where I do, I think myself warranted in doubting whether this doctrine is not a sort of anomaly in our code; existing in theory, almost abrogated in practice, by the acuteness of the judges, the humanity of jurors, the mercy of the Crown. This, gentlemen, is all I have to say. The evidence is before you. If you believe it, you have heard its legal results from the bench. You have the law of the land bearing witness against the prisoner on the one hand, the law of opinion, on the other, endeavouring to excuse him; the one prescribing rigour, the other suggesting mercy. It is for you to pronounce which call you will obey! The trammels of my office forbid my adding more. But there is another, a far better voice than mine, to which, though I be silent, you may listen still. I mean that "still, small voice" of which you read in Scripture, and which addresses itself to the consciences of good and pious men in the soft and soothing accents of clemency and peace. Its dictates may be followed with a confidence the most explicit. It is the voice of Him who cannot err—who cannot lead his creatures into error—who, to justice without blemish, can unite mercy without bounds—who, all criminal as we are, can acquit us, and yet be just. To the influence of those secret and divine monitors, and (as far as human infirmity can follow) of this divine example, I surrender you, and commit the care of the prisoner at the bar. I wait with some anxiety and much impatience for your verdict. Judge, then, whether I am impatient for a capital conviction."

"The jury, in one moment, acquitted the prisoner."

Mr. Townsend comments on this not very reasonably. "In a country where statesmen, members of parliament, lawyers, physicians, and country gentlemen, had measured their twelve paces, the stern dictates of the law ought rather have been urged." We think with juries, who tried this and similar cases, that the law of opinion is the law of the land, or is paramount to the law. By a change in that law of opinion,

and not in any other way, is it possible to prevent duelling. That change has arrived. But we are glad that in every part of the empire judges refused to make the effort of coercing juries to find verdicts against the common sense of the country. Had they done so, it seems to us probable that the custom of duelling would have survived some half century longer.

Some cases are mentioned of duels in Scotland where the survivor was acquitted; the judge telling the jury how it was impossible to disguise the truth, that the manners of the times, and the feelings of the people, were in direct opposition to the laws of the land, and then approving the verdicts of acquittal.

The Commissioners of Criminal Law, in their "Second Report" (1846), recommend the abolition of capital punishment in the case of duelling. Without reference to the distinctions between this offence and other cases of murder, they think it casts a stigma on the law to be unable to carry its sanctions into effect. If it says one thing and juries another, mischief, and nothing but mischief, is done, by leaving the law unaltered.

Let us not be supposed to vindicate the practice of duelling. We only quarrel with what has been proved by the experience of centuries to be an ineffective mode of getting rid of the evil. The trial of Mr. Stuart is, in all respects, an interesting one. In the high spirits which, perhaps, form an excuse for the wildest excesses of gaiety in a political writer—in some such exuberant spirits as animated Coleridge in his "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter"—Sir Alexander Boswell wrote a number of songs and pasquinades against persons politically opposed to him, and amongst others, against Stuart. We believe that the more feeling of fun disguises from lively writers the pain they give, and that the persons lampooned or libelled can scarcely be said to have any personal existence to the mind of the writer who is so engaged. He exists as pure an abstraction as the Achilles or the Agamemnon of the Iliad. Sir Alexander Boswell was a man of great intellectual power, of very lively talents, and one whose verses, now that we suppose it is impossible they can give offence to any one, ought to be collected. Stuart was offended by the incessant attacks

on him in the *Beacon*, and in the *Sentinel* newspapers, and he brought an action of damages. In the course of the proceedings he learned the name of the author of the attacks. Sir Alexander had the excuse of having been himself the object of similar attacks, and he was under the mistake of supposing Stuart the author. One of Sir Alexander's stanzas ran thus. It alluded to Stuart's bringing an action at law instead of trying the case by single combat:—

"Some knights of the pen, man,
Are all gentlemen, man,
Ilk body's a limb of the law, man;
Tacks, bonds, precognitions,
Bills, wills, and petitions,
And ought but a trigger some draw, man."

"The Earl of Rosslyn, on reading these documents, saw at once that there was but one course to be followed. He sought and obtained an interview with the late Baronet, and made two propositions; in the first place, that if he would deny the calumnies were his, his simple assertion would be taken as conclusive against all evidence whatever. But he did *not* say that they were not his. I wish he could have said so; but he was a gentleman, and he knew he could not say so truly. Yet another proposal was made to him. 'Let us take it, Sir Alexander, as a mere bad joke. Say but you are sorry for it; that it was a squib; and that you had no serious intention of impeaching the honour or courage of Mr. Stuart.' I am sure that was a proposition as mild as the greatest peace-maker could possibly have made; and it was a proposition to which the party *might* have acceded without the slightest imputation on his honour. Yet that satisfaction he refused. He said, 'I cannot submit to be cat-torched. I will make neither denial nor apology.'"

It was scarce possible after this, in the feelings on the subject of duelling that prevailed some eight-and-twenty years ago, perhaps that still prevail, to avoid a meeting. Boswell fired in the air—Stuart's pistol was discharged with fatal effect. The details of the evidence produced on his trial are not important for us to adduce; it is fit, however, to state that they are of considerable interest, and are well given by Mr. Townsend. The speech of Lord Jeffrey in this case is above all praise. It rests the defence mainly on the ground taken by Dr. Johnson, and the circumstance that Johnson's conversations on the subject, so frequent as to prove that he was delivering a

fixed opinion, and not merely engaged in gladiatorial argument, are found recorded in his life by the father of Sir Alexander Boswell, made the reference to him appear more natural than it could in any other case. The difficulty of acquitting a man of murder, who deliberately has shed the blood of another, while the legal definition of murder remains what it is, is dealt with in much the same way as in the cases tried in England and in Ireland:—

"I conceive the criminal law of this happy country to consist, not in the barbarous and implacable severity of its antiquated statutes, not in the severe and impracticable doctrines that may still retain their places in books of law, even of the greatest authority; not even, I say it with great submission, in the *dicta* that may fall from the lips of those high and stern magistrates, the judges of the land, who are bound to assert all the severity of the code which they are appointed to uphold, and in their places to countenance or sanction no relaxation of it, however hard and inoperative in the correction of crimes it may be. But, I say, the criminal law of this happy country consists in the authorised and approved *practice* of its courts of criminal law—as this is ultimately embodied in the popular, admired, and consistent verdicts of juries. I am far from saying that juries have any dispensing power over the law. I am far from saying, though that has been said, that they have a rightful power to disappoint the law, where its sanctions have been plainly incurred. But, I say, that where the verdicts of juries have met, for a course of time, with the general approbation of the community, and the sanction of the courts under whose authority they are pronounced—when they go on in an uniform series, and all point one way, they then make and constitute that real and practical law, on which all the subjects of the land are entitled to rely, and on the administration of which the people, with the greatest security, may depend. And, in truth, it is a proud and fortunate circumstance for this country, that such an institution as a jury should exist, with power occasionally to temper the severity of that law, which a court of another description would too inflexibly enforce, and thus silently to abrogate statutes, or maxims of common law, which the course of the times, the progress of manners, the disappearance of some crimes, and the rise of others, may have rendered inapplicable and unnecessary. If the law had become too severe for the age, juries should refuse to enforce it. In England this power of juries is not only recognised as existing, and winked at by judges, but is subscribed to by them, and applauded

not only by the country at large, among whom these juries have never been known to have lost their credit, but even by the judges themselves, from whose *dicta* they occasionally dissent."

He then instances the cases of stealing to the amount of forty shillings. This offence was a capital crime; juries refused to convict, or, with the approbation of the judges, evaded subjecting the prisoner to this extreme penalty, by finding the value of the goods stolen to be of less value than forty shillings. In indictments for child-murder, a Scotch act of parliament made concealment of pregnancy on the part of the mother proof of guilt—juries refused to convict, and judges did not disapprove; in one case, Jeffrey said he remembered the presiding judge rebuking the public prosecutor for bringing such a case to trial, and telling him plainly "if he did proceed on that statute he (the judge) would take care there should be an acquittal."

In his instructions to the jury, the presiding judge on Mr. Stuart's trial dwelt on the provocations given, the terms of accommodation proposed and rejected, and the conduct and bearing of the prisoner throughout; and though he stated that "no false punctilio of a notion of honour could vindicate an act terminating fatally to a fellow-creature," he yet thought the jury had a right to consider the provocation, and the unsuccessful overtures for accommodation. The verdict was an immediate one of acquittal. We find by a note to this "trial" that Mr. Stuart, who afterwards edited the *Courier*, and who published "Travels in America," died a few months ago while Mr. Townsend's book was passing through the press.

The next trial is one to which, at the time of its occurrence, unusual interest was attached. It is the trial of Lord Cardigan for felony, in shooting at Captain Tuckett. This was a case before the House of Peers. The rank of the party accused—the frequent mention of his name in the newspapers from disputes in his regiment—the notoriety of the fact of the duel—the circumstance that this was the first criminal trial that had ever taken place for engaging in a duel which had not been attended with loss of life—and more than all, the unusual solemnity of a trial before the House of Peers,

attracted public attention in a degree perhaps unexampled. Something of injustice had been done, or seems to have been done, to the traverser. The grand jury at the Central Criminal Court, who found true bills against Lord Cardigan and his second, threw out the bills against Captain Tuckett and his second, though sustained by the same evidence. It is probable that the sympathies of the tribunal by whom Lord Cardigan was to be tried were with the accused, and it was the same contest between the course of conduct supposed to be imperatively required by the conventional usages of society, and that enjoined by the law, which was in principle involved in this as in all former judicial investigations of crime by duel. That the life of the accused was not involved in the result—for the pleading did not state the fact of Captain Tuckett's being wounded, which would have varied the offence, and the indictment was not framed under Lord Ellenborough's Act, but under a recent statute of 1 Victoria—increased the probability of a finding against the accused. On the whole, the position of Lord Cardigan was one of serious danger. Lord Denman presided as Lord High Steward, the Attorney-General (now Lord Campbell) stated the case for the prosecution, and the defence was conducted by Sir William Follett.

A duel was proved to have taken place between two gentlemen, one of whom was wounded. Immediately after the duel, the parties who fired, and their seconds, were arrested. One of the parties was the Earl of Cardigan—the other, on giving a card with his name and address, was allowed to be taken to his lodgings. The Attorney-General sought to give the card in evidence, and a long discussion took place as to his right to do so. For the House to have come to any decision on the admissibility of the evidence it would have been necessary to order strangers to withdraw; and to avoid this inconvenience the Attorney-General delayed pressing this piece of evidence.

The indictment in all its counts called Captain Tuckett "Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett." A policeman proved the fact of the duel, and was proving that Captain Tuckett called at the police-office and gave his name, when he was interrupted by Sir William Follett with the question, "Was

Lord Cardigan present?" and being obliged to answer that he was not, the examination of this witness closed. Another witness for the prosecution was asked the Christian names of Captain Tuckett, whose place of residence he proved, and answered "Harvey Tuckett." The army agent, through whom Tuckett received his pay, was called. He knew Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, but did not know where he lived. Every effort to connect the Harvey Tuckett of the witnesses who proved the facts of the duel, with the Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett of the indictment, had failed, when the Attorney-General again produced the card. On the card's being shown to Sir W. Follett he said, "I do not object to its being read." The card was given in and read, "Captain Harvey Tuckett, 13, Hamilton-place, New-Road." The case for the prosecution closed—Follett's triumph was complete, and the failure of the case for the prosecution seems to have taken the Crown by surprise. It was impossible to say that the person at whom Lord Cardigan shot was the Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett of the indictment. The presumption from the evidence would be the other way, if it were a case for presumption. "But," said Lord Cardigan's counsel, "ours is a yet stronger case. This is not a case for presumption; positive evidence must be given to prove the identity of the person mentioned in the indictment as being the party against whom the offence is alleged to have been committed."

There can be no doubt that there was disappointment in the public mind at the abortive issue of this prosecution, which seemed to depend on legal technicalities. It was proved that Lord Cardigan had shot at some one, and this constituted the crime. The reasons, absolutely unanswerable, which render it necessary for the purposes of justice that the very facts of a case should be stated in the indictment, and that the allegation, which the prosecutor pledges himself to, should be proved, and not one which may be equivalent to it, are not such as the public mind easily appreciates, and the result was regarded as the effect of a preconceived trick.

The finding was necessarily one of acquittal, Lord Denman informing the House that there was a failure of

proof. Although an unusual course, Lord Denman's reasons for advising this course were published by special direction of the House. We regret that we have not space for more than a sentence:—

"It was urged, that the person using and owning the four names was not shown to be the same person who, under the name of Captain Harvey Tuckett, had been engaged in a duel fought on Wimbledon Common.

"No fact is easier of proof in its own nature, and numerous witnesses are always at hand to establish it with respect to any person conversant with society. In the present case the simplest means were accessible. If those who conduct the prosecution had obtained your lordships' order for the appearance at your bar of Captain Tuckett, and if the witnesses of the duel had deposed to his being the man who left the field after receiving Lord Cardigan's shot, Mr. Codd might have been asked whether that was the gentleman whom he knew by the four names set forth in the indictment. His answer in the affirmative would have been too conclusive on the point to admit of the present objection being taken.

"Several other methods of proof will readily suggest themselves to your lordships' minds. Even if obstacles had been interposed by distance of time and place, by the poverty of those seeking to enforce the law, by the death of witnesses, or other casualties, it cannot be doubted that the accused must have had the benefit of the failure of proof, however occasioned; and here, where none of those causes can account for the deficiency, it seems too much to require that your lordships should volunteer the presumption of a fact, which, if true, might have been made clear and manifest to every man's understanding by the shortest process."

The next of these trials is that of Courvoisier, for the murder of Lord William Russell. The facts of this case are probably within the recollection of most of our readers; but attention has been accidentally directed to it from the circumstance, that the barrister who defended Courvoisier was, in the course of the trial, made acquainted by the prisoner with his guilt. That barrister was placed in circumstances exceedingly embarrassing; and comments, the most unreasonable that can be imagined, have been made as to the course he adopted. It is said that he spoke of "the secret guilt known to heaven alone," and this at a time when he himself knew who the guilty person was; that he cross-examined some of the witnesses on the suppo-

sition of their guilt, at a time that he must have known their innocence. We believe that every one of these statements is, in point of fact, inaccurate; but, were every one of them literally true, we think he did no more than his professional duty. As to the statement, that the guilt was known to Heaven alone, it is unlikely that such a phrase was used; but if it were, it does not seem to us in reality to express more with reference to the case than is implied in the fact, that the prisoner is there an unconvicted man—that we have no right to presume *his* guilt. Some person must have committed the crime. The statement that Heaven alone knows who the guilty person is, cannot be intended to mean that the undiscovered criminal does not know his own guilt; and we cannot think that, whether such language was used or not, there is any violation of truth or candour in its use, when limited and restricted in its meaning by the known relations of client and counsel.* As to suggesting, in his cross-examination of witnesses, that they, or any others, were guilty, and thus persuading a jury to acquit his client, we think nothing but the improbability of such a course succeeding, should necessarily deter counsel from venturing on it. We agree with Lord Brougham, in the fullest meaning that can be given to his words, that an advocate should “know, in the discharge of his office, but one person in the world—his client, and none other. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazard, and at all cost to all others, and among others, to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties.” It is mere affectation to say that, in ninety-nine out of every hundred cases in which counsel holds a brief for a prisoner, he does not know that prisoner to be guilty. Scarcely a man is put on his trial who is not guilty; and we think counsel’s duty is in no degree affected by the fact of whether there has been a formal communication by the client of his guilt. On the contrary, we think the prisoner should not be deprived of the advan-

tage of being able to consult with his counsel, and that for this purpose he should be free to tell him the fact of his guilt, without being, by such communication, deprived of his advocacy. As to the kind of pledges and protestations which counsel may give of their clients’ innocence, we think this a mere question of taste, and that they imply nothing more of either truth or falsehood than the plea of “not guilty,” which does no more than defy you to prove guilt. This entire controversy about Courvoisier’s counsel seemed to us, from first to last, exceedingly foolish. No other right was claimed or exercised than the ordinary one of counsel; and had the barrister who held Courvoisier’s brief thrown it down when he learned his client’s guilt, such an act would, in our opinion, have been altogether inexcusable. The prisoner’s counsel has the right—nay, we think it is his duty—to suggest every possible interpretation of the facts proved, consistent with the presumed innocence of his client; and in cross-examining, however severely, or however pointedly, a Crown witness, whatever suspicion such examination may throw on the witness, it seems to us plain that, in reality, no more is done than if counsel said in words, “It is just as reasonable to try and fix guilt on you as on the prisoner at the bar; as plausible a case might be made against you.” To this, and to nothing more, does the assumed right amount; and this right does not seem to us in the slightest degree varied by the fact of counsel, from whatever reason, disbelieving his client’s innocence. Courvoisier’s counsel is not interested in pressing this to the extent that in principle it may be pressed, as it was on the first day of the trial he cross-examined one of the witnesses for the Crown in such a way as to suggest her participation in the crime; and it was only on the second that Courvoisier communicated to him the fact of his having committed the murder. We think that if, in his conduct with respect to his trial, counsel made any mistake, it was that of consulting with

* “There is a wide step between the advocate and witness,” an acute but severe judge once remarked to a jury. “The counsel has said, *I think this, and I believe that*. A counsel has no right to say what he thinks, or what he believes; but, since he has told you, gentlemen, his belief, I will tell you mine: that, were you to believe him, and acquit his client, he would be the very first man in the world to laugh at you.”—Vol. I. p. 264.

some of his professional friends how he ought to act in the circumstances that arose, as it is plain that cases may be easily imagined in which his communication to any one whatever of this confidential disclosure, might possibly affect his client's life. In this, and in this alone, we think he was wrong. There were in this trial some very remarkable circumstances. Though suspicion from the first was directed to Courvoisier, there was the absence of probable motive to the crime. His trunk was searched by the police, and nothing to confirm suspicion was found there. A large reward was offered: and then, on a second search in the same trunk, gloves stained with blood were found; and again, some eight or ten days after, are found at the top of the trunk two blood-stained handkerchiefs, marked with the prisoner's initials. The handkerchiefs, which were not found on the two previous searches, it was surely fair in counsel to suggest had been placed in the trunk afterwards. Courvoisier was in gaol in the interval, and had no opportunity of placing them there. What is the fairness of reproaching counsel with suggesting that they had been afterwards placed there by others, and for the purpose of obtaining, by Courvoisier's conviction, a share in the large reward that was offered? Such a solution of the fact may not have been a true one. That is not the question. Was it not a possible one?—was it not a supposition that it was fair for the jury to examine? So much did one of the policemen shuffle, when examined with respect to this search of the trunk, that the judge who tried the case (Tindal) bid the jury to place no reliance on his testimony.

A strange incident occurred during the course of the trial, calculated to remove such doubt from the mind of the jury, as the absence of adequate motive might create. Courvoisier, a few weeks before the murder, left a parcel in the care of a Frenchwoman, who kept a sort of hotel, where he had been a servant some years before. She laid the parcel aside, and forgot all about it, till, on the second day of the trial, looking accidentally at a French newspaper, she saw something about Courvoisier, which led her to

examine the parcel, which was found to consist of plate stolen from Lord William Russell's. If there was a doubt, this unexpected circumstance, coming to light at such a moment, disposed of it. The sort of management, as it could not but appear to be, about the trunk, would have made it appear not improbable that there was something of trick in the getting up of other parts of the evidence, intended to show Courvoisier to be a thief. This came in to fix all that was doubtful. To conceal his thefts, and enjoy in security the stolen property, was the probable motive of the murderer. We regret that Mr. Townsend has been enabled only to give us fragments of the speech in defence of Courvoisier, which appears to have been a very able one.

In considering the question of the extent of counsel's privilege, it should not be forgotten that cases exist of moral guilt, where the prisoner is not legally guilty. It is not enough that a man is criminal, but a precise crime must be alleged against him; and with whatever skill an indictment may be framed, the crime charged may be different from that proved. The confessions of a prisoner will be to some particular fact, which it is not impossible may not amount to the crime charged, or may even exceed it; and, in either case, he may be legally entitled to an acquittal. Is that legal right to be annulled because he has said to his counsel "I am guilty—do the best you can for me?" With the exception that we have stated, we throughout approve of the course adopted by Courvoisier's counsel.

The remarkable case of "The King against M'Naughten, for the murder of Mr. Drummond," is the next in the volume. On this we are not now disposed to dwell, as it was a subject of discussion with us at the time of the occurrence; and there does not seem to be at the moment any object in bringing before the public mind the question of the responsibility of the insane in criminal cases. It does not seem possible to fix the law with more precision, than in the language of the judges of England, to questions submitted by the Lord Chancellor for their decision. Where insanity is set up as

a defence, "the jury ought to be told in all cases, that every man is presumed to be sane, and to possess a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes, until the contrary be proved to their satisfaction; and to establish a defence on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong."

The next trial—that of "Alexander Alexander, claiming the title of Earl of Stirling, for forgery"—is the most remarkable in the volume. The rank of the accused, his character for integrity, and the nature of the documents alleged to be forgeries, gave to the trial unusual interest. It was before the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh.

In 1621, James the First granted by charter the territory of Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander; and on the 2nd of February, 1628, he received from Charles the First a grant of the province, since called Canada, and was raised to the peerage by the title of Viscount Stirling; he was afterwards created Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada, and died at London in February, 1640. In 1739, on the death of the fifth Earl of Stirling, the title was supposed to have expired. Twenty years after, an ineffectual claim was made for it by some William Alexander, who was a general in the American army. The original patents were to the grantee and *his heirs male*. This William's statement was that the male heir, on the death of the fifth Earl, was John, uncle of the first Earl, whom he claimed to represent. In his petition to the House of Lords in 1761, he stated that his family had long resided in North America, from which he described himself as having returned in 1757. He also stated, as a formal part of his case, that he had been served and returned nearest and lawful heir of Henry the fifth Earl on the 20th of March, 1759. The claim was, it would seem from the journals of the House of Lords, abandoned, and William Alexander returned to America without having produced any evidence in support of

his petition. His, however, appears to have been by no means a claim destitute of some colour of probability, and one, at all events, consistent with the terms of the original patents. Half a century passed away, and no more was heard of the Stirling peerage, when another claimant rose up in the person of Alexander Alexander.

Alexander Alexander was the son of a Birmingham merchant of the name of Humphries, who went to France in 1802, was caught up like other English visitors, and imprisoned in Verdun, where he died in 1807. His son, who had accompanied him, was detained at Verdun till 1814; the affairs of the Humphries' became deranged, and how they were supported in France is not known. In 1812, Alexander married a Neapolitan lady, "an intimate acquaintance of Madame Normand, the celebrated Parisian sybil." The prophetess read his destiny—he was "to attain high honour, and encounter severe trials." The oracle was not altogether out, and the judicial investigation of Edinburgh was, we suppose, one of the predicted trials.

In 1814 he came to England, and set up a school at Worcester.

In 1815, he first stated his claim to the earldom of Stirling, through his mother, Hannah Alexander, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in Dublin. In 1824, he obtained the royal licence to take the name of Alexander, and soon after assumed the title of Earl of Stirling and Dovan, and designated his mother countess.

In 1831, he granted to his agent 16,000 acres of land in Canada, and made him a baronet, in the terms of a clause in the charter of 1621. In the same year he petitioned for leave to do homage at the coronation, as hereditary lieutenant of Nova Scotia. He then issued a proclamation to the baronets of Nova Scotia, informing them of important rights and interests of which they were not aware. He published a prospectus, offering for sale lands in any quantities that might be agreed on; and one of his advertisements stated that "at the hereditary lieutenancy office of the Lord Proprietor of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada, every encouragement and countenance would be given to individuals who might be disposed to form a company, and the hereditary

lieutenant would himself take one-tenth of the shares of which each company might think it desirable it should consist." Oh, John Bull, John Bull, thou that hast ears to hear everything but the truth, for ten long years didst thou listen to these addresses to thy cupidity—for ten long years, thou that stonest and starvest thy prophets—yea, and in thy self-glorification, buildest monuments to those whom thou hast stoned and starved, didst support in what might be almost called affluence, this man, who had no other claim on thee than these impudent pretensions. It was, perhaps, but natural that the individual should be—as he certainly was—a kind of favorite in society. He, and those to whom his applications were addressed, were worshippers of the same idols. His was but a shorter cut to wealth and rank, and for a while it seemed successful. In whatever state of mind he commenced this strange proceeding, it was soon tainted with fraud. The notoriety of his claims, and the boldness with which they were advanced, enabled him to raise money to large amounts. Through one agent he got £13,000. He sent in a protest to Lord Grey against any interference with his hereditary rights by Colonial Governments; and petitioned the House of Commons against the New Brunswick Company Bill, as interfering with the territories of the Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada. He voted at all elections of Scottish peers since 1825; and pleaded successfully, in the Common Pleas in England, his privilege as a peer from arrest. If he did not believe himself Earl of Stirling, never was there a bolder or more fearless impostor; if guiltless of imposture, never was there a man who lived so long in such strange delusion. It is not impossible that he was the dupe of a fraudulent trick; this, though there is little in the evidence to suggest or sustain such a view, we almost believe to have been the case.

In one of the many proceedings in which he claimed to be Earl of Stirling, he produced documents to establish his right which were impounded, and a prosecution for forgery directed against him.

The original patent gave the dignity of Earl to Sir William Alexander and his heirs male. This could answer no purpose for the present claimant, as, even on the supposition of his being

descended from Sir William, he was not heir male:—

"The excerpt on which he founded his claims, alleged to be a forgery, pretended to be taken from a charter which operated a change in the destination, and was a grant from the crown to William, first Earl of Stirling, 'and the heirs male of his body; whom failing, to the eldest heirs female, without division, of the last of such heirs male.' The Crown officers contended that this was not a genuine but a forged document, and made three startling propositions:—that it was not the excerpt of any charter; that there never was such a charter; that there never could have been such a charter. Each of these positions was proved by internal and historical evidence."

It would appear that the forms of Scottish law give some facilities for fraud in the case of titles. Suppose a person wishing to represent himself as heir to anybody, he has but to get a brieve from Chancery, and a jury is empanelled, and such evidence as the party chooses to produce is laid before the jury. The proceeding is altogether *ex parte*, and no person is heard in opposition to the claims, except one who makes precisely the same claim in the same right. Imagine a man choosing to give himself any extinct title, and no one heard in opposition to this who has not a fancy for the same title. In this way a case is made, and where property is not affected, the thing is very likely never to be examined, and an ambitious man may exalt himself into a peer, perhaps, or a baronet of Nova Scotia, or some such dignity, with no great difficulty. He is *served*, as it is called, as heir of so and so, and the *service* being returned into the Court of Chancery, is evidence of his right. In this way the claimant of the Stirling peerage had himself served as heir of the first and the fifth Earls of Stirling. The claimant appears to have thought that there was no way of getting rid of the effect of the *service*, inasmuch as there was no rival claimant; but by some prerogative process, if we understand the matter rightly, his pedigree was investigated, and the services reduced; or, as we would say, quashed. Lord Cockburn's judicial decision against the validity of the services was expressed in a very able judgment. This was in 1836. When that judgment was pronounced, he went to Pa-

ris—again consulted the prophetess, and in July, 1837, received from her a map of Canada, with certificates on the back which supplied all the defects pointed out in his case by the judicial determination of 1836. These certificates were all charged to be forgeries. They were dated in 1706, and purported to be statements about an ancient charter preserved in Acadia. One is from a person named Philip Mallett, who sends his friend this map to show him what vast territories the King of England has given to one of his subjects; and he then states the grant to be to William Earl of Stirling and the heirs male of his body, whom failing, to the eldest heirs female, without division, &c., of the last of said males." This memorandum, which runs to great length, is followed by another, in which a M. St. Estienne certifies all the reasons which led Mallet to inscribe this on the map, and adds:—"With such documents, no person in France can question the existence of such a charter." Then comes another inscription on the map:—"Flechier" Bishop of Nismes authenticates it with his autograph, and his certificate is so framed as to imply that he has compared the abstract on the map with a copy of the original charter.

Pasted on the back of the map was a letter from John Alexander, whom the claimant calls John of Antrim, and who makes such a statement in this document of the pedigree as meets Lord Cockburn's objections. This letter is dated Antrim, August 25th, 1707.

This old map must have been a curiosity; for in addition to all that we have mentioned, there was a certificate from Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, who vouches for Mallet, and authenticates the map. Next comes the strongest fact of all: Louis XV. writes on the map—"This note is worthy of more attention under present circumstances, but let the copy of the original charter be sent to me."

De Foe himself could not conjure up more shadows from the world in which dead kings and archbishops are likely to be found, than appear on this map which came from the hands of the French prophetess. It seems almost a pity to disturb the necromantia. On the front of the map was the date of 1708, and all the docu-

ments, whether written or pasted, on the back—some were written, others pasted—bore dates later than 1708. Unluckily, the date on the map was not that of the issue of the particular copy, but of the period from which the copyright was to run: the words at the bottom of the map were, "Avec privilege pour vingt ans, 1708." The particular copy adds the words, "Par Guillaume Delisle, premier geographe du Roi." Delisle did not obtain his appointment of premier geographe till 1718. The patent appointing Delisle was put in evidence, and bore date August 24th, 1718. Flechier and Fenelon had both died before this copy of the map was in existence.

Evening visits of the claimant to the prophetess, who was seventy-five years of age, were proved; and letters proved to have been given by her to the claimant, seeking to establish some of the facts stated on the map. But these were not proved to be forged—they were very probably genuine, but proved a part of the fraud.

It does not seem necessary, after what we have stated, to give the evidence of chemists and others as to the character of the ink with which the certificates on the map were written. The jury unanimously found, "the excerpt-charter and the documents on the map to be forged; and they, by a majority, found it not proven that the pannel [the traverser] forged the said documents, or is guilty art and part thereof, or that he uttered them knowing them to be forged." This is an exceedingly painful case. Nothing could be higher than the testimony given in favour of the claimant's honour and integrity, by witnesses of the highest rank—men who had known him at school and through life, and who continued his friends. It is certainly consistent with the evidence—perhaps with the probabilities of the case—that this man, possibly half insane with his dream of peerage and property, was himself, as has occurred in the case of other claimants of titles, the victim, not alone of his own eager credulity, but of the dishonest purposes of persons speculating on the success of this miserable imposture. The French prophetess, and the documents supplied by her, are more like this than anything else. It is impossible not to regard the claimant as

personally mixed up in every part of the case ; and we think some taint of lurking insanity must have first suggested pretensions, which actually had no ground whatever to rest on. There does not seem the slightest reason to think he had any connexion whatever with the Stirling family. The case is one which it is difficult to understand on any supposition.

The next trial, that with which Mr. Townsend's first volume closes, is an Irish case—no other than that of Smith O'Brien for high treason. There can be no object in our bringing before our readers any of the particulars of that strange case ; and, even if we did not shrink instinctively from the discussion, we have not left ourselves room for comment. Where there is so much to deplore, and so much to make us, as a people, ashamed of the whole business of 1848 ; while the absurdity of the affair is almost more disgraceful to beings endowed with reason than its criminality—it is some comfort to find an English barrister—no great judge, certainly, though Recorder of Macclesfield—praising the mode in which the trial was conducted. He seems somewhat disappointed, no doubt, at the Attorney-General's calm statement of the case for the Crown ; the plain business-speech—the only one proper on such an occasion—was not to the Recorder's taste. "The Attorney-General despaired of wearing the mantle of Plunket, and discarded eloquence altogether." But on whomsoever else his praises fall, the hero of his narrative is our eloquent countryman, Whiteside ; and it does our heart good to see how much he is admired. In him he recognises the great orator to whom is entrusted "the forensic honour of his country." In describing eloquence, Townsend himself fancies that he is emulating the great sublime he draws. But this is a mistake. The Recorder of Macclesfield is not destined to be a great speaker. Still let us hear him. "Mr. Whiteside, for the defence, struck a key note of national pathos which must have vibrated through the hearts of his hearers. His wit and humour flashed forth occasionally in cross-examining the adverse witnesses, but under manifest restraint, for he must have felt bowed down and oppressed by the hopelessness of his position, and constrained to make technical objections

to the proceedings, which a feeling of chivalrous fidelity to the desperate fortunes of his client alone could justify." Neither of Whiteside's speech in defence of his client, nor of any other part of the case, do we think Mr. Townsend's a faithful abstract. Much of what was most effective in it was altogether omitted. Of the legal arguments which from time to time arose in the progress of the case, we have no account whatever. Indeed, the fault, the great fault, of Mr. Townsend's book is, that he seldom states a law argument like a man who fully appreciates its force. A short, small, smart joke is what he loves best ; and the dulness of detail in some of the English and Scottish cases, seems, every now and then, to be relieved to his mind by some miserable quibble or other, which the original utterer of it must grieve to see reported. Where there is anything of powerful reasoning preserved in these volumes, it seems but a fortunate accident ; of Whiteside's best passages none, or next to none, are given ; of Fitzgerald's, in the same way, very little is preserved. The counsel for the Crown, and the presiding judge, are not much better used ; and poor Meagher, who was convicted of high treason at the same commission with O'Brien, has to complain of a note in which his foolish—it is here called his pathetic—appeal at the close of his trial, is printed.

The Chief Justice (Blackburne's) charge is broken into piece-meal fragments. Its great value was as a whole, and there can be no excuse whatever for its omission.

Nothing could be more distinctly proved than the treason of O'Brien and his associates. The verdict could not be other than of guilty ; but it was accompanied with a recommendation to mercy ; and Lord Clarendon, when in the exercise of the royal prerogative he spared the lives of these men, acted with humanity, which was felt, under all the circumstances of the case, to have been wisdom. After the conviction, there was an argument in the Queen's Bench, in which it was endeavoured to be shown that there was a mis-trial ; and the points relied on by the prisoner's counsel were felt by them to be so strong that they applied for a writ of error. Writs of error in capital cases are not allowed "without

express warrant under the king's sign manual, or at least by the consent of the Attorney-General. These therefore can rarely be brought by the party himself, especially where he is attainted for an offence against the State; but they may be brought by his heir or executor, after his death, in more favourable times; which may be some consolation to his family."* Such was the practice in England. As soon as a verdict was obtained, and sentence pronounced, that sentence was carried into effect: and, as in Lord Russell's case, when times became more favourable, if the family had interest enough for the purpose, the attainder was reversed. In the bill for reversing the attainder of Lord Russell, his execution is called a murder. In our day, humanity and good sense are rather more consulted than of old, and the writ of error was not refused. The case thus went formally to the House of Lords; but they somewhat impatiently decided points of law without hearing the case to an end, which points of law, we think it exceedingly probable, had O'Brien been already hanged, would have been disposed of in the other way. The fact seems to be, that the House were afraid of these writs of error being issued in every Irish case, and that the course of justice would be thus impeded by one capitious objection or another. The old plan, of not chopping logic till after the criminal was executed, and the friends of his family had come into power, would seem to have been a more reasonable way of securing this result, than the modern one of cutting short a forensic argument. We should hope that the occasion may never again arise of seeking to investigate any of the questions then agitated; as, if the law of Ireland be not the same as that of England in the conduct of trials for high treason—as was successfully asserted by the Crown in O'Brien's case—such anomaly ought at once be cured by legislation.

When the writ of error was disposed of, a new difficulty arose. O'Brien insisted that the capital sentence could not be commuted for transportation without his consent, and he expressed

a decided preference for being hanged. It was doubted whether he was quite sincere in this, as it was impossible for Lord Clarendon to gratify him, consistently with communications made to O'Brien that it was intended to spare his life. To have hanged and beheaded him at this stage, in compliance with the legal rights he insisted on, would have looked like sharp practice, and a bill was passed very rapidly through the Houses to remove any doubts as to the power of the Crown in such a case. Great lawyers said such a bill was unnecessary; yet we incline to think it was wise to pass it, as the view of the law taken by O'Brien is that put forward in several works of authority. See, for instance, Christian's note to Vol. I. of Blackstone, p. 137. The Act was passed, and the prisoners, convicted of high treason and of treason-felony in the Irish insurrection of 1848, were at last shipped off.

Since their arrival in the penal settlement they have been offered tickets of leave, which all but O'Brien have accepted. His refusal to accept a ticket of leave, or give any parole, has necessarily subjected him to the inconvenience of imprisonment; and nothing can be more unfair than to reproach either the government, which seems to have treated him with all possible humanity, or the governor of the prison in which he insists on living—who is responsible for his safe custody—for consequences which arise from his own determination to preserve the dignity of a rebel general unimpaired. The public sympathy with the family of this most impracticable and wrong-headed man makes every one seek to forgive his strange outrage on the laws of society; but it is one thing to seek excuses or palliations for his conduct in the peculiar constitution of his mind, and another to suffer men engaged in the discharge of very difficult and very onerous duties to be maligned, as every one who tries to do his duty, without ministering to the vanity of a man, in every possible point of view most criminal, is sure of being. This can only be corrected by a saner state of feeling, to which we believe the country is fast returning.

We should have been glad to have concluded this notice of Mr. Townsend's book with praise, but it is not possible, in any point of view, to be satisfied with his account of Smith O'Brien's trial. This is the only Irish trial in the volume. In the second volume of the work is the trial of O'Connell for conspiracy, which is, in many respects, much more ably executed. We cannot give high praise to these volumes. It is not always possible to make out a clear account of what actually passed in court, from Mr. Townsend's narrative, and that narrative is very confusedly distributed between what he calls "introductions" to each trial, and the abstract of the trial itself. In his "introductions," he is naturally led into disquisitions, in which he assumes his reader to be al-

ready acquainted with all the details of the trial he is going to read; passages are quoted from counsel's speeches, and from judges' charges; and then, in his narrative of the trial itself, these passages are omitted because they have appeared in the introduction. The value of such a book, were such a book prepared with the care it deserves, would be very great. Still, much, though not all we could wish, has been done by Mr. Townsend. The book is not without its value; and the desirableness of having the story—at least—of these remarkable trials, preserved in some record less perishable than the newspaper, and more easily accessible than the law-report, is not unlikely to secure for these volumes extensive circulation and popularity.

THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH.

The voice of Nature, in her changeful moods,
Breathes o'er the solemn waters as they flow;
And 'mid the wavings of the ancient woods,
Murmurers, now filled with joy, now sad and low.
Thou gentle Poet, she hath tuned thy mind
To deep accordance with the harmony
That floats above the mountain summits free,
A concert of Creation on the wind.
And thy calm strains are breathed as tho' the Dove
And Nightingale had given thee for thy dower
The soul of music and the heart of love;
For with a holy tranquillizing power,
They fall upon the spirit, like a gleam
Of quiet starlight on a troubled stream.

ON READING MRS. HEMAN'S LAST LYRIC.

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

Thy life was ever freshened by the streams
Of Knowledge blent with Beauty, and thy soul
Did mirror then the star-light of its dreams,
As in soft glory they were wont to roll.
And in thy dying hour, as Israel's being
Longed for a draught from that pure well, whose flow
Had been like music to his youthful life;
So was the spirit yearning for the spring
Of living waters—but their current low
Ebb'd from thy soul, by feverish pain controlled.
And when at length, 'mid toil and fervent strife,
The glorious tide of inspiration rolled;
Once thy lips—like *him* on Judah's sod,
Thou poured'st it forth—an offering to thy God!

THE POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER.*

A NEAT little volume, with this title, has been lately published by O'Daly, of Dublin, containing specimens of the indigenous poetry (principally songs) of Munster, both in the vernacular and in an English dress, and accompanied by the music to which they were set. Of the translations it is sufficient to say they are Clarence Mangan's—of course excellent: he entered into the spirit of Irish verse with a facility that is surprising, when we remember that (to use the words of the preface) "he was totally unacquainted with the original language, and made his versions of Gaelic poetry from literal translations, furnished to him by Irish scholars."

In O'Daly's pretty little book the Munsterman hails, as familiar words, the names of his old acquaintances, Andrew M'Grath, the merry peallar (or merrymonger, as commonly called); Timothy O'Sullivan, the pious; Denis M'Namara, the foxy; William O'Heffernan, the blind; John O'Tuomy, the merry; Father William English, and others; but he asks, "where is Dermot O'Curnan?—why has all mention of *him* been omitted?"—yet he deserved a niche in that miniature temple of the Momonian muse, as well from the interest attached to his tragical story, as from the intrinsic merit of his poetry, which is elegiac in its genius, and often terse and antithetical in style, and evinces a mind of much natural refinement. We have never met with any of O'Curnan's poems, translated or printed; and though we have seen some of them in MS. among the peasantry, in the county of Waterford, we believe they are chiefly preserved by oral tradition. O'Curnan seems to have been unknown to Edward O'Reilly, who does not allude to him in his "Chronological Account of nearly Four Hundred Irish Writers;" therefore a short account of the ill-fated bard may not be superfluous.

Dermot O'Curnan, the son of a farmer, was born about, or a little before, 1740, in the county of Cork, but resided, after he grew up, in the parish of Modelligo, county of Waterford. Young O'Curnan was peculiarly gifted by nature; he had a finely formed person; a strikingly handsome face; a lively disposition; agreeable manners; deep and ardent feelings, and considerable abilities; and was, from his early youth, a poet. Unhappily he fell in love with a pretty peasant girl, a native of Modelligo (the "Mary" of his poems), who was proud of the attachment of a young man so much superior to her usual associates, and encouraged, perhaps reciprocated, his love. But she saw that other girls were anxious to attract his attentions at their dances and rustic recreations; and, inspired by the demon of jealousy, she repaired to one of those old cronies of whom formerly there were too many, who professed to deal in charms, spells, and philtres, and purchased from her a potion said to be of virtue to keep her lover constant to herself. This she contrived to mingle in his drink at some convivial meeting; the mischievous compound attacked his brain, and the unfortunate Dermot became incurably deranged. His whole temperament changed; he lost his vivacity, and became melancholy, moody, and unsocial, but retained his poetic talent; and though aware of the fatal injury inflicted on him by his Mary, he still remembered his passion, which seemed to gather intensity from his madness. But now he had become an object of terror and dislike to her, and she repelled him harshly whenever he approached her, as he often did, to complain of his shattered health and his troubled brain, of which he was quite sensible. Her cold and disdainful manner augmented his malady, and he wandered about the solitary parts

* *The Poets and Poetry of Munster: a Selection of Irish Songs by the Poets of the last Century, with Poetical Translations by the late James Clarence Mangan, now for the first time published. With the Original Music, and Biographical Sketches of the Authors. By John O'Daly, Editor of "Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry," &c. Dublin: John O'Daly.*

of Modelligo, a wretched being, ragged, barefooted, sallow, sickly, with scarcely a trace of his former beauty left; but still frequently composing poems on his love and his despair, which he could be induced by kindness to repeat to his friends, by whom they were committed to memory.

At length he disappeared for some time, and was supposed to have left that part of the country. But one Sunday morning, in the latter end of summer, while all the rural population was at Mass, he suddenly entered the cottage of his scornful love, near Farnane Bridge. It happened that she had remained at home alone, and was employed cutting brambles with a bill-hook, to feed the fire on which the potatoes were boiling for dinner. Immediately on O'Curnan's entrance he began to speak to her of his enduring attachment, and to entreat her pity; but instead of trying to soothe and amuse the maniac till some one should come in, it appears that she foolishly irritated him by contemptuous expressions, and especially by taunting him with his infirmity. Knowing himself to have been in this respect her victim, he became infuriated beyond the usual pitch of his delirium—and, in a wild paroxysm of frenzy, snatching up the billhook, he severed her head from her body. Remarkable retribution! she fell a sacrifice to the madness that she had occasioned by her own superstition and jealousy. No sooner was the fatal deed done, and O'Curnan's fury appeased by the blood of the murdered woman, than the feeble light of such reason as he commonly retained dawned again upon his mind;

he became conscious of the nature and the consequences of his act, and rushed from the house to conceal himself.

The dismay of Mary's family, at finding her headless corpse, on their return from chapel, may be conceived. On searching for the murderer, the track of the madman was easily discovered; he was found lying hid among the standing corn in a neighbouring field; the blood on his hands and clothes bore witness against him, but none such was needed; he confessed all that had passed with sufficient coherency, and was conveyed to prison. The fate of O'Curnan was the reverse of that of Sophocles: when the Greek poet was charged with derangement, his verses were accepted by the judges of the case as a proof of his sanity; O'Curnan's, on the contrary, furnished to his jury a strong presumption of his lunacy, which being established by evidence as to his habits, and their cause, the "Mad Poet" was acquitted of wilful murder, but was confined for life as a dangerous maniac. The tragedy we have related occurred about eighty-seven years ago.

After O'Curnan had lost his reason, chancing one day to meet the object of his unfortunate attachment, he complained to her of illness; she asked him, "What ailed him—what was his sickness?" In reply to which, he poured forth a poem which he afterwards recited to persons who committed it to writing. A manuscript copy was given to us by a country schoolmaster who taught Irish; and from that we make the following translation direct from the vernacular:—

THE LAY OF THE AFFLICTED BARD.

Thou art my pain, my Mary!—pining ever,
Thus hast thou left me since I've thought on thee:
From all my friends more gladly would I sever,
Than from thy presence still an outcast be.
I taste no food—long nights I'm sleepless lying;
Sobs heave my bosom; rest and peace are fled:
To my strong love still *thy* love denying,
In one short month thou'lt find me with the dead.

Where is the cure to stay my health's perdition?—
She only has it—she who wrought my harm:
'Tis not in sea or land, herb or physician—
'Tis with youth's blossom, 'tis with beauty's charm.
I know not heat from cold, nor night from morrow,
Nor the tame hen from cuckoo of the dell;
My friends I know not—but to soothe my sorrow,
If *thou* wouldst come, my heart would know thee well.

Love, my free gift, 'tis that has caus'd my anguish :
 Love without stain, dishonour, or design ;
 For her, the fair, the pearly-tooth'd, I languish ;
 Ah, woe is me ! I may not call her mine.
 Would that in some deep glen we two—we only—
 Secluded dwelt, from all the world away ;
 With timid pleadings, in her bower so lonely,
 I'd woo her fondly all the summer day.

Give me, my Mary, once thy lips' soft pressure ;
 But once—and raise me to thyself from death :
 Else bid them come my narrow grave to measure,
 Where lurks the beetle the rank grass beneath.
 From my thin cheek the hue of health has vanish'd ;
 My life's not life—my voice not voice, but air :
 Joy, hope, the music of my spirit banish'd ;
 Love's slave I mourn, in bondage to despair.

This poem is very characteristic : the complaints it expresses are symptomatic of derangement ; the loss of sleep and appetite ; the failure of recollection and discernment, yet the consciousness of his state, the knowledge that his beloved was "she who wrought his harm ;" the hopelessness of cure, unless the antidote should proceed from her, as did the bane ; and then the touching allusion to his heart's memory, that would recognise her, though it forgot all else.

In the mad songs written by some persons, in the character of maniacs (such as Robert Herrick's "Mad Maid's Song,"

"Good-morrow to the day so fair," &c.,)

and even in Shakespeare's, if we may venture to say so, there is a studied wildness, an artificial incoherence. But in the lay of the real maniac, the evidences of his malady come out so simply, so unaffectedly, that we cannot but feel it is nature, not art. It reminds us of the anecdote of the actress who had formerly been celebrated as Ophelia, but who was obliged to leave the stage in consequence of mental derangement. Having accidentally learned that Hamlet was to be performed one night at a neighbouring theatre, she eluded her guardian, escaped from the house, and stealing to the place of performance, concealed herself till the mad scene ; then springing on the stage before she could be anticipated, she went through her once favorite part with a truth and feeling that melted all the audience to tears ;

never before had they witnessed so affecting, because so natural, an Ophelia. As the difference between the sane and the insane actress's representation of the distracted maiden, so is the difference between the song of a really frenzied poet and that of him who only assumes the character of a maniac at the moment of writing.

The song of *Eamonn-na-chnoic*, or Ned of the Hills, the celebrated freebooter, is given in O'Daly's book ; but the version differs so much from that which we have been accustomed to hear, that we venture to give a translation from our own familiar Irish copy, because it is so much more characteristic of the outlaw. Ned of the Hills, properly Edmund O'Ryan,* of the county Tipperary, sprung from an ancient and once wealthy family, the O'Ryan's of Kilnelongurty, but ruined by the confiscations that followed the civil wars. To a well-born man thus rendered destitute, who could not dig, and was ashamed to beg, it often appeared that no alternative for existence remained but that of a freebooting career, which he persuaded himself into believing a just retribution—a spoiling of the spoilers. To this idea, and to the losses the outlaw had sustained by forfeiture, a strong allusion is made in the Irish song in our possession (said by tradition to have been written by Edmund O'Ryan himself), but which is not to be found in O'Daly's copy. The song, it will be observed, takes the form of a dialogue between the outlaw and his love ; we have preserved the metre as nearly as we could :—

* He was born in the latter part of the 17th century.

THE SONG OF NED OF THE HILLS.

"Who calls me without? whose voice is so shrill?
 Whose hand at my closed door is beating?"
 "My pearl of delight, 'tis thy Ned of the Hill,
 Whose heart longs to bear thee his greeting."
 "Oh, friend of my soul! steal in here and hide,
 'Thou'rt drown'd in this pitiless weather;
 Take thee dry garments, sit down at my side,
 We'll watch through the long hours together."

"I gaze on the light in thy soft blue eye,
 Dear girl of the ringletty tresses;
 And my thoughts they urge me with thee to fly
 To the wild wood's dewy recesses.
 There the grass is most green, the birds most sweet,
 On the yew-tree the cuckoo sits ever;
 Deep in the hawthorns our fragrant retreat,
 Where death could discover us never."

"Long is the night, and my heart is devoid
 Of warmth, as the wintry sun's gleaming:
I'm a plundered man, and my home 's destroy'd;
But a deed I must do that's befitting."
 "Then with thee will I go, my faithful love!
 To the lone haunted Dun* repairing;
 With thee through all Munster I'll gladly rove,
 Though its size be the half† of Erin."

"Dear little Mora! though wedding with me
 Will bring shame to the maid I cherish,
 Yet ne'er shall they say I abandon thee;
 In the ocean I'd rather perish.
 Thou shalt be the tender bride of my heart,
 For 'twould break to leave thee behind me:
 But ah! when I think how loving thou art,
 'Mid the poorest in Ireland I find me."

There are, in our Irish version, many touches characteristic of the outlaw, which are not in the Gaelic copy printed by O'Daly, such as the proposed watchfulness, as if to guard against surprise (in the first stanza)—the allusion to his wrongs, and the deed of befitting vengeance that he meditated; the faithful readiness of his mistress to leave her home and wander with him throughout Munster, even harbouring for security in places reputed to be haunted; the allusion to the reproach she would incur by becoming the wife of a bandit; and his own sensibility to his impoverished state, rendered more acute when he thought of that

love which he could but so ill requite. There is one "Edmund of the Hills," as from the Irish, by Lady Morgan (when Miss Owenson), from what original we know not: it has one or two ideas in common with ours and O'Daly's; but is simply a love song, without a single touch of distinctive character; and might as well be the lay of the most peaceable and orderly man in the community, even of a justice of the quorum himself, as of an outlaw.

The story of Edmund O'Ryan, or Ned of the Hills, is that of many of the Irish outlaws in the olden times. Scions of proud and honourable fami-

* Literally, *Dun na n-gealt*, the Dun of the wild sylvan beings, or satyrs. There is a *Gleann na n-gealt* in Kerry.

† Literally, "Munster, a province, and the half of Ireland;" alluding to the division of Ireland into two halves, between Con of the Hundred Battles, and Eugene More, alias Mogha Muadhat; the southern half, Munster, which then included Leinster, being called *Leath Mogha*, Mogh's half; the rest was *Leath Choinn*, Con's half.

lies, beggared by confiscations, unskilled in any craft, art, or science that would procure them a maintenance among sober citizens; too proud to stoop to what they would call servile drudgery; too poor to be able to emigrate and "seek their fortunes" abroad; the brand of "caste" upon them to mar and thwart their exertions at home; trained to field exercises, unerring marksmen, dashing riders, untiring runners, brave, athletic, hardy, the life of a freebooter in an unsettled country like Ireland suggested itself of course—what else could be expected from them?—what else remained? What were ruined Roman Catholic gentlemen to do, when they could not get into some foreign military service? Poor, haughty, untaught to earn their bread, often prevented from trying to learn; sorely tried by natural heart-burnings at seeing themselves driven destitute from the lands, the homes, nay, the very tombs of their fathers, to make room for strangers—then followed the train of reasoning by which they persuaded themselves of the justice, nay, almost the *duty*, of reprisals. The speech of Roderick Dhu ("Lady of the Lake," Canto 5), in defence of his predatory habits, is as applicable to the condition and actuating motives of the gentlemen outlaws of Ireland, forced to fly to rocks and mountains, as if Scott had them in his mind when he wrote.* We seek not to justify their transgressions: to trace their *causes*, with a charitable allowance for human temptation and human frailty, is but to account for, not to justify. Well would it have been for society and for themselves, had these misguided men been able to apply the Christian precept—"In your patience possess ye your souls;" but the wild times of Ireland's commotions were not

favourable to the growth of the Christian graces on any side; and we must recollect the prevalence of ideas of which we now can scarcely form a just estimate, and the state of education and of the community, so different from that to which we are accustomed.

An honourable exception to the false principles that actuated so many unfortunate persons, is found in Christopher Fleming, twentieth Lord Slane. At the time of the battle of the Boyne, he was but a minor; he took no part in the civil wars, but he extended the hospitality of his roof, for one night, to James II., whom he had been taught to regard as his lawful sovereign, and who had been the friend of his family. For such venial transgression, this harmless offender, and unrebelling "rebel," forfeited all he possessed, even his title. With a heavy heart this disinherited and distitled stripling must have passed through the gate that shut him out for ever from that lovely vale, watered by the Boyne, where stood the castle that, from the twelfth century, had never lacked a Fleming for its lord, and where the tomb of his mother still exists, amid the ruins of St. Eric's hermitage. But he wreaked no vengeance on society; he warred not with the laws that he might have considered as warring with him—he submitted to their authority, and became a good servant of the English crown. In 1707, Queen Anne granted him a pension of £500 a-year "for his military services:" and in consideration of his youth, at the period of the confiscation, he was restored in blood, but not to the lands and title of his fathers, from which he was barred by a former act of the Irish Parliament. As indemnity, he was created Viscount Longford, in 1713. Thus guided by well-regulated senti-

"These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birth-right of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers rent the land.
Where dwell we now! see rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage heath we tread,
For fattened steer, or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry;
And well the mountain might reply,—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'

Pent in this fortress of the north,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—while on you plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain:
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering lowland field and fold,
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

ments, he won his way to distinction by those martial qualities which others perverted to a wretched career of brigandage.*

But though that particular genus of outlaws of which we speak has passed away, the influence their career exercised over the minds of the peasantry has not, even yet, died out. To that influence we may clearly trace the general sympathy of the lower class (especially in the south and west) for offenders, and their anxiety to screen them from justice. When a forfeited and ruined gentleman had become a freebooter, all the compassionate feelings of a naturally warm-hearted and romantic people were enlisted in his favour. They saw in him the representative of a family to whom they had ever looked up with affection and respect (for the Irish peasant always observed the Oriental, nay Scriptural rule of reverence to superiors; he could not degrade himself to the coarse bluster of the low English bully, who sets his arms a-kimbo at a gentleman with, "I'm as good as yourself any day"); they saw one who had been reared in affluence a fallen man, worse than a beggar, because more sensitive to privations; then would they recount the former glories of the race "that had lived among them for ages, and always kept the warm house and the open hand," and descant on the perfections and the wrongs of their heir, "turned out for a stranger, and forced to shelter among the woods and rocks, and to starve, or help himself by the strong hand." So, respecting his birth, pitying his adversity, admiring his bravery, abetting his wild deeds, and aiding him to baffle pursuit, they clung to the man of fallen fortunes (on such the genteel world turns its back) with a kind of feudal loyalty; amid all their own poverty gold could not bribe them to betray the head consecrated in their eyes by misfortune. *Res est sacra miser*, said a Roman sage; but the axiom was never so true anywhere as among the Irish peasants in the old troubles.

The feats of the outlaws, and the

songs composed on them, were handed down by tradition to posterity; and around their graves the peasantry still gather in groups after mass, or after a funeral, to talk of the old times. Thus they do round a tomb in the rural churchyard of Syddan (Meath), emblazoned with armorial bearings, now much defaced, but still bearing an inscription to the purport, that "This monument was erected by Gerald Fleminge, son of Patrick Fleminge and Mary Hussey, in memorial of his grandfather; and his uncles, James and Patrick Fleminge, of Syddan; and for himself and his posterity, 1687." These Fleminges sprang from the same stock as the Flemings, Barons of Slane, and forfeited in the civil wars. The "uncles," James and Patrick Fleminge, became celebrated freebooters, and are still remembered and lamented as "the poor gentlemen that were forced to turn highwaymen."

The peasantry, when once they had been accustomed to sympathise with men under ban, and to support and abet them, continued to cherish the inclination, though the objects of their interest had become degraded from the romantic outlaw (now extinct) to the vulgar ruffian, the mere robber and murderer; wanting the power of just discrimination, they classed all alike, as "poor fellows in trouble." The feeling which originally sprung from virtues, from fidelity, generosity, and respect, has tended downwards to utter degradation—such is the danger of hostility, under almost any circumstances, to established and recognised authority. Like some plants—whose root is medicinal, but whose flowers are offensive, or whose berries are poisonous—the sentiment which at its birth was respectable, in its maturity has become vicious.

We seem to have rambled away from the "Poets of Munster" in particular, to the bandits of Ireland in general; but the text from which our gloss has extended was furnished by one, who, celebrating his own wild life in song, combined the characters of the outlaw and the poet, Edmund O'Ryan.

* His lordship dying, about 1728, without male issue, the style and title of Fleming, Viscount Longford, became extinct.

AGNES SOREL AND HER CONTEMPORARIES.

AT the commencement of the fifteenth century, the long contests between the rival houses of Lorraine and Bar seemed likely to be terminated by the extinction of both families. The sole representative of the latter house was the Cardinal of Bar, an aged prelate; while the destinies of Lorraine hung on the life of a feeble infant, daughter of its chivalrous duke, Charles, and his exalted consort, Margaret of Bavaria.

The little Isabelle, on whose frail existence so much depended, was tended, cherished, almost idolised, by her future subjects, as well as by her fond parents. As she grew in years and bodily vigour, the faculties of her precocious mind were developed under the judicious care of her wise mother and gifted father. Charles of Lorraine was the most accomplished prince of his day. He had proved himself a brave and skilful warrior in his campaigns in Germany and Hungary. He had commanded the forces of the Teutonic Knights in Prussia, and had been the main stay of the Hungarian monarch in his war with the Turks. The Duke of Lorraine was no less skilled in the arts of peace. A poet of no mean excellence, his refined and liberal mind, his elegant tastes, and his graceful and winning manners, are praised by the historiographers of his own time, who ever found a welcome at his hospitable court.

Under these beneficent influences the little Isabelle passed her childhood and early girlhood, not quite companionless, for her playmate from the cradle—to whom she was ever fondly attached—was the fair and gentle Agnès Sorel, whose singular adventures we are about to narrate.

The “*Demoiselle de Fromenteau*,” as she was styled, though of very inferior rank to her friend, could scarcely be regarded as a dependant. Her father, the Seigneur de Saint Gérard, was attached to the service of the Count de Clermont; and his little Agnès was tended and educated by the Duke and Duchess of Lorraine with the same care as their own daughter. In many traits of character the girls

resembled each other. Agnès, who was the elder by one year, was remarkable for her gentleness and winning sweetness of deportment. Isabelle had more vivacity, and greater brilliancy. They were both beautiful, but the same distinction might be observed in the style of their personal charms. Isabelle, though without the shadow of vanity, pride, or hauteur, “looked every inch a queen;” the noble blood of the great Charlemagne flowed in her veins, and the high-born lady, destined to command, was apparent in every movement and gesture. Agnès has been likened to the “*Madonna*” of Raffaello. Her fair and slender form, her large, soft, pleading eyes, bespoke a soul gentle, timid, and trusting. Yet Agnès was not a weak or insipid character. The most accomplished woman of her day—the most delightful converser—so much so, that even at that epoch, so fruitful in illustrious ladies, she was looked on as a prodigy—she owed her great and enduring influence more to her mental qualities than to her personal attractions. She fascinated all who came within her sphere; and occupying, though she afterwards did, a most anomalous and questionable position, she never made a personal enemy, but gained and retained the affectionate good-will of those who, we should naturally suppose, would have regarded her elevation to power and influence with envious and indignant feelings.

The aged Cardinal of Bar, feeling himself on the verge of the grave, anxiously desired to terminate, by a marriage between Isabelle and his grand-nephew René, the strife which had for generations been waged between the houses of Bar and Lorraine. The young prince, destined for this alliance, was the second son of Louis of Anjou and Yolande of Arragon, whose mother had been a princess of the house of Bar. The Cardinal had adopted and educated René, with the design of making him his heir, and had spared no pains to perfect him in those arts and exercises befitting his high rank and future

position; and although in some respects his nephew might scarcely aspire to the hand of the heiress of Lorraine, still the pretensions of the young count were not inconsiderable. His sister, Marie, was married to the Dauphin Charles, heir-apparent to the crown of France. His father, titular King of Naples and Sicily, although he had failed in establishing himself in this inheritance, bequeathed by Queen Joanna, could yet transmit his title to these rich possessions, which his children might hope eventually to inherit. Influenced, perhaps, less by these considerations, than by his personal merits, the Duke and Duchess declared themselves in favour of René's suit; and their youthful daughter became his bride ere she had attained her fifteenth year.

When Isabelle bade adieu to her native Lorraine, and accompanied her husband to Provence, she did not part from the friend of her girlhood. Agnès Sorel shared the joys, and sympathised in the sorrows of her wedded life. At first the horizon was bright and cloudless. Isabelle, who was ever an adored wife, became the proud mother of four children, "the most beautiful ever seen"—so the cotemporary chroniclers assure us; but when her father's death made her heiress of Lorraine, the gathering clouds of war, and its attendant miseries, cast their lurid shadows around her: her cousin, Antoine de Vandemont, contested the succession, asserting that Lorraine was too noble a fief to descend to a female. Singularly enough, the question had never before arisen: Charles of Lorraine was the first prince who had not left behind him male heirs. The Duke of Burgundy supported the claims of Antoine de Vandemont; and René, after bravely fighting for the inheritance of his wife, was taken prisoner at the battle of Bulligneville, and condemned to a rigorous captivity in the castle of Dijon.

This fatal battle was lost by the rash impetuosity of the young nobles of Lorraine and Bar, who fought in the ranks of their Duke René. The veteran general Barbazan had earnestly entreated his master to act on the defensive.

"Quand on a peur des feuilles, il ne faut pas aller au bois," said a young gallant, contemptuously.

"Ces paroles ne sont pas pour

moi," replied the brave old soldier; "Dieu merci, j'ai toujours vécu sans reproche; et encore aujourd'hui on verra si c'est la crainte ou le bon conseil qui me font parler de la sorte."

The result justified his prediction: René, having done all that a brave man could do, and received many honourable wounds, fell into the hands of his enemy. When Isabelle learned the tidings of this disastrous fight, and heard that her beloved lord was in captivity, she hastened to Chinon, to entreat Charles's aid and mediation with the Duke of Burgundy to procure the freedom of her husband. But René owed his liberation from captivity to a more romantic cause than the intercession of his royal brother-in-law. Philip of Burgundy having visited his captive, found him employed in painting. René had executed on glass very charming and faithful portraits of Philip and his father, Jean-sans-peur. The kind-hearted Duke was touched and interested: he conversed frequently with the accomplished prince, and restored to him his liberty, only stipulating that he should surrender himself a captive the following year, if the conditions annexed as the price of his freedom should not have been complied with.

The visit of Isabelle to Chinon was, nevertheless, productive of important results. Agnès Sorel had accompanied her; and, in the interview which the princess of Lorraine and Bar had with her Sovereign, the grace and beauty of the "Demoiselle de Fromenteau" struck the ardent fancy of the young Charles. The impression she had made was observed by the wife and mother-in-law of the king. The latter, Yolande of Anjou, was a woman of masculine mind; she swayed the careless monarch, and, unconsciously to him, had long guided his counsels. The passion alike of Yolande, of her daughter, Queen Marie, and of the beautiful stranger, was patriotism. France was in subjection. Charles its king, and who ought to have been its deliverer, was insensible of his dishonour, or too much devoted to pleasure, to make the necessary exertion for his country's safety. Marie, beautiful and amiable, was not beloved. The influence which alone could stir Charles to noble resolves, should spring from a passion which Yolande perceived her daughter could never

excite. She conceived the singular, we may say the unexampled design of exciting it by the charms of Agnès Sorel. Wonderful force of the sentiment of love of country! Marie, stranger still to record, assented. Hopeless herself of influencing Charles through his affections, and quite conscious of his passion for the beautiful stranger, Queen Marie listened without disapproval to the suggestions of the vigorous-minded Yolande, that they should wean the voluptuous monarch from his effeminate indolence and unworthy favoritism, by giving him as companion and friend, one who, they both saw, was gifted with a high and commanding intellect, and a gentle nature and constant heart. Surely we cannot wonder that such an age was rich in noble enthusiasm, when it witnessed a sacrifice of pride and feeling so extraordinary in persons so exalted. The disinterestedness of friendship has nothing to compare with this astonishing instance of patriotic devotion. But still we must not estimate the sacrifice at more than, in truth, it was worth; or suppose even these heroines capable of impossibilities. Marie had had frequent occasion to lament her husband's infidelities; her conjugal love could not be further outraged by the substitution of a comparatively virtuous attachment for those ephemeral amours which had hitherto marred the happiness of her wedded life. That influence over the mind of Charles which she had failed in securing might, she fondly hoped, be so wielded by the beautiful and *spirituelle* friend of the high-minded Isabelle of Lorraine, as to change the destinies of the hapless realm of France. She asked from her brother's wife permission to promote the fair Agnès to be her maid of honour. Isabelle felt keenly the unavoidable separation from her friend, should she yield to the Queen's entreaties; but she could not allow her selfish affection to be a barrier to the advancement of Agnès Sorel. The young girl, ignorant of all that was designed for her, was from thenceforth to live at court, attached to the person of Marie of Anjou, who even personally had conceived a warm regard for one whom she designed to make, if possible, her own rival.

Queen Yolande, for she was titular sovereign of the two Sicilies, was a far-

sighted and ambitious woman, unscrupulous, as we have seen, in the choice of means which might enable her to obtain a desired end. When the fortunes of Charles were at their lowest ebb, she had never despaired, but courageously cheered and animated him to exertion. Let us cast a rapid glance at Charles's past career. The imbecility of his father, King Charles VI., and the hatred which his unnatural mother had conceived for him, had made the Dauphin, in his earlier years, an outcast from the sweet charities of home. The tragical murder of Jean-sans-pour of Burgundy, on the bridge of Montereau, had drawn down on his head the intense hatred of the Burgundian party, then the most powerful in France. Well might Francis I. exclaim, when he gazed, in the Chartreuse of Dijon, on the effigy of the murdered duke, "Through that gash," pointing to the wound which disfigured the forehead, "the English entered France!" The Dauphin always asserted, probably with truth, that he was innocent of this foul murder. Tannegui du Châtel struck the fatal blow; but Charles had expressly invited the Duke of Burgundy to this ill-fated conference, and the assassination was accomplished in his presence. Philip le Bon, son of the murdered Duke, thirsting for revenge, threw the weight of his vast power and influence into the opposing scale, and allied himself with the enemies of his country to avenge his father's death. By the conference at Arras (1419) he paved the way for the infamous treaty of Troyes (1420), which disinherited the Dauphin, and transferred the royal diadem to the English invader, Henry V. In the treaty, by which Charles VI. thus disowned his son, the following insulting clause occurs, which must have been peculiarly galling to the Dauphin:—

"Considérant les horribles et énormes crimes et délits commis par Charles, soi-disant Dauphin de Viennois, il est accordé que nous, notre dit fils le roi, et aussi notre très-cher fils Philippe, Duc de Bourgogne, nous ne traiterons aucunement de paix et de concorde avec le dit Charles, si non du consentement et du conseil de tous et de chacun de nous trois, et des trois états du royaume."

Two years later and the Dauphin found himself King, though he had but a scanty territory, and few adherents.

The imbecile Charles had breathed his last. The victorious Henry had also been snatched away by the unsparing hand of the destroyer. Paris and the northern provinces were, however, held for the young Henry VI., by his uncle, the brave Duke of Bedford. Charles VII. could only establish his court on the southern bank of the Loire; and even there he scarcely felt his position secure. "Le petit Roi de Bourges," was the name contemptuously given to him by the English. Charles "le Victorieux," Charles "le Bien Servi," were titles which he could triumphantly claim, not many years later. His wondrous success is to be ascribed, not to his personal exertions, for he was, as has been intimated, indolent and excessively addicted to pleasure, but to the discriminating wisdom, or rather instinct, with which he chose his counsellors. He had the art, or the good luck, to gather around him and attach to his cause the greatest captains of the age, and the wisest and most far-sighted politicians; and, notwithstanding his indolent habits, had the good sense to profit by their counsels and services. We have only to mention the names of "the brave Dunois," the Comte de Richemont, La Hire, Saintrailles, &c., who conducted his military operations; in the diplomatic department the sagacious Yolande of Anjou, Jacques Bureau, and his brother Gaspard, who created for him the most effective artillery in Europe; and in finance, that most skilful of exchequer-chancellors, Jacques Cœur.

Yolande seems to have understood fully the character of her son-in-law. She knew him to be of an affectionate and trusting nature, and peculiarly sensitive to the refined charms of female society. He was capable of appreciating all that is excellent in the character of woman—her heroism—her generous abnegation of self—her enduring devotion. Yolande artfully availed herself of these influences. Unseen herself, she was, as we have already observed, the guiding hand which influenced Charles throughout his entire career, and through him the destinies of France. Her daughter, Queen Marie, was a very superior woman, amiable, accomplished, generous, and gentle; but she never possessed her husband's affections, though her conduct secured his esteem and respect. Stimulated by her mother,

she strenuously laboured to make the King lay aside his besetting sin of indolence, and act with vigour against the English. Fortune seemed invariably to desert the banner of the lawful sovereign, and Charles found his best generals and bravest troops so often defeated that his friends lost hope and confidence, and his dispirited soldiery deserted their colours.

While the Dauphin remained inactive at Chinon, Orleans, his principal stronghold on the Loire, was closely invested by the English. Dunois, and others of his brave adherents, had thrown themselves into the beleaguered city; but with slender hope of making a successful resistance to the besieging host. In this extremity of Charles's—or rather of Yolande's—fortunes (for it was she who in truth had so far fought the battle of French independence) another still more heroic Frenchwoman suddenly appeared on the stage. Commissioned from on high, as she believed—to rescue her native land from foreign invaders—to raise the siege of Orleans, and see her King crowned at Rheims—Jeanne D'Arc, the simple shepherd-girl of Domremi, presented herself to Charles at Chinon. Yolande saw, and at a glance comprehended her enthusiasm. Perhaps, too, she credited her mission: at all events, she sympathised in her patriotic fervour; and lost no time in communicating a share of her sympathy to Charles. Jeanne's divine commission was recognized. Accoutred in armour, and girt with the sword of Saint Catherine de Fierbois, she threw herself into Orleans. Her enthusiasm, her pious fervour, and her conviction of a triumphant accomplishment of her mission, inspired the garrison with new courage. Now here, now there; successive sallies from the beleaguered city fell with the speed and destruction of lightning on the English outposts. A being partaking of the character of an angel and a prophetess headed these unexpected and terrible attacks. The superstitious terrors of the English were alarmed. Seven days after Jeanne entered Orleans, the siege was raised, and the English were in full retreat towards the Seine. So far, the mission sped prosperously; she had now to retrieve her undertaking to see Charles placed on the throne of his ancestors in the old kingly capital of Rheims; but to carry him thither

through a hostile country, every stronghold of which was in the hands of his enemies, was even a more difficult achievement than the relief of Orleans. However, Jeanne's own belief in her preternatural mission had now spread far and wide, and those who at first had probably used her as an adventuress, now followed her as a heaven-inspired guide. The expedition to Rheims was undertaken—every obstacle gave way before the enthusiasm of Charles's followers. Rheims, after a progress as triumphant as dangerous, was gained; and the consecrated oil, which would insure the validity of his title in the eyes of all true Frenchmen, was at length poured on the head of King Charles the Seventh. As Charles knelt by the high altar, Jeanne "*la Pucelle*" stood by his side, leaning on her snow-white banner, spotted with the fleur-de-lis of France, on which was represented the Saviour of the world, with the simple inscription, *Ihesus Maria*. "It had shared the danger," she said; "it was meet that it should share the glory."

There are probably few persons who are not familiar with that exquisite impersonation of Jeanne D'Arc, for which we are indebted to the chisel of a second "*Maid of Orleans*." The princess Marie of Wirtemberg, daughter to the ex-King of the French, has represented her in the garb so minutely described by contemporary writers, "*armée tout en blanc, sauf la teste, une petite hache en sa main ;*" leaning on the sword in form of the cross; her fair head bowed, and her features expressing resolution, blended with repose. Her mission was now accomplished; she fell at her monarch's feet bathed in tears. "*Gentil roi,*" she said, addressing him, "*orest exécuté le plaisir de Dieu, qui voulait que vous viussiez à Rheims, recevoir votre digne sacre, pour montrer que vous êtes vrai roi, et celui auquel doit appartenir le royaume.*"

Jeanne now longed to return to her simple pastoral life, and her native village. She confided her wishes to Dunois. "*Je voudrais bien que le gentil roi voulût me faire ramener auprès de mes père et mère qui auraient tant de joie à me revoir. Je garderais leurs brébis et bétail, et ferais ce que j'avais coutume de faire.*" The only acknowledgment of her services which she demanded, was the exemption from

taxation of her native village. Until the revolution of 1793, *Neant à cause de la Pucelle* was entered opposite the name of Domremi, in the books of the taxing officer for that district of Lorraine.

But alas! for Jeanne; a far different destiny awaited her. The market-place of Rouen witnessed a tragedy which, merely to read of, has "*drawn iron tears*" from many a manly breast. The pure, the meek heroine, who had done such great things for "*the pity*" she had for the realm of France, was here to expiate the crime of patriotism by the punishment of witchcraft. Her infamous judge, Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, condemned her to be burnt alive. "*Helas!*" she exclaimed, when she heard her sentence, "*reduire en cendres mon corps qui est pur, et n'a rien de corrompu, c'est un horrible supplice!*" As the priest who attended her dismounted from the scaffold, when the executioner was about to apply his torch, she said to him, "*Tenez-vous en bas, levez la croix devant moi, que je la voie en mourant, et dites-moi de pieuses paroles jusqu'à la fin.*" Her last utterance was, "*Jésus!*"

Chinon, where Charles held his little court, is a place familiar, at least by name, to most of us, its castle being a favourite residence of our English sovereigns of the race of Plantagenet. Its situation is picturesque and imposing; planted on an elevated platform of rock overhanging the Loire, and commanding its junction with the Vienne, surrounded by the verdant woods and rich pasture-land of Touraine, the "*garden of France*." The ruins, which are considerable in extent, are of great interest, recalling the stirring times of the crusaders, and, a few centuries later, the wrongs and sufferings of the Knights Templars, whose grand master, the heroic Jacques de Molay, was immolated within its walls. The adjoining monastery of Fontevrault—founded by the devoted enthusiast, Robert D'Arbrissol, who, following the example of his Divine Master, preached repentance and forgiveness to the "*chiefest of sinners*;" and by his eloquent and heartfelt exhortations reclaimed from vice innumerable Magdalens, miserable outcasts from society, and hopeless, until he proclaimed to them the message of mercy, of forgiveness from God or man,—this noble and beautiful house of Fontevrault con-

tains the mortal remains of the hero: *Cœur-de-Lion*.

At a short distance from Chinon stood the *Maison Robardeau*. This was now to become the residence of Agnès Sorel. The scandal of that day reported, and possibly with truth, that Robardeau was connected with the castle where the monarch held his court, by an underground passage.

Charles possessed many qualities which fitted him to captivate the imagination and win the affections of a young and susceptible heart. His features were regular, beautiful alike in form and expression; though his *tout ensemble* was not effective from his want of height. He had a heart warm and devoted, manners gay and fascinating, a mind well cultivated, and elegant tastes. He was personally brave, though his love of pleasure, as well as a natural prudence, deterred him on many occasions from leading his armies in person to battle or victory. But, above all, he had at first sight conceived, and always afterwards cherished for the fair Agnès, an impassioned and unswerving attachment, which ended only with life. The young girl long resisted his suit, though she also loved in return; but she was in the midst of influences and inducements, such as perhaps never before or since solicited a woman to dishonour, and her weak woman's heart at last yielded.

When Agnès Sorel forfeited the approval of conscience—the calm dignity of her hitherto pure and spotless life—she forfeited also the happiness she had till then enjoyed. Never more, after such a fall, does Nature unfold her charms, as in the days of bright childhood, or happy and innocent girlhood—

“As I wandered free,
In every field for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing:
A veil through which I did not see—
A thin veil, o'er the world was thrown,
In every bud, a mystery;
Magic, in every thing unknown.
The field, the air, the grove was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.
Yes! give me—give me back the days of
youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance,
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance.”

—now the murky shadows of sin have
obscured the happy vision—conscious

guilt is the great disenchanter. How keenly Agnès felt her position, is evinced by the brief records of her words and feelings which have been handed down in history. Of her death-bed penitence we shall speak hereafter. Yet she had everything in the present, if we except the approval of her conscience, to make life dear to her. He whom she loved so fondly, and to whom she had dedicated her entire existence, repaid by the most fervent and constant devotion the sacrifice she had made for his sake. France, perhaps, an almost equal object of adoration, sprang up in freedom and power under the administration which she helped to guide. No woman was ever more truly loved. For twenty years—until death separated them—Charles never swerved in his attachment for his “good and gentle Agnès.” The honours and splendours of this world were lavishly showered on her; yet she “bore her faculties so meekly,” that she made no enemies, but could boast of many, and faithful friends. The Queen loved her as a sister. The contemporary chroniclers vie with one another in eulogising her wisdom and goodness—some of them, in their zeal for her virtue, denying even the nature of her connexion with the King. All-powerful and beloved, she could find but one faint consolation for the loss of her innocence—promoting the happiness of others, and exercising her vast influence with the King for the honour of her country, by urging him to complete the emancipation of his kingdom from its foreign foes. At the time when his fortunes were most desperate, she had placed at his disposal all her wealth, in jewels or money, for the payment of his troops.

“Hier sind Juwelen—Schmelzt mein Silber
ein—
Verkauft, verpfändet meine Schlösser—
Leihet
Auf meine Güter in Provence—Macht Alles
Zu Gelde und befriediget die Truppen!”

Well might the enamoured monarch
feel the sentiments of grateful admiration
for these disinterested services
of his fair Agnès, which Schiller has
made him utter so nobly:—

. Ziern würde sie
Den ersten Thron der Welt—doch sie ver-
schmäht ihn,
Nur meine Liebe will sie seyn und heissen.

Erlaubte sie mir jennals ein Geschenk
 Von höherm Werth, als eine frühe Blume
 Im Winter oder seltne Frucht! Von mir
 Nimmt sie kein Opfer an, und bringt mir
 alle!

Wagt ihren ganzen Reichthum und Besitz
 Grossmüthig an mein untersinkend Glück."

An anecdote has been transmitted to us, which illustrates her playful yet judicious interference in the military measures of Charles the Seventh. An astrologer, in whose predictions the monarch placed much reliance, was closeted with him on one occasion when Agnès was present. Charles, discouraged by some recent failures, and the predictions of the soothsayer, was more than ordinarily disheartened, and disposed to inaction—Agnès interrupted the conference by extending her hand to the magician: "I also would read my destiny," she said. "Madam, you will be beloved by the greatest monarch in Europe," readily replied the flattering astrologer, well aware of her relation to the King. Charles smiled at the implied compliment to himself; but Agnès rose, and playfully addressed him, "Will your Majesty grant me your royal safe-conduct, for I would not willingly run counter to my destiny," she said, archly. "I must go to the King of England, for I see clearly he is the greatest monarch, since he retains, in addition to his own dominions, the richest provinces of France, from which its sovereign makes no effort to dislodge him, fearing, it would seem, to assert his legitimate claim." Charles blushed under the merited, though sportive rebuke. Such a persuasive Mentor seldom spoke in vain: but her influence was most practically felt by bringing, as with extraordinary sagacity she did, under the notice of the King, brave knights and skilful warriors, whose courage and prudence achieved many a victory for the national cause.

Charles made his first entry into Paris in the November of 1437. The procession which accompanied him was truly splendid; and the details are dwelt on with the utmost minuteness, by contemporary writers. A thousand archers, some of them composing Charles's body-guard, led the way; then rode the King, clad in brilliant silver armour—the trappings of his noble steed were of blue velvet which swept the

ground, embroidered with fleur-de-lis. The Queen was also splendidly attired; but as far surpassing her in magnificence, as she did in beauty, Agnès Sorel rode by her side. The only weakness recorded of "*la belle des belles*," is her fondness for sumptuous dress; and the only unamiable speech she was ever heard to utter was on this occasion. The Parisians murmured when they beheld her costly and rich costume, excelling in splendour that of the rightful and justly popular queen. "*Les Parisiens ne sont que vilains*," she, contemptuously exclaimed: "*et si j'avais su qu'ils ne m'eussent pas fait plus d'honneurs, je n'aurais jamais mis le pied dans leur ville*." But to return from the offended and pettish beauty. The royal pages; the nobles of the household; and the young dauphin, afterwards Louis the Eleventh, succeeded, and the procession was closed by a corps of one thousand men-at-arms, the élite of the French armies, headed by their gallant commander, the Count de Dunois. His armour was sparkling with gold and silver, and surpassed in splendour that of the monarch himself. The populace were not behindhand in their preparations. We can scarcely refrain from smiling when we read of their arrangements for an effective reception of the King, now, for the first time, entering his capital. The seven cardinal virtues, and the seven cardinal sins, met him on the threshold, if we may so speak; then, on various platforms which lined the way, were represented those mysteries, or sacred dramas, which had for the middle ages such significant import, and were so popular with all classes. The preaching of St. John the Baptist, the nativity of the Saviour, the adoration of the shepherds, the passion, crucifixion, and resurrection of our Lord, were all represented: even the despairing Judas figured aloft, apparently hanging himself in his hopeless grief.

A short time previously, the Dauphin Louis had wedded the young Margaret of Scotland, daughter to the chivalrous James I. This princess, then only in her twelfth year, was fondly loved by her mother-in-law, Queen Marie, who lavished on the gifted and interesting Dauphiness that tenderness which even her maternal breast could not feel for the wayward and unamiable Louis. The young couple were from the first un-

happy. This jealous, crafty, intriguing young man, "mauvais fils, mauvais père, mauvais frère, mauvais sujet, mauvais allié, mauvais mari, et ennemi dangereux," was indeed ill-matched with the ardent, susceptible, and romantic Scottish princess. Margaret found her sole happiness in the mutual affection which subsisted between her, her mother-in-law, and the gentle Agnès. These high-souled women passed many blissful hours together, cultivating those elegant tastes in which they alike found solace and enjoyment. Margaret in particular had inherited from her father, the royal poet of Scotland, a genius and feeling for this refining art. She spent her nights in composing ballads, which seem to have been not unworthy of the daughter of him who sang "The King's Quhair." Her patronage of men of genius was liberal and discriminating. A little incident connected with Alain Chartier may be worth recording. Passing through one of the saloons in the palace, she perceived the poet asleep on a chair. To the astonishment of the ladies who attended her, she softly approached him, and kissed his lips. In reply to their amazed glances she said to them:—"Ce n'est point à l'homme que j'ai donné un baiser, c'est à la bouche d'où sortent de si belles paroles."

Soon after her marriage her royal father, too enlightened for a barbarous age, perished the victim of a villanous treachery. Here, too, we are among the records of the loyalty and heroism of women. It was in resisting the approach of James's assassins that the noble Catherine Douglas thrust her own fair arm into the bolt-rings of the door, and kept it so fastened until the brutal murderers broke the bone. Margaret herself bade adieu to life ere she had attained her twenty-first year. Young as she was, existence had long been distasteful to her. She has been accused of having voluntarily injured her health by eating in excess unripe fruits and other acids, with the design of preventing herself from becoming the mother of children to so hateful a husband. In her last illness, when those around her expressed hopes of her recovery, she shudderingly exclaimed, "Fî de la vie, qu'on ne m'en parle plus!"

The death of the hapless Dauphin, so deeply impressed the mind of

Agnès Sorel, who, soon after, asked and obtained permission from the King to retire from court. She chose for the scene of her seclusion the castle which Charles had built for her in the neighbourhood of Loches, and in the architectural details of which may yet be seen the device ^A_L (*A Sur-elle*), which identifies it with her name. She selected it in preference to her more picturesque château of Beauté Sur Marne—that romantic spot, formerly the favourite retreat of the murdered Louis of Orleans, father to her friend the Count de Dunois—because she proposed to herself to spend the remaining years of her life in devotional exercises; and in the canons of Loches—to whose cathedral she had ever proved a liberal patroness—she hoped to find pious and worthy instructors.

Agnès Sorel was still in the prime of life—she was thirty-six—when she voluntarily parted from her royal and still faithful lover. She had the consolation of reflecting that, during the fifteen years she had influenced his mind and his counsels, she had been the disinterested advocate of all that was "worthy and of good report." She left him surrounded by tried and faithful friends, most of them attached to his cause by her influence and exertions. Jacques Cœur, the goldsmith of Bourges—whose vast monetary resources, acquired by his trade in the East, through her instrumentality had been placed at the disposal of the monarch, and had mainly conducted to the successful issue of his warlike undertakings—was her tried and dearest friend. She had named him the executor of her will, in which she had devised all her wealth to pious uses. For five years longer she was all-powerful with the King, who frequently visited her, and took counsel with her on affairs of state. His peace during these years was disturbed by the machinations of the Dauphin, who took every possible opportunity of annoying his father, and thwarting his projects. One grievance, on which he frequently insisted—his only real one—was the insult shown to his mother by the elevation of Agnès Sorel, towards whom he manifested an irreconcilable hostility. As for the meek Queen, when reminded of her wrongs, she would only answer, "C'est mon seigneur; il a tout pouvoir sur mes actions."

et moi aucun sur les well knew, in truth, that the influence which the Lady of Beauté exercised over his mind was exercised in her favour, and was beneficial to her, as well as to the interests of the kingdom.

In the winter of 1449-50, Charles, who had recently subjugated Normandy, took up his abode in the Abbey of Jumièges. The cold was intense: this inclement season in France had never brought more severe and dreary weather. He was surprised to receive an unannounced visit from his fair Agnès. She had left Loches, and braved the winter's snow, to warn him of a conspiracy which might endanger his life, and in which the rebellious Dauphin was prime mover. Having conveyed her precautionary warning, she retired to the neighbouring hamlet of Mesnil, where she was seized by sudden and alarming illness. Her health, which had long been delicate, had been impaired by the trying journey she had just accomplished. She felt—with that intuitive perception which is given to many on the brink of eternity—that the grave would soon open its portals to receive her; and that she must prepare for her pilgrimage to that "bourn whence no traveller returns." Her agonies of mind and body were intense. She reviewed, with self-upbraiding, her past life: lamented the fatal gift of beauty, but for which she might have accomplished her youth's early promise; lived in innocent happiness, and died in peace. To the Count de Tancarville, who stood by her death-bed, she spoke of her fears for the future: nor could she gain a moment's tranquillity, but by reflecting on the mercy shewn by the Saviour to Mary Magdalen, the woman, who, like her, was "a great sinner." She repeated, incessantly, passages from the confessions of St. Bernard, which she had copied with her own hand, feeling that they were applicable to her case. At length, exhausted by mental and bodily suffering, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of the King. Her heart was bequeathed to the monks of Jumièges; her body was interred in the middle of the choir of the cathedral church at Loches, where a beautiful monument was erected to her memory by her royal lover. She is represented in a recumbent posture; graceful drapery veils her figure, and a circlet round her brow confines her flowing tresses;

angels, with extended wings, hover, as if waiting to convey to heaven the prayer which her clasped hands and half-parted lips seem to express; while two lambs, emblems of meekness and gentleness, lie passively crouched at her feet. The inscription is simple:—

"Cy git noble Demoiselle Agnès Sorelle en son vivant Dame de Beauté de Roqueserein, d'Essoudun, et de Vernon-sur-Seine, piteuse envers toutes gens, et qui largement donnoit de ses biens aux églises et aux pauvres; laquelle trépassa le 9^{ème} jour de Février, l'an de grace 1449. Priez Dieu pour l'âme d'elle. Amen."

It may seem a paradox to speak of the *virtuous mistress* of Charles the Seventh; and posterity—even allowing for the frailties and errors of fallible human nature—might still pronounce an unfavourable verdict on the character and conduct of Agnès Sorel, were it not for the negative evidence given in her favour by the contrast which is apparent in the actions of Charles during the twenty years in which her influence was paramount; and his conduct after her death. Then, as in his early youth, he abandoned himself to sensual indulgences. No longer conceding to his amiable Queen that respect and consideration she so well merited, he treated her with harsh and cruel neglect. He became unmindful of his friends, and ungratefully dismissed them at the suit of newer and unworthy favorites.

Jacques Cœur, to whom he owed so much, was the first who fell under his displeasure, or rather, we should say, his indifference, and he basely left him to fall a prey to his personal enemies. The great money-changer of Bourges had amassed, for that day, enormous riches. He had been a successful trader in the Levant; his argosies rode, richly laden with the treasures of the East, in all the southern harbours of France. In his commercial establishment he had three hundred factors receiving their orders from him, and devoted to his interests. His seigneurie of St. Fargeau enclosed twenty-two parishes. His house at Bourges still remains a monument of his rich and elegant taste in architecture. The King was his debtor to an enormous amount. When Charles undertook the conquest of Normandy in 1448, Jacques Cœur advanced him 200,000

crowns of gold, and entertained four armies at his own expense. "Il est aussi riche que Jacques Cœur," was a common proverb. The people believed that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, and could thus transmute the baser metals into pure gold. But the secret of his success was less magical;—may we not trace it in the punning device which yet stands, carved in bold relief, on his house at Bourges—"A VAILLANS (cœurs) RIEN IMPOSSIBLE." Truly the omnipotence of Will is great. He who steadily resolves, and bends every energy to obtain the prize, whatever it may be, which he proposes to himself, runs but little chance of failure. Still, when success has been attained, how often does it fail to give the happiness and satisfaction which its possessor looked for? So was it with Jacques Cœur. The sunshine of his prosperity brought forth the adder.

Soon after the death of Agnès Sorel, Chabannes, one of the enemies whom his riches had excited, being high in the favour of the King, obtained his consent to a "procès" against the goldsmith of Bourges. One of the absurd charges brought against him was, that he had poisoned his constant and true friend, the fair and gentle Lady of Beauté! With base injustice, Charles made his accuser his judge. After an indecent proceeding, in which every form of justice was violated, Jacques Cœur was condemned to perpetual banishment, with confiscation of his goods, in addition to a fine of 400,000 crowns to the royal coffers. The persecuted man fled to Rome, stripped of the wealth which he had acquired by the unremitting industry of years. He found the pontiff, Nicholas the Fifth, about to dispatch a fleet against the Turks, and solicited the command, which was readily granted him. But before his voyage was completed he fell sick, and died at Chio, where his mortal remains repose in a church of the Cordeliers. Popular rumour in France long refused credence to the tidings of his death. In the belief of many he lived to amass, anew, riches no less considerable than the fortune he had been stripped of in France with such cruel injustice.

We must not close our notice of Agnès Sorel without reverting to the fate of her early playmate, Isabelle of Lorraine. She died long before her friend—having survived her sons, who

were snatched from her ere they had attained the age of manhood. Her daughters, Yolande and Margaret, were celebrated for their charms, as the latter afterwards became for her sorrows and misfortunes. Yolande was betrothed to Ferry, son of Antoine de Vandemont, who had so long contested with René the succession to Lorraine: and part of the disputed territory was settled on the young couple. Margaret, when scarcely fifteen, was solicited in marriage by Henry the Sixth of England; and one of the last occasions on which Agnès Sorel appeared in public, was the ceremony of the espousals at Nancy. "La Belle des Belles" was, as usual, sumptuously attired, and her presence was considered to give great éclat to the scene. When the youthful bride bade adieu to her native land, the King tenderly embraced her: "I seem to have done little for you, my niece," he said, addressing her, "in placing you on one of the mightiest thrones in Europe, for it is not worthy of possessing you." Poor Margaret could then but little anticipate the destiny that awaited her; doomed as she was to return to France, a heart-broken widow, a childless mother, a fallen and dis-crowned Queen—a suppliant for the penurious charity of others; her beauty gone, her hopes blighted; waiting and longing until her weary pilgrimage on earth should be accomplished and ended.

The last hours of King Charles were scarcely less wretched. He survived his once-loved Agnès eleven years—a sufficient time to prove to himself and to others, how utterly he was unworthy of her devoted and faithful love. No constant friend stood by his death-bed, or received his last sigh. He died from starvation!—fearing to partake of food, sustenance, or medicine, lest poison should be conveyed in them. His own son was the virtual parricide who thus hastened his end, and whose cruelties he dreaded in all those that surrounded him.

On the accession of Louis the Eleventh, the monks of Loches, anxious to propitiate the new sovereign, who had shown such rancorous hostility to Agnès Sorel, requested his permission to remove her monument, which, as we have stated, stood in the choir of their cathedral; alleging the scandal which it caused them in their

devotions. "I respect your scruples," replied the sneering Louis, "and grant you the permission you desire. Of course, you will not hesitate to re-instate in my coffers the large sums of money with which Agnès Sorel endowed you, and which it would be a sin against your tender consciences any longer to retain."

The character of Agnès Sorel has since met with a juster appreciation. In the chapter-house of this very Cathedral of Loches is preserved a manuscript, containing one thousand sonnets or poems in her praise; most of them

being acrostics on her name. When Francis the First, many years afterwards, gazed at the portrait of the Lady of Beauté, he expressed in the following lines, which he wrote underneath it, his sense of the services she had rendered her country, and her consequent claims to the gratitude of patriotic Frenchmen:—

"Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu mérites
(La cause étant de France recouvrer),
Que-ce que peut, dedans un cloître ouvrir
Clause nonain ou bien dévot hermite."

M. N.

THE OLD MAN'S BEQUEST; A STORY OF GOLD.

THROUGH the ornamental grounds of a handsome country residence, at a little distance from a large town in Ireland, a man of about fifty years of age was walking, with a bent head, and the impress of sorrow on his face.

"Och, yer honour, give me one sixpence, or one penny, for God's sake," cried a voice from the other side of a fancy paling which separated the grounds in that quarter from a thoroughfare. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Lawson, help me as ye helped me before. I know you've the heart and hand to do it."

The person addressed as Mr. Lawson looked up and saw a woman whom he knew to be in most destitute circumstances, burdened with a large and sickly family, whom she had struggled to support until her own health was ruined.

"I have no money—not one farthing," answered John Lawson.

"No money!" reiterated the woman, in surprise; "isn't it all yours, then?—isn't this garden yours, and that house, and all the grand things that are in it yours?—ay, and grand things they are—them pictures, and them bright shinin' things in that drawing-room of yours; and sure you deserve them well, and may God preserve them long to you, for riches hasn't hardened your heart, though there's many a one,

and heaven knows the gold turns their feelin's to iron."

"It all belongs to my son, Henry Lawson, and Mrs. Lawson, and their children—it is all theirs;" he sighed heavily, and deep emotion was visible in every lineament of his thin and wrinkled face.

The poor woman raised her blood-shot eyes to his face, as if she was puzzled by his words. She saw that he was suffering, and with intuitive delicacy she desisted from pressing her wants, though her need was great.

"Well, well, yer honor, many's the good penny ye have given me and the childer, and maybe the next time I see you you'll have more change."

She was turning sadly away, when John Lawson requested her to remain, and he made inquiries into the state of her family; the report he heard seemed to touch him even to the forgetfulness of his own sorrows; he bade her stop for a few moments and he would give her some relief.

He walked rapidly towards the house and proceeded to the drawing-room. It was a large and airy apartment, and furnished with evident profusion; the sunlight of the bright summer-day, admitted partially through the amply-draped windows, lit up a variety of sparkling gilding in picture-frames, and vases, and mirrors, and

cornices ; but John Lawson looked round on the gay scene with a kind of shudder ; he had neither gold, silver, nor even copper in his pocket, or in his possession.

He advanced to a lady who reclined on a rose-coloured sofa, with a fashionable novel in her hand, and after some slight hesitation he addressed her, and stating the name and wants of the poor woman who had begged for aid, he requested some money.

As he said the words "some money," his lips quivered, and a tremor ran through his whole frame, for his thoughts were vividly picturing a recently departed period, when he was under no necessity of asking money from any individual.

"Bless me, my dear Mr. Lawson !" cried the lady, starting up from her recumbent position, "did I not give you a whole handful of shillings only the day before yesterday : and if you wasted it all on poor people since, what am I to do ? Why, indeed, we contribute so much to charitable subscriptions, both Mr. Lawson and I, *you* might be content to give a little less to common beggars."

Mrs. Lawson spoke with a smile on her lips, and with a soft caressing voice, but a hard and selfish nature shone palpably from her blue eyes. She was a young woman, and had the repute of beauty, which a clear pink-and-white complexion, and tolerable features, with luxuriant light hair, generally gains from a portion of the world. She was dressed for the reception of morning visitors whom she expected, and she was enveloped in expensive satin and blond, and jewellery in large proportions.

John Lawson seemed to feel every word she had uttered in the depths of his soul, but he made a strong effort to restrain the passion which was rising to his lips.

"Augusta, my daughter, you are the wife of my only and most beloved child—I wish to love you—I wish to live in peace with you, and all—give me some money to relieve the wants of the unfortunate woman to whom I have promised relief, and who is waiting without. I ask not for myself, but for the poor and suffering—give me a trifle of money, I say."

"Indeed, Mr. Lawson, a bank would not support your demands for the poor people ; that woman for whom you are

begging has been relieved twenty times by us. I have no money just now."

She threw herself back on the sofa and resumed her novel ; but anger, darting from her eyes, contrasted with the trained smile which still remained on her lips.

A dark shade of passion and scorn came over John Lawson's face, but he strove to suppress it, and his voice was calm when he spoke.

"Some time before my son married you, I gave up all my business to him—I came to live here amongst trees and flowers—I gave up all the lucrative business I had carried on to my son, partly because my health was failing, and I longed to live with nature, away from the scenes of traffic ; but more especially, because I loved my son with no common love, and I trusted to him as to a second self. I was not disappointed—we had one purse and one heart before he married you ; he never questioned me concerning what I spent in charity—he never asked to limit in any way my expenditure—he loved you, and I made no conditions concerning what amount of income I was to receive, but still I left him in entire possession of my business when he married you. I trusted to your fair, young face, that you would not controvert my wishes—that you would join me in my schemes of charity."

"And have I not ?" interrupted Mrs. Lawson, in a sharp voice, though the habitual smile still graced her lips ; do I not subscribe to, I don't know how many, charitable institutions ? Charity, indeed—there's enough spent in charity by myself and my husband. But I wish to stop extravagance—it is only extravagance to spend so much on charity as you would do if you could ; therefore, you shall not have any money just now."

Mrs. Lawson was one of those women who can cheerfully expend a most lavish sum on a ball, a dress, or any other method by which rank and luxury dissipate their abundance, but who are very economical, and talk much of extravagance when money is demanded for purposes not connected with display and style.

"Augusta Lawson, listen to me"—his voice was quivering with passion—"my own wants are very few ; in food, in clothes, in all points my expenditure is trifling. I am not extravagant in my demands for the poor,

either. All I have expended in charity during the few years since you came here, is but an insignificant amount as contrasted with the income which I freely gave up to my son and you ; therefore, some money for the poor woman who is waiting, I shall now have ; give me some shillings, for God's sake, and let me go." He advanced closer to her, and held out his hand.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Lawson ; "I am mistress, here—I am determined to stop extravagance. You give too much to common beggars ; I am determined to stop it—do not ask me any further."

A kind of convulsion passed over John Lawson's thin face ; but he pressed his hand closely on his breast, and was silent for some moments.

"I was once rich, I believe. Yes—it is not a dream," he said, in a slow, self-communing voice. "Gold and silver, once ye were plenty with me ; my hands—my pockets were filled—guineas, crowns, shillings—now I have not one penny to give to that starving, dying woman, whose face of misery might soften the very stones she looks on—not one penny."

"Augusta," he said, turning suddenly towards her, after a second pause of silence, "give me only one shilling, and I shall not think of the bitter words you have just said?"

"No ; not one shilling," answered Mrs. Lawson, turning over a leaf of her novel.

"One sixpence, then—one small, poor sixpence. You do not know how even a sixpence can gladden the black heart of poverty, when starvation is come. One sixpence, I say—let me have it quickly."

"Not one farthing I shall give you. I do beg you will trouble me no further."

Mrs. Lawson turned her back partially to him, and fixed all her attention on the novel.

"Woman! I have cringed and begged ; I would not so beg for myself, from you—no ; I would lie down and die of want before I would, on my own account, request of you—of your hard heart—one bit of bread. All the finery that surrounds you is mine—it was purchased with my money, though now you call it yours ; and, usurping the authority of both master and mistress here, you—in what you please to call your economi-

cal management—dole out shillings to me when the humour seizes you, or refuse me, as now, when it pleases you. But, woman, listen to me. I shall never request you for one farthing of money again. No necessity of others shall make me do it. You shall never again refuse me, for I shall never give you the opportunity."

He turned hastily from the room, with a face on which the deep emotion of an aroused spirit was depicted strongly.

In the lobby he met his son, Henry Lawson. The young man paused, something struck by the excited appearance of his father.

"Henry," said the father, abruptly, "I want some money ; there is a poor woman whom I wish to relieve—will you give me some money for her?"

"Willingly, my dear father ; but have you asked Augusta. You know I have given her the management of the money-matters of the establishment, she is so very clever and economical."

"She has neither charity, nor pity, nor kindness ; she saves from me—she saves from the starving poor—she saves, that she may waste large sums on parties and dresses. I shall never more ask her for money—give me a few shillings. My God! the father begs of the son for what was his own—for what he toiled all his youth—for what he gave up out of trusting love to that son. Henry, my son, I am sick of asking and begging—ay, sick—sick ; but give me some shillings, now."

"You asked Augusta, then," said Henry, drawing out his purse, and glancing with some apprehension to the drawing-room door.

"Henry," cried Mrs. Lawson, appearing at that instant with a face inflamed with anger—"Henry, I would not give your father any money to-day, because he is so very extravagant in-giving it all away."

Henry was in the act of opening his purse ; he glanced apprehensively to Mrs. Lawson ; his face had a mild and passive expression, which was a true index of his yielding and easily-governed nature. His features were small, delicate, and almost effeminately handsome ; and in every lineament a want of decision and force of character was visible.

"Henry, give me some shillings, I

say—I am your father—I have a just right."

"Yes, yes, surely," said Henry, making a movement to open his purse.

"Henry, I do not wish you to give him money to waste in charity, as he calls it."

Mrs. Lawson gave her husband an emphatic, but, at the same time, cunningly censure and smiling look.

"Henry, I am your father—give me the money I want."

"Augusta, my love, you know it was all his," said Henry, going close to her, and speaking in a kind of whisper.

"My dearest Henry, were it for any other purpose but for throwing away, I would not refuse. I am your father's best friend, and your best friend, in wishing to restrain all extravagance."

"My dear father, she wishes to be economical, you know."

He dangled the purse, undecidedly, in his fingers.

"Will you give me the money at once, and let me go?" cried John Lawson, elevating his voice.

"My dear Augusta, it is better."

"Henry, do not, I beg of you."

"Henry, my son, will you let me have the money?"

"Indeed, Augusta—"

"Henry!"

Mrs. Lawson articulated but the one word; there was enough of energy and determination in it to make her husband close the purse he had almost opened.

"I ask you only this once more—give me the few shillings?"

John Lawson bent forward in an eager manner; a feverish red kindled on his sallow cheeks; his eyes were widely dilated, and his lips compressed. There was a pause of some moments.

"You will not give it me?" he said, in a voice deep-toned and singularly calm, as contrasted with his convulsed face.

Henry dangled the purse again in his hand, and looked uneasily and irresolutely towards his wife.

"No, he will not give it—you will get no money to squander on poor people this day," Mrs. Lawson said, in a very sharp and decided voice.

John Lawson did not say another word; he turned away and slowly descended the stairs, and walked out of the house.

He did not return that day. He had been seen on the road leading to

the house of a relative who was in rather poor circumstances. Henry felt rather annoyed at his father's absence: he had no depth in his affection, but he had been accustomed to see him and hear his voice every day, and therefore he missed him, but consoled himself with the thought that they would soon meet again, as it never entered his imagination that his father had quitted the house for a lengthened period. Mrs. Lawson felicitated herself on the event, and hoped that the old man would remain for some time with his relative.

The following day a letter was handed to Henry; it was from his father, and was as follows:—

"TO MY SON HENRY—I have at last come to the resolution of quitting your house, which I can no longer call mine, in even the least degree. For weeks—for months—ever since you married—ever since your wife took upon herself what she calls the management of your house and purse, I have felt bound down under the weight of an oppressive bondage. I could not go and take a pound or a shilling from our common stock, as I used to do before you married, when you and I lived in one mind, and when I believed that the very spirit of your departed, your angel mother, dwelt in you, as you had, and have still, her very face and form. No, no, we had no common stock when you married. She put me on an allowance—ay, an allowance. You lived, and saw me receiving an allowance; you whom I loved with an idolatry which God has now punished; you to whom I freely gave up my business—my money-making business. I gave it you—I gave all to you—I would have given my very life and soul to you, because I thought that with your mother's own face you had her noble and generous nature. You were kind before you married; but that marriage has proved your weakness and want of natural affection. Yes, you stood at my side yesterday; you looked on my face—I, the father who loved you beyond all bounds of fatherly love—you stood and heard me beg for a few shillings; you heard me supplicate earnestly and humbly, and you would not give, because your wife was not willing. Henry, I could force you to give me a share of the profits of your business; but keep it—

keep it all. You would not voluntarily give me some shillings, and I shall not demand what right and justice would give me. Keep all, every farthing.

"It was for charity I asked the few shillings; you know it. You know from whom I imbibed whatever I possess of the blessed spirit of charity. I was as hard and un pitying as even your wife before your mother taught me to feel and relieve the demands of poverty. Yes, and she taught you; you cannot forget it. She taught you to give food to the starving, in your earliest days. She strove to impress your infant mind with the very soul of charity; and yesterday she looked down from the heaven of the holy departed, and saw you refusing me, your father, a few shillings to bestow on charity.

"Henry, I can live with you and your wife no more. I should grow avaricious in my old age, were I to remain with you. I should long for money to call my own. Those doled out shillings which I received awakened within me feelings of a dark nature—covetousness, and envy, and discontent—which must have shadowed the happiness of your mother in heaven to look down upon. I must go and seek out an independent living for myself, even yet, though I am fifty-two. Though my energies for struggling with the world died, I thought, when your mother died, and, leaving my active business to you, I retired to live in the country, I must go forth again, as if I were young, to seek for the means of existence, for I feel I was not made to be a beggar—a creature hanging on the bounty of others; no, no, the merciful God will give me strength yet to provide for myself, though I am old, and broken down in mind and body. Farewell; you who were once my beloved son, may God soften and amend your heart."

When Henry perused this letter, he would immediately have gone in search of his father, in order to induce him to return home; but Mrs. Lawson was at his side, and succeeded in persuading him to allow his father to act as he pleased, and remain away as long as he wished.

Ten years rolled over our world, sinking millions beneath the black waves of adverse fortune and fate, and raising the small number who, of the

innumerable aspirants for earthly good, usually succeed. Henry Lawson was one of those whom time had lowered in fortune. His business speculations had, for a lengthened period, been rather unsuccessful, whilst Mrs. Lawson's expensive habits increased every day. At length affairs came to such a crisis, that retrenchment or failure was inevitable. Henry had enough of wisdom and spirit to insist on the first alternative, and Mrs. Lawson was compelled by the pressure of circumstances to yield in a certain degree; the country-house, therefore, was let, Mrs. Lawson assigning as a reason, that she had lost all relish for the country after the death of her dear children, both of whom had died, leaving the parents childless.

It was the morning of a close sultry day in July, and Mrs. Lawson was seated in her drawing-room. She was dressed carefully and expensively as of old, but she had been dummed and threatened at least half-a-dozen times for the price of the satin dress she wore. Her face was thin and pale, and there was a look of much care on her countenance; her eyes were restless and sunken, and discontent spoke in their glances as she looked on the chairs, sofas, and window-draperies, which had once been bright-coloured, but were now much faded. She had just come to the resolution of having new covers and hangings, though their mercer's and upholsterer's bills were long unsettled, when a visitor was shewn into the room. It was Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a very prosperous and wealthy shopkeeper.

Mrs. Lawson's thin lips wreathed themselves into bright smiles of welcome, whilst the foul demon of envy took possession of her soul. Mrs. Thompson's dress was of the most costly French satin, whilst her's was merely British manufacture. They had been old school companions and rivals in their girlish days. During the first years of the married life of each, Mrs. Lawson had outshone Mrs. Thompson in every respect; but now the eclipsed star beamed brightly and scornfully beside the clouds which had rolled over her rival. Mrs. Thompson was, in face and figure, in dress and speech, the very impersonation of vulgar and ostentatious wealth.

"My goodness, it's so hot!" she said, loosening the fastening of her bonnet,

the delicate French blond and white-satin and plume, of which that fabric was composed, contrasting rather painfully at the same time with her flushed mahogany-coloured complexion, and ungracefully-formed features. "Bless me, I'm so glad we'll get off to our country-house to-morrow. It's so very delightful, Mrs. Lawson, to have a country residence to go to. Goodness me what a close room, and such a hot dusty street. It does just look so queer to me after Fitzherbert-square."

To this Mrs. Lawson made a response as composed as she could; she would have retorted bitterly and violently, but her husband had a connexion with the Thompson establishment, and for strong reasons she considered it prudent to refrain from quarrelling with Mrs. Thompson. She therefore spoke but very little, and Mrs. Thompson was left at liberty to give a lengthened detail of Mr. Thompson's great wealth and her own great profusion. She began first with herself, and furnished an exact detail of all the fine things she had purchased in the last month, down to the latest box of pins. Next, her babies occupied her for half an hour—the quantity of chicken they consumed, and the number of frocks they soiled per diem were minutely chronicled. Then her house came under consideration: she depicted the bright glory of the new *poussin* furniture, as contrasted with shocking old faded things—and she glanced significantly towards Mrs. Lawson's sofas and chairs. Next she made a discursive detour to the culinary department, and gave a statement of the number of stones of lump sugar she was getting boiled in preserves, and of the days of the week in which they had puddings, and the days they had pies at dinner.

"But, Mrs. Lawson dear, have you seen old Mr. Lawson since he came home?" she said, when she was rising to depart; "but I suppose you haven't, for they say he won't have anything to do with his relations now—he won't come near you I have heard. They say he has brought such a lot of money with him from South America."

At this intelligence every feature of Mrs. Lawson's face brightened with powerful interest. She inquired where Mr. Lawson stopped, and was informed that he had arrived at the best hotel in the town about three days previously, and that every one talked of the large

fortune he had made abroad, as he seemed to make no secret of the fact.

A burning eagerness to obtain possession of that money entered Mrs. Lawson's soul, and she thought every second of time drawn out to the painful duration of a long hour, whilst Mrs. Thompson slowly moved her ample skirts of satin across the drawing-room, and took her departure. Mrs. Lawson despatched a messenger immediately for her husband.

Henry Lawson came in, and listened with surprise to the intelligence of his father's return. He was taking up his hat to proceed to the hotel in quest of him, when a carriage drove to the door. Mrs. Lawson's heart palpitated with eagerness—if it should be her husband's father in his own carriage—how delightful!—that horrible Mrs. Thompson had not a carriage of her own yet, though she was always talking of it. They, Mrs. Lawson and her husband, had just been about setting up a carriage when business failed with them. She ran briskly down the stairs—for long years she had not flown with such alertness—rapid visions of gold, of splendour, and triumph seemed to bear her along, as if she had not been a being of earth.

She was not disappointed, for there, at the open door, stood John Lawson. He was enveloped in a cloak of fur, the costliness of which told Mrs. Lawson that it was the purchase of wealth; a servant in plain livery supported him, for he seemed a complete invalid.

Mrs. Lawson threw her arms around his neck, and embraced him with a warmth and eagerness which brought a cold and bitter smile over the white, thin lips of John Lawson. He replied briefly to the welcomings he received. He threw aside his cloak, and exhibited the figure of an exceedingly emaciated and feeble old man, who had all the appearance of ninety years, though he was little more than sixty; his face was worn and fleshless to a painful degree; his hair was of the whitest shade of great age, but his eyes had grown much more serene in their expression than in his earlier days, notwithstanding a cast of suffering which his whole countenance exhibited. He was plainly, but most carefully and respectably dressed; a diamond ring of great value was on one of his fingers; the lustre of the diamonds caught Mrs. Lawson's glance on her first inspection

of his person, and her heart danced with rapture—Mrs. Thompson had no such ring, with all her boasting of all her finery.

"I have come to see my child before I die," said the old man, gazing on his son with earnest eyes; "you broke the ties of nature between us on your part, when, ten years ago, you refused your father a few shillings from your abundance, but —"

He was interrupted by Mrs. Lawson, who uttered many voluble protestations of her deep grief at her having, even though for the sake of economy, refused the money her dear father had solicited before he left them. She vowed that she had neither ate, nor slept, nor even dressed herself for weeks after his departure; and that, sleeping or waking, she was perpetually wishing she had given him the money, even though she had known that he was going to throw it into the fire, or lose it in any way. Her poor, dear father—oh, she wept so after she heard that he had left the country. To be sure Henry could tell how, for two or three nights, her pillow was soaked with tears.

A cold, bitter smile again flitted across the old man's lips; he made no response to her words, but in the one look which his hollow eyes cast on her, he seemed to read the falsehood of her assertions.

"I was going to add," he said, "that though you forgot you were my son, and refused to act as my son, when you withheld the paltry sum for which I begged, yet I could not refrain from coming once more to look on my child's face—to look on the face of my departed wife in yours—for I know that a very brief period must finish my life now. I should not have come here, I feel—I know it is the weakness of my nature—I should have died amongst strangers, for the strangers of other countries, the people of a different hue, and a different language, I have found kind and pitiful, compared with those of my own house.

"Oh, don't say so—don't say so—you are our own beloved father; ah, my heart clings to every feature of your poor, dear, old face; there are the eyes and all that I used to talk to Henry so much about. Don't talk of strangers—I shall nurse you and attend to you night and day."

She made a movement, as if she

would throw her arms around his neck again, but the old man drew back.

"Woman! your hypocritical words show me that your pitiless heart is still unchanged—that it has grown even worse. You forced me out to the world in my old age, when I should have had no thoughts except of God and the world to come; you forced me to think of money-making, when my hair was grey and my blood cold with years. Yes, I had to draw my thoughts from the future existence, and to waste them on the miserable toils of traffic, in order to make money; for it was better to do this than to drag out my life a pensioner on your bounty, receiving shillings and pence which you gave me as if it had been your heart's blood, though I only asked my own. Woman! the black slavery of my dependence on you was frightful; but now I can look you thanklessly in the face, for I have the means of living without you. I spent sick and sleepless days and nights, but I gained an independence; the merciful God blessed the efforts of the old man, who strove to gain his livelihood—yes, I am independent of you both. I came to see my son before I die—that is all I want."

Mrs. Lawson attempted a further justification of herself, but the words died on her lips. The stern looks of the old man silenced her.

After remaining for a short time, he rose to take his departure; but, at the earnest solicitations of his son, he consented to remain for a few days, only on condition that he should pay for his board and lodging. To this Mrs. Lawson made a feint of resistance, but agreed in the end, as the terms offered by the old man were very advantageous.

"I shall soon have a lodging for which no mortal is called on to pay—the great mother-earth," said the old man, "and I am glad, glad to escape from this money-governed world. Do not smile so blandly on me, both of you, and attend me with such false tenderness. There, take it away," he said, as Mrs. Lawson was placing her most comfortable footstool under his feet; "there was no attendance, no care, not a civil action or kind look for me when I was poor John Lawson, the silly, most silly old man, who had given up all to his son and his son's wife, for the love of them, and ex-

pected, like a fool as he was, to live with them on terms of perfect equality, and to have the family purse open to him for any trifling sums he wished to take. Go, go for God's sake; try and look bitterly on me now, as you did when you forced me out of your house. I detest your obsequious attentions—I was as worthy of them ten years ago, before I dragged down my old age to the debasing efforts of money-making. You know I am rich; you would worship my money in me now. Not a smiling look, not a soft word you bestow on me, but is for my riches, not for me. Ay, you think you have my wealth in your grasp already; you know I cannot live long. Thank God that my life is almost ended, and I hope my death will be a benefit to you, in softening your hard hearts."

Mrs. Lawson drew some hope from his last words, and she turned away her head to hide the joy which shone on her face.

In a few days the old man became seriously ill, and was altogether confined to his room. As death evidently approached, his mind became serene and calm, and he received the attentions which Mrs. Lawson and his son lavished on him with a silent composure, which led them to hope that he had completely forgotten their previous conduct to him.

The night on which he died, he turned to his son, and said a few words, a very few words, regarding worldly matters. He exhorted Henry to live in a somewhat less expensive style, and to cultivate a spirit of contentment without riches; then he blessed God that he was entering on a world in which he would hear no more of money, or earthly possession. He remained in a calm sleep during the greater part of the night, they thought, but in the morning they found him dead.

The funeral was over, and the time was come in which the old man's will was to be opened. Mrs. Lawson had waited for that moment—she would have forcibly dragged time onwards to that moment—she had execrated the long hours of night since the old man's death—she had still more anathematised the slowly passing days, when gazing furtively through a corner of the blinded window, she saw fine equipages and finely-dressed ladies passing, and she planned how she would shine

when the old man's wealth would be her own. She drew glorious mental pictures of how she would burst from behind the shadowing cloud of poverty, and dazzle all her acquaintances. Her dress, her carriage, her style of living would be unique in her rank of life for taste and costliness. She would show them she had got money—money at last—more money than them all.

Now at last she sat and saw the will being opened; she felt that it was a mere formality, for the old man had no one but them to whom he could leave his money; she never once doubted but all would be theirs; she had reasoned, and fancied herself into the firm conviction. Her only fear was, that the amount might not be so large as she calculated on.

She saw the packet opened. Her eyes dilated, her lips became parched; her heart and brain burned with a fierce eagerness—money, money!—at last uttered the griping spirit within her.

The will, after beginning in the usual formal style, was as follows:—

"I bequeath to my son Henry's wife, Augusta Lawson, a high and noble gift" (Mrs. Lawson almost sprung from her seat with eagerness), "the greatest of all legacies, I bequeath to Augusta Lawson—Charity! Augusta Lawson refused me a few shillings which I wished to bestow on a starving woman; but now I leave her joint executrix, with my son Henry, in the distribution of all my money and all my effects, without any reservation, in charity, to be applied to such charitable purposes as in this, my last will and testament, I have directed."

Then followed a statement of his effects and money, down to the most minute particular; the money amounted to a very considerable sum; his personal effects he directed to be sold, with the exception of his very valuable diamond ring, which he bequeathed to the orphan daughter of the poor relation in whose house he had taken refuge, and remained for a short time, previous to his going abroad. All the proceeds of his other effects, together with the whole amount of his money, he bequeathed for different charitable purposes, and gave minute directions as to the manner in which various sums were to be expended. The largest amount he directed to be distributed in yearly donations amongst the most indigent old

men and women within a circuit of ten miles of his native place. Those who were residing with their sons, and their sons' wives, were to receive by far the largest relief. He appointed as trustees two of the most respectable merchants of the town, to whom he gave authority to see the provisions of his will carried out, in case his son and Mrs. Lawson should decline the duties of executorship which he had bequeathed to them; the trustees were to exercise a surveillance over Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, to see that the will should in every particular be strictly carried into effect. The will was dated, and duly signed in the town in South America where

the old man had for some years resided; a codicil, containing the bequest of the ring, with some further particulars regarding the charities, had been added a few days previous to the old man's death.

Mrs. Lawson was carried fainting from the room before the reading of the will was concluded. She was seized with violent fever, and her life was despaired of. She recovered, however, and from the verge of the eternal existence on which she had been, she returned to life with a less worldly and ostentatious nature, and a soul more alive to the impulses of kindness and charity.

A FLIGHT OF LADY-BIRDS.

In the disappointing year of 1848—that year parturient, as it seemed, and only seemed, of revolutions in Ireland, and at a time when it was most prolific of menace and convulsion, we had the fortune to be present when a singular advice was given to an agitated individual, and (contrary to the usual fate of such non-expensive generosity) was accepted and acted on. The party to whom this counsel was given had suffered much mental disquiet, under a persuasion that the Repeal threatenings meant more mischief than the transitory disorder they excited. Day after day he read of mustering clubs, daring conspiracies, and monster meetings; speeches like streams of burning lava rent their way through his affrighted memory in deluges of fire; literal and bodily forms of pistol, and pike, and dagger, assumed a spectral influence over his tortured imagination; and, incapable of conceiving that the swelling ambitions and the desperate resolutions of Conciliation Hall and the Councils, could possibly die tamely out, as they did, in Ballingarry, he lived in a fever of fear; his dream by night, his thought by day, that impending convulsion of blood and crime, in which, whoever were the victors, the country would become worse than

a howling wilderness. Such was his condition, intellectual and moral, when, looking with bleared and blood-shot eyes into the face of a friend, he told his melancholy tale, and supplicated counsel.

The chamber in which this earnest request was made, rises around us as we write. It was a library, quaintly but highly ornamented in the elaborate decorations of the olden time. Richly carved cases contained treasures of higher price than anything of mere material structure. But there were manifest proofs that that vast treasury of disciplined thought was suffered to rest untouched on shelves, where it was carefully put “out of the way;” and that the slow-ripened wisdom of the days gone by had become superseded by the prolific out-pourings of ready literature, and politics, and partisan, as well as personal, excitement, which commend the daily press to its readers. This was manifestly the form in which written thought assimilated most promptly to the mental constitution of our perturbed friend. Folios and octavos reposed undisturbed in their monumental receptacles; chairs and tables, carpet and lounge, were overspread, confusedly and thickly, with piles of newspapers, read

or in process of perusal. On this department of the patient's studious pursuit, the counsel he solicited took an effect of extermination. "Cast them out—cast them all out," said his friend; "put yourself under a course of the ancients; and, whatever you do, abjure newspapers for a year, or until this tyranny be overpast."

It is unnecessary, and would be wearisome, to continue the story of this consultation through all its fluctuating details. Sufficient it is to say, that a compromise was entered into between adviser and advised. Ancients, and moderns worthy to be their associates in the severer exercises of genius, were suffered to sleep in their place of rest. Newspapers were placed under a temporary interdict, and a new flight of literary visitants descended on the library-table. Our disquieted friend changed the character with the cause or subject of his alarms. Fictitious perplexities and distresses awakened a new kind of interest. Anxiety and alarm, in changing their object, changed their nature. If, when the harpies were chased away from the feasts they persecuted and polluted, the sylvan shades they had infested became populous with singing birds, and the Trojan bands, as they resumed their places at the table, were saluted by the richest harmony the forest boughs could offer—the change would not be greater than was that in the life of our friend, when the threatnings of the daily press were denied admission to his study, and a light literature, in which politics had no part, came on to supersede them.

Regarded in this somewhat utilitarian aspect, light literature is, as it were, a salubrious retreat for the great mass of intellectual valetudinarians. The few can appease their mental disquiet, and escape from harrowing care, by exploring the paths of science or learning—the wisdom of "divine philosophy;" the many, who cannot "hold their pace on deep experiments," must seek a readier relief—their change of air must be to a lighter style of literary occupation.

If readers may thus be influenced for good by the creations of thought, into which they withdraw from disquietudes of condition or circum-

stances, the contrivers of this imaginary existence incur, it is manifest, a serious responsibility, that there be no unwholesome agencies in those retreats where they offer refreshment to the weary, and health to "the mind diseased." We have known the horror of thick darkness with which a vitiated nervous system has oppressed a sad spirit, dispersed by a chapter of Lever or Dickens; and we have known when a page of imaginary terrors has fearfully prevailed over a mind feebly struggling with ideal calamities, and confirmed its affliction into a state of melancholy madness. "Books, the medicine of the soul," as they have been styled, "must be," it has been well observed, "adapted, as any other medicine, to the disease they are to cure."

And, assuredly, if in the abundance of counsellors there is always safety, light literature, in this our day of mental enterprise, has one strong claim to be respected. It is omnigenous and abundant. Not only have we seen the rising of two or three lights of most commanding influence, but the "*minora sidera*" amidst which they shine begem our firmament in vast profusion, and in various instances beam upon us with a very salubrious efficacy. We have now before us a starry host; but why should we hold ourselves trammelled in the meshes of those embarrassing metaphors, and call our octavos and duodecimos by the name of stars. We have on the table before us an assortment of pictures, some well, some little, known; some which trace their being to authors of name—some which are to make a name for their authors; among whom, by the way, the prayer of Ossian's hero is the ordinary language of their ambitions, that they may be known in their posterity, and be, as was Mornu the father of Gaul, known as authors of the works in which their intellectual being is reproduced.

We will open our stores:—

And first to our hand come "*The Ogilvies*;"* a novel in three volumes, the composition, as rumour has it, of a lady, and a young lady. It is a slight story, with little in its plot out of the ordinary track, but having scenes and situations of much interest, and indi-

cative of far more than ordinary power. The subject of the story is that which we regard as *en regle*—"The course of true love never did run smooth." A walking gentleman, while suing for the love of one fair creature, wins the affections of another. Rejected by the object of his love, as usual, he leaves the country; and, at his return, finds the slighted girl grown into majestic womanhood, a wife and a beauty. We regret to read of moral delinquencies in fiction, and wish lady-writers especially would eschew them. But what are our wishes in the judgment of a novelist? The hero of the tale, who had unthinkingly awakened an interest in the heart of the half child, half girl, with whom he entertained himself while wooing her obdurate cousin, avows a passion under the circumstances in which he ought to have thwarted and concealed it; and, instead of flying, as he flew when his prayer was rejected, he remains within the circle of his new, but too tardy affection, long enough to tell his sinful story. An accident of a deplorable character comes to the rescue of the compromised and perilled wife and "friend." The husband, as if in compliance with the half-formed wishes of his unhappy partner, meets a sudden and violent death. A marriage follows between what may well be called the guilty parties; and as they return from the ceremony by which they were united—even in an hour after the consecrated words are spoken—the inauspicious marriage is dissolved—

"Who comes from the bridal chamber?—Azrael, the angel of death."

We cite the passage in which this catastrophe, unprecedented in romance, is recorded. We cite at a disadvantage, because the reader will peruse it without any feeling of suspense; and yet we shall be much disappointed if it do not convey an idea of power and genius, which demands only careful culture to become eminent:—

"Katharine finished the letter all but the signature. A few hours more, and she would write as her own that long-beloved name. The thought came upon her with a flood of bewildering joy. She leaned her forehead on the paper in one long, still pause; and then sprang up, pressing her clasped hands in turns to her heaving breast and throbbing temples, in a delirium of rapture that was almost pain.

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"It is true—it is all true!" she cried—"joy has come at last. This day I shall be his wife—this day, nay, this hour; and he will be mine—mine only—mine for ever!"

"As she stood, her once drooping form was sublimated into almost superhuman beauty—the beauty which had dawned with the dawning love. It was the same face, radiant with the same shining, which had kindled into passionate hope the young girl who once gazed into the mirror at Summerwood. But ten times more glorious was the loveliness born of the hope fulfilled.

"The *hope fulfilled*! Could it be so, when, excited by this frenzied joy, there darted through her heart that warning pang? She sank on the bed, struck with a cold numbness. Above the morning sounds without—the bees humming among the roses, the swallows twittering in the eaves—Katharine heard and felt the death-pulse, which warned her that her hours were numbered.

"To die, so young still, so full of life and love—to sink from Lynedon's arms to the cold dark grave—to pass from this glad spring sunshine into darkness, and silence, and nothingness! it was a horrible doom! And it might come at any moment—soon—soon—perhaps even before the bridal!

"It shall not come!" shrieked the voice of Katharine's despair, though her palsied lips scarcely gave vent to the sound.

"I will live to be his wife, if only for one week, one day, one hour! Love has conquered life—it shall conquer death! I *will not die*!"

"She held her breath; she strove to press down the pulsations that stirred her very garments; she moved her feeble, ice-bound limbs, and stood upright.

"I must be calm, very calm. What is this poor weak body to my strong soul? I will fight with death—I will drive it from me. Love is my life, nought else: while that lasts I cannot die!"

"But still the loud beating choked her very breath, as she moaned, 'Paul, Paul, come! Save me, clasp me; let your spirit pass into mine and give me life—life!'

"And while she yet called upon his name, Katharine heard from below the voice of her bridegroom. He came bounding over the little gate, and entered the rose-porch, wearing a bridegroom's most radiant mien. She saw him; she heard him asking for her; a scarce perceptible anxiety trembled through his cheerful tone. Could she cast over his happiness the cold horror which froze her own? could she tell him that his bride was doomed? No; she would smile, she would bring him joy, even to the last.

"Tell him I am coming," she said, in a calm, cheerful voice, to the nurse who repeated Lynedon's anxious summons. And then Katharine bathed her temples, smoothed her hair, and went to meet her bridegroom."

In this strain the story proceeds

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through the incidents of the marriage ceremony. It has at length been concluded :—

"The whole wide world was nothing to her now. She only held the hand which pressed her own with a tender though somewhat agitated clasp, and said to herself, 'I am his—he is mine—for ever.' They walked in silence from the church, down the lane, through the rose-porch, and into the cottage parlour. Then Katharine felt herself drawn closely, passionately, into his very heart; and she heard the words, once so wildly prayed for, 'My Katharine—my wife!'

"In that embrace—in that onelong, never-ending kiss—she could willingly have passed from life into eternity.

"After a while they both began to talk calmly. Paul made her sit by the open window, while he leaned over her, pulling the roses from outside the casement, and throwing them leaf by leaf into her lap. While he did so, she took courage to tell him of the letter to her mother. He murmured a little at the full confession, but when he read it he only blessed her the more for her tenderness towards himself.

" 'May I grow worthy of such love, my Katharine!' he said, for the moment deeply touched. 'But we must not be sad, dearest. Come, sign your name—your new name. Are you content to bear it?' continued he, with a smile.

"Her answer was another, radiant with intense love and perfect joy. Paul looked over her while she laid the paper on the rose-strewn window-sill, and wrote the words '*Katharine Lynedon*.'

"She said them over to herself once or twice with a loving intonation, and then turned her face on her bridegroom's arm, weeping.

" 'Do not chide me, Paul: I am so happy—so happy! Now I begin to hope that the past may be forgiven us—that we may have a future yet.'

" 'We may! We will,' was Lynedon's answer. While he spoke, through the hush of that glad May-noon came a sound—dull, solemn! Another, and yet another! It was the funeral bell tolling from the near church tower.

"Katharine lifted up her face, white and ghastly. 'Paul, do you hear that?'—and her voice was shrill with terror—'It is our marriage-peal—we have no other, we ought not to have. I knew it was too late!'

" 'Nay, my own love, answered Paul, becoming alarmed at her look. He drew her nearer to him, but she seemed neither to hear his voice nor to feel his clasp.

"The bell sounded again. 'Hark! hark!' Katharine cried. 'Paul, do you remember the room where we knelt, you and I; and we joined our hands, and said the words,

'Earth to earth—ashes to ashes?' It will come true: I know it will, and it is right it should.'

"Lynedon took his bride in his arms, and endeavoured to calm her. He half succeeded, for she looked up in his face with a faint smile. 'Thank you! I know you love me, my own Paul, my—'

"Suddenly her voice ceased. With a convulsive movement she put her hand to her heart, and her head sank on her husband's breast.

"That instant the awful summons came. Without a word, or sigh, or moan, the spirit passed!

"Katharine was dead. But she died on Paul Lynedon's breast, knowing herself his wife, beloved even as she had loved. For her, such a death was happier than life!"

There is in this passage a reference to an incident in the earlier days of this victim of passion. It is well described :—

"Hugh came in, looking not particularly pleased. Though he had a strong suspicion that his sister Eleanor was Paul Lynedon's chief attraction at Summerwood, he never felt altogether free from a vague jealousy on Katharine's account. But the warmth with which his supposed rival met him quite re-assured the simple-hearted, good-natured Hugh; and while the two young men interchanged greetings, Katharine crept away to her own room.

"There, when quite alone, the full tide of joy was free to flow. With an emotion of almost childlike rapture she clasped her hands above her head.

" 'It may come—that bliss! It may come yet!' she murmured; and then she repented his words—the words which now ever haunted her like a perpetual music—'*I almost love Katharine Ogilvie!*' 'It may be true—it must be—how happy am I!'

"And as she stood with her clasped hands pressed on her bosom, her head thrown back, the lips parted, the face beaming, and her whole form dilated with joy, Katharine caught a sight of her figure in the opposite mirror. She was startled to see herself so lovely. There is no beautifier like happiness—especially the happiness of love. It often seems to invest with a halo of radiance the most ordinary face and form. No wonder that under its influence Katharine hardly knew her own semblance.

"But, in a moment, a delicious consciousness of beauty stole over her. It was not vanity, but a passionate gladness that thereby she might be more worthy of him. She drew nearer; she gazed almost lovingly on the bright young face reflected there, not as if it were her own, but as something fair and precious in his sight which accordingly became most dear to hers. She looked into

the depths of the dark clear eyes: ah! one day it might be his joy to do the same! She marked the graceful curves of the round white hand—the same hand which had rested in his: perhaps the time might come when it would rest there for ever. The thought made it most beautiful, most hallowed, in her eyes.

“Simple, childlike Katharine—a child in all but love—if thou couldst have died in that blessed dream!”

There is much in this story of sentiment wrought into passion, of which we cannot approve. Such is not the intellectual food on which young minds should be fed; nor is it the species of production in which a young authoress ought to indulge herself. Passion and sentiment, in combination, are too apt to betray. They invent a moral system for themselves; and the rules and laws which are essential to the well-being of society, and which have their origin in a higher source than any notion of human utility, become réft of their authority and eminence, when they rebuke or contend with emotions that have their birth in sin, but can assume the aspect of an angel of light, and never leave it aside until their ruinous ends are accomplished. Most earnestly would we exhort a writer, whose powers we respect as we do those of the author of “The Ogilvies,” to shun in her imaginings, as we are sure she would in her real life, situations perilous to virtue. Into such situations the current of a story, as the current of life, may hurry those who sought it not. When difficulties of this kind present themselves, they must be struggled with and overcome; but it is our wisdom, in fiction and in fact, not to seek them.

We give one extract as a sample of our author's descriptive power. It is her picture of a cathedral town in England:—

“There is, in one of the counties between Devon and Northumberland, a certain cathedral city, the name of which I do not intend to reveal. It is, or was until very lately, one of the few remaining strongholds of high-churchism and conservatism; political and moral. In olden days it almost sacrificed its existence as a city for the cause of King Charles the Martyr; and ever since has kept true to its principles, or at least to that modification of them which the exigencies of modern times required. And the ‘loyal and ancient’ town—which dignifies itself by the name of city, though a twenty

minutes' walk would bring you from one extremity to the other—is fully alive to the consciousness of its own deservings. It is a very colony of Levites; who, devoted to the temple service, shut out from their precincts any unholy thing. But this unholiness is an epithet of their own affixing, not Heaven's. It means not merely what is irreligious, but what is ungenteel, unaristocratic, unconservative.

“Yet there is much that is good about the place and its inhabitants. The latter may well be proud of their ancient and beautiful city—beautiful not so much in itself as for its situation. It lies in the midst of a fertile and gracefully undulated region, and consists of a cluster of artistically irregular and deliciously old-fashioned streets, of which the nucleus is the cathedral. This rises aloft with its three airy spires, so light, so delicately traced, that they have been christened the Ladies of the Vale. You may see them for miles and miles looking almost like a fairy building against the sky. The city has an air of repose, an old-world look, which becomes it well. No railway has yet disturbed the sacred peace of its antiquity, and here and there you may see grass growing in its quiet streets,—over which you would no more think of thundering in a modern equipage than of driving a coach-and-four across the graves of your ancestors.

“The whole atmosphere of the place is that of sleepiness and antique propriety. The people do everything, as Boniface says, ‘soberly.’ They have grave dinner-parties, once or twice in the year; a public ball, as solemn as a funeral; a concert row and then, very select and proper;—and so it is that society moves on in a circle of polite regularities. The resident bishop is the sun of the system; around which deans, sub-deans, choral vicars, and clerical functionaries of all sorts revolve in successive orbits with their separate satellites. But one character, one tone of feeling pervades everybody. L—— is a city of serene o'd age. Nobody seems young there—not even the little singing-boys.

“But the *sanctum sanctorum*, the penetralia of the city is a small region surrounding the cathedral, entitled the Close. Here abide relics of ancient sanctity, widows of departed deans, maiden descendants of officials who probably chanted anthems on the accession of George III., or on the downfall of the last Pretender. Here, too, is the residence of many cathedral functionaries who pass their lives within the precincts of the sanctuary. These dwellings have imbibed the clerical and dignified solemnity due to their neighbourhood. It seems always Sunday in the Close; and the child who should venture to bowl a hoop along its still pavement, or play at marbles on its door-steps, would be more daring than ever was infant within the verge of the city of L——.”

“In this spot was Mrs. Breynton's resi-

dence. But it looked down with superior dignity upon its neighbours in the Close, inasmuch as it was a detached mansion, enclosed by high walls, gardens, and massive gates. It had once been the bishop's palace, and was a beautiful relic of the stately magnificence of old. Large and lofty rooms, oak-panelled and supported by pillars,—noble staircases,—recesses where proscribed traitors might have hid,—gloomy bed-chambers with spectral furniture, meet for the visitation of legions of ghosts,—dark passages, where you might shiver at the echo of your own footsteps;—such were the internal appearances of the house. Everything was solemn, still, age-stricken.

"But, without, one seemed to pass at once from the frigidity of age to the light, gladness, and freshness of youth. The lovely garden was redolent of sweet odours, alive with birds, studded with velvety grass-plots of the brightest green, interwound by shady alleys,—with here and there trees which hid their aged boughs in a mantle of leaves and flowers, so that one never thought how they and the grey pile which they neighboured had come into existence together. It was like the contrast between a human mind which the world teaches and builds on its own failing model, and the soul of God's making and nourishing which lives in His sunshine and His dew, fresh and pure, never grows old, and bears flowers to the last.

"There, in that still garden, you might sit for hours, and hear no world-sounds to break its quiet except the chimes of the cathedral-clock drowsily ringing out the hours. Now and then, at service-time, there would come a faint murmur of chanting, uniting the visible form of holy service with nature's eternal praises and prayers,—and so blending the spiritual and the tangible, the symbol and the expression, in a pleasant harmony. Dear, beautiful garden! No dream of fiction, but a little Eden of memory—let us rest awhile in thy lovely shades before we people them with the denizens of this our self-created world. Oh, pleasant garden! let us go back in spirit to the past, and lie down on the green sloping bank, under the magnificent old tree with its cloud of white blossoms (no poet-sung hawthorn, but only a double-cherry)—let us stroll along the terrace-walk, and lean against the thick low wall, looking down upon what was once the cathedral moat, but is now a sloping dell all trailed over with blackberries—let us watch the sun-lit spires of the old cathedral in a quiet dreaminess that almost shuts out thought! And, while resting under the shadow of this dream, its memorial pictures

shall be made life-like to us by the accompaniment of solemn music—such as this:—

"O earth so full of dreary noises,
O men with wailing in your voices;
O delfed gold—the wailer's heap:
O strife—O tears that o'er it fall,
God makes a silence through you all:
And giveth his beloved sleep."

Here is a book of a widely-different character, "*The Heiress in her Minority; or, the Progress of Character.*"* The story is but a vehicle for conveying instruction on almost every subject in which the reader can feel interest. Antiquarian, naturalist, theologian, poet, philosopher, historian—whatever be the complexion of his mind—here he will feel much to engage his attention and to reward it. If we have fault to find, it is that that the instruction overlays the story; as in too transparent allegories, the fiction rather embarrasses than advances the instruction to which it was designed to be subsidiary. But it is impossible to read the "*Heiress in her Minority*," without admiring the varied intelligence of the author (authoress, according to surmise, in this instance also), her elevated sense of what is right, her serene piety, and her pure patriotism. Abilities such as are displayed in this work, in connexion with the designs to which they are made subservient, may well be looked upon as things for which a nation should return thanks. Books of slighter material, and more desultory object, we can imagine more popular than this, but its influence on the age may be greater than that of its best-loved rival. We feel deep thankfulness for the affectionate tone and temper in which it calls into the light latent capabilities of good in Ireland, natural and moral; and the tender commiseration, not devoid of respect, with which it mourns over our infelicities. It would serve as the most valuable of all guide-books for a tourist in the South and West of Ireland, and, in addition to the services it rendered as a guide by day, would add those of the most valuable, instructive, and engaging companionship in the resting-hour of the evening. It is among the visions we delight in entertaining, to be one of a touring party resolved to

* "*The Heiress in her Minority; or, the Progress of Character.*" By the Author of "*Bertha's Journal.*" In Two Volumes. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1850.

imitate, in the freedom of its movements, that "river wandering at its own sweet will," which leaves and returns to the haunts of busy life as if it exercised a volition in the devious course it pursues; and we should account it indispensable among the provisions for our journey to have with us "*The Heiress in her Minority*," directing us, or giving us choice of tracks when we arose to the enterprises of the day; and when we were assembled round the glowing hearth, which toil rendered a most acceptable place of enjoyment, as well as refuge, it would delight us to take the topics and the tone of our social converse from the rich stories and the captivating style of this engaging writer.

The story in this valuable work is very simple; at first thought it might seem nothing more than the thread its precious things are strung upon. This, however, is not the truth. Character is developed in the narrative, and incidents are devised, such as are calculated to disclose the errors and irregularities of youth, which it is the author's purpose to exhibit in the progress of amendment. The heroine appears before the reader under peculiar and perilous circumstances. She is an heiress, to whom, during her father's lifetime, a fond grandfather has bequeathed large possessions. An English guardian has been assigned to her, while the guardian assigned by nature is interdicted from all authority. In this state of things the heiress visits her estates, where she is joined by her father, who had contracted a second marriage, and who introduces Evelyn to a stepmother. We cite a passage in some degree characteristic of the various parties:—

"After indulging this little burst of temper for two hours in solitude, she recollected that, as her guest, Mrs. Desmond ought not to be neglected, and returned to the library, conscious that she was wrong, but too proud to acknowledge it. However, she found her importance was not so great as she had imagined—no one noticed her absence nor return, and her father and Mr. Stanley continued, without any pause, the conversation in which they were engaged. Her father had been saying that many Anglo-Normans, who had possessed that part of the country where Cromdarragh lay, had at length been expelled by one of the great Irish families—a powerful tribe, who, after many a hard-fought battle, drove the invaders away. Thence arose 'that sort of separation be-

tween our families—mine being Anglo-Norman, as my name shows,' said he—'but, like an heirloom, it has been preserved from generation to generation.'

"'But though worsted here, had not the Desmonds possessions in other parts of Ireland, where they still retained power?' asked Mr. Stanley.

"'Yes, I must confess,' replied Mr. Desmond, 'that my ancestors were not very moderate in helping themselves to the rich lands of Erin. They had an extensive territory in Kerry, where, at one time, the Desmond was almost a prince. But there, too, we became unfortunate. After many attempts of the native Irish to dispossess us, the Moriartys were victorious in a bloody battle fought on Connor Hill. Beaten in fight, and afterwards forced to yield to those who obtained grants of our property from the English Government, the Desmond family sank into comparative insignificance, and have so continued—perhaps a just punishment on the descendants of such rapacious invaders.'

"'And what has been the result, my dear sir?—has the triumph of the Moriartys continued?'

"'No, sir—in their turn they were forced to give way to others; but the present generation will perhaps make the name more justly famous than any of their warlike ancestors, by their exertions to promote the religious instruction of the poor. I wish that you, who doubt the advantage of teaching the Irish to read in their own language, could see the effect of what the Moriartys and another excellent resident family have done, as I saw when in Kerry last year—the deep interest and attention of the peasantry when receiving instruction at the schools, or when joining in our church service, and when listening to a sermon—all in their own tongue. But to return to the battle which I mentioned. It is a curious fact that there are still found on the hill, where that great struggle took place, arrows of black oak, great numbers of which have been picked up at different times. I had one in my possession; but I have given it to a friend for his museum, so that I cannot show it to you.'

"'You interest me extremely,' said Mr. Stanley, 'about your brave ancestors, whether descended from the ancient people of the land, or from the invaders; but these have been so long established here, that they also may justly claim the name of Irish.'

"'And they do claim it,' said Mr. Desmond, 'though in perfect ignorance of their Anglican descent.'

"'I presume,' said Mr. Stanley, 'that time has worn away all remains of antipathy between the original and the foreign Irish.'

"'In some parts of the country it has, but not among all: for instance, the dislike of the real Irish for the Anglo-Norman settlers, particularly the Desmonds, often re-

vived from time to time during the ages that have passed since their first warfare. A small thing serves to light the embers of national prejudice.'

" 'My dear papa,' said Evelyn, interrupting him, and forgetting her ill-humour, 'I did not know that your family was so old, and that your name was one of such renown. I am sorry that I have not that noble name: though perhaps it is not equal to O'Brien. But why, papa, have you made no effort to recover your possessions? why not fight, like your brave ancestors, for your own property as well as for the liberty of our country?'

" 'Gently, gently, Evelyn! Had I lived two hundred years ago, I should perhaps, like many other "brave" men, have been induced to endeavour to obtain what I might then, perhaps, have imagined freedom for Ireland: but that time has passed. As to the Desmond possessions, we have sufficient, and are contented, though insignificant. It would be useless, as well as wicked, to endeavour to regain by force that which has long since passed into other hands.'

" 'Oh! papa, I feel my heart swell at the thoughts of all that we, who are still so powerful, may do for our country.'

" 'Yes, you may acquire some influence hereafter, and then, if certainly ought to be warmly exerted for your country; but ONLY by promoting obedience to the laws, for loyalty is the best preservative of liberty. Try to encourage your countrymen to improve by the example of the industrious English, to whom we ought to feel united as sisters, and who are necessarily so connected with us that, even were I so inclined, it would be absurd now to attempt to separate from them.'

" 'But would it not be noble for you—oh, yes! for you, papa, the descendant of the great Desmond—to recover your power and influence, to establish freedom, and to claim your kingdom? and then I would ——'

" 'No, Evelyn, my dear child, the time is now come when the descendants of every ancient house are called upon to prove their high blood by exercising their influence in the instruction of the people in the arts of peace, and in promoting obedience to the laws; believe me, disobedience to the laws is not freedom.'

" 'But our country! I am determined to make that the first object of my life.'

" 'Very well, my dear, but do not forget that discontent will not produce comfort; and that, moreover, being a female must preclude you from all Quixotte like attempts. You must be content to establish your sovereignty in the hearts of your dependants.'

" 'I shall find that very difficult, I fear,' said Evelyn, her spirit sinking as her excitement was damped; 'how am I to win their affection, or to establish my influence? They will despise me as a woman. I know and feel that I ought to do much—but where and how to begin?'

" 'Do not be in haste to begin anything yet,' said Mrs. Desmond; 'take a little time to consider, and in the meanwhile yield kindly to our wish. Come and pay a visit to your father and to me. You cannot doubt that we shall be glad to have you at Clonallen. Come to your sister Mabel, who longs to know and love you. Though you are not to reside with us, yet we may be like one family in affection and union of interests. Come to us, and learn from your father's example and advice how to win the hearts of your people.'

" Evelyn's heart was not as obstinate as her will. Though half an hour before she would have been deaf to Mrs. Desmond's kindness, her gentle urgency could no longer be resisted. Evelyn consented; and her father, embracing her, exclaimed with more than his usual warmth of manner, 'Now I shall have the pleasure of seeing all my children around me! and Mr. Stanley shall judge whether a visit to me—to us—can be mischievous to you, or an infringement of any regulation of your grandfather's. I shall be glad, too, that before the arrival of Mrs. Manvers you should make acquaintance with your brother and sister.'

" Evelyn felt satisfied with herself, and all was *colour de rose*. The remainder of the day was devoted to boating across the lake and walking among the woods on the opposite bank. Her spirits rose, in proportion as the mist of prejudice gave way, and her natural gaiety, which had been repressed for some time, began to revive.

" At night Jane was delighted to find Evelyn once more like herself; and when she learned that her young lady was going to Clonallen House on Monday, she exclaimed, 'Oh, thank Heaven you are going among decent people, and not to mope by yourself here!—it would break your young spirit; and I assure you, Miss Evelyn, I hear a mighty great account of Mrs. Desmond—she is loved by all the country round.'

We shall cite one passage more—a piece of natural history:—

" 'However that may be,' said Mrs. Desmond, 'I must contribute my share to these curious anecdotes, and with one that will be found exactly in point. My dear old grandfather told me that he had for some days watched a pair of swallows constructing their nest in the upper corner of his window, and that one morning, just when it was completed and ready to be inhabited, while they were taking an early flight, a pair of dishonest sparrows, pleased with its situation, took possession of it, in spite of all justice. When the real owners of the dwelling returned from their airing, they found, to their great surprise, that it was already occupied. Their indignation was of course very great; but all parley was fruitless, and

all attempts for the peaceable recovery of their property being ineffectual, away they flew, having apparently resolved to inflict a signal act of vengeance on those unprincipled intruders.

"My grandfather's curiosity having been much excited by the whole scene, he quietly sat down, determined to await the further proceedings of both parties. The sparrows kept close, showing no disposition to risk their possession by any unwary movement; and in no long time the two swallows returned, accompanied by a prodigious number of their tribe, each bearing a load of the mortar-like cement which they use in the formation of their nests; and which they so immediately and so dexterously employed in rapid succession in closing the mouth of the disputed nest, that in the twinkling of an eye almost the thing was done—the poor sparrows were too late in their efforts to escape—their doom was sealed, for they were completely sealed up in the nest."

"So this very curious circumstance is really true," exclaimed Miss Vincent; "I saw it lately at the Dublin National School in one of their books; and the sequel will amuse you. A visitor asked one of the children, 'Who was it that helped the swallows?' and the boy replied most nationally and characteristically, 'Sure didn't he bring his *faction* along with him?'"

"Raymond Revilloyd," by Grace Webster, is a story which cannot be described as pursuing its way in the groove-line traced out by ordinary romances. The plot, if not original, is indisputably unusual. A gentleman of feeble character has the mortification to be a widower, and the father of two unmanageable daughters, who complete his distress by wedding themselves to two persons of that denomination of Christians known as Plymouth Brethren. The slighted parent, who has no love for the persons of his intended sons-in-law, nor yet for religion under the aspect in which they present it, can think of no better mode of delivering himself from annoyance, and punishing his refractory offspring, than withdrawing to the Continent, and giving up his estate into the custody of a man who proves to be at once a knave and hypocrite. Having thus provided for the punishment of all belonging to him, as well as himself, the old gentleman wends his way to Italy, accompanied by a timid boy, his grandson and his heir.

After some time the grandfather disappears, and the heir, unable to discover any trace of him, returns to England to seek the counsel and assistance of Mr. Atterbury, the dishonest individual to whom the care of what was to have been his inheritance has been confided. He is, of course, unceremoniously expelled from the house which should have been his own, is assigned, in exchange, an apartment in the public prison, and is given in charge as an offender. This young gentleman (whose energies are employed in fainting whenever he can, and where this feat is impracticable, by dissolving into tears), after a variety of incidents, which disclose the amiable imbecility of his character (and which give a picture of English society, and of the administration of our laws, such as may very faithfully represent some night-mare distortion of a truth), makes his way to London, and falls in with a protector, to whom he had been made known at an earlier period of his life, and by whose energy and practical good sense he is conducted through many dangers, and finally made happy.

The writer of "Raymond Revilloyd" is not destitute of power, but her power is not equal to the task assigned to it. She was bent on the composition of "a romance," was resolved to carry out her plot by agencies which should be altogether at her own disposal, but she miscalculated the time and circumstances in which they were to do her bidding. She should have thrown her "romance" back to an age, or located its incidents in a region, where the "king's writ does not run." The reign of William IV. was too recent to allow of keeping "probability in view," where "a phantasma, or such hideous dream," as "Raymond Revilloyd," was to be enacted or described. But a more remote period, it may be, would not suit the fair writer's purpose. She would expose the vices and crimes of the age she lives in, and the mirror in which she would show that age its form and pressure, is one which distorts it into the likeness of a time that never existed, and that could not possibly exist. Perjury, and pillage, and poison, and ghosts, and murderers, and libertines who convert asylums of cha-

city into places of torture, whose profligacy is diversified and recreated by cruelty, and who have bears in attendance to render the services of a coroner useless—these are agencies and conditions that appear to disadvantage when set in such a light as this our day sheds upon them—"Incredulus odi." We are offended that any writer should take such liberties with us. Fiction has its laws as well as fact. It must observe the decorum of time and place. It has its principles of "legitimacy," which must not be violated. Our authoress will submit to none of the ordinary restraints by which writers are confined. She lives in her own world, and insists on being absolute in the government of it. As to our vulgar work-day world of man, if she has looked upon it at all, it is upon a portion which inspired her, or was calculated to inspire her, with abhorrence or contempt. She seems to have "supped full of horrors," and then, having suffered from the attendant dream of indigestion, she proceeded to detail the gloomy incoherencies of her persecuted slumbers for the amazement of waking readers. We do not deny that she has power—it is her use of it which discontents us. The following passage is the work of no ordinary writer. We premise that the Albert Mazzioni named in it is one of those obnoxious persons from whom Mr. Atterbury has disembarrassed himself by the agency of poison:—

"Mr. Atterbury had been served with a notice after the customary manner; and that had just taken place after the interment of Erminia Lovelace. What had occurred on that distressing occasion had discomposed him; but he disguised every indication of discomfiture or agitation with a face of brass. He felt, however, as he had never felt before, when he received the notice. He sat down to dinner with his family, but partook of nothing. He started at sight of the servant who stood beside his chair, he looked so like Albert Mazzioni. He directed his eyes to the other servants, they assumed the same appearance. He desired them to quit the room, as their services could be dispensed with. The men did so; but the case was not altered. Every face at the table became like that of the ill-fated Italian: Each of his guests looked like Albert Mazzioni, and so did his wife and his decrepit son. A room

with a hundred mirrors, reflecting each the portraiture of the poisoned stranger, could not have represented his image more emphatically or painfully to his guilty vision. He left the house. His conduct at the village tavern has already been related. When he departed from the tavern he proceeded straightway, in the darkness of the night, to Plymouth, and entered his chambers there, and took his accustomed seat at his desk. These apartments were kept by an old spinster, who was used to her master's coming at all seasons of the day or night; so his appearance created no wonder. She lighted his candle, and left him to his pen-and-ink work. His clerk, Selby, had gone to a distant part of the country on some special business that afternoon. Mr. Atterbury wrote with the celerity of light. He covered sheets of paper in an incredibly short space of time; and, as he wrote on thus furiously, the angry passions agitated his whole frame, and mantled in his fiend-like face. At last, as he folded anew a fresh sheet of foolscap, he gnawed his tongue with wrath, and it lolled out upon his chin. Suddenly his candle went out before him. Whether the fierce breathing of his angry nostrils, or some casual current in the room, had extinguished the flame, it is impossible to say. He stamped his foot upon the floor with a force that shook the apartment, and that might have shivered his own bones. But he stamped in vain. The old spinster that kept the house was fast asleep in her own dormitory, and heard him not. He attempted to rise, but he could not. His joints were stiff, like one fixed down with iron rivets. The successive hours of night struck, one after the other, on the house clock, and still he sat motionless and in the dark. The successive hours of night, each diurnal revolution of the habitable globe, are fraught with many human destinies. Darkness is the season of crime,—darkness is the season of tears to the weary and oppressed with this world's sorrows,—darkness is the season for the wayfarer to go out of his way, and for the ship out of her course, till she founders on the hidden rock, and land her crew on the unknown shores of eternity."

We are recalled by this striking passage to the remembrance of a description of very extraordinary power, in the work of a writer by whom our own pages have often been enriched:—

"At length the uproar in Sir Richard's room died away. The hoarse voice in furious soliloquy, and the rapid tread as he paced the floor, were no longer audible. In their stead was heard alone the stormy wind rushing and yelling through the old trees, and

* "The Cook and Anchor," being a Chronicle of Old Dublin City. In Three Volumes. Dublin: William Curry, Jun. and Company.

at intervals the deep volleying thunder. In the midst of this hubbub the Italian rubbed his hands, tripped lightly up and down his room, placed his ear at the keyhole, and chuckled and rubbed his hands again in a paroxysm of glee—now and again venting his gratification in brief ejaculations of intense delight—the very incarnation of the spirit of mischief.

"The sounds in Sir Richard's room had ceased for two hours or more; and the piping wind and the deep-mouthed thunder still roared and rattled. The Neapolitan was too much excited to slumber. He continued, therefore, to pace the floor of his chamber—sometimes gazing through his window upon the black, stormy sky and the blue lightning, which leaped in blinding flashes across its darkness, revealing for a moment the ivied walls, and the tossing trees, and the fields and hills, which were as instantaneously again swallowed in the blackness of the tempestuous night; and then turning from the casement, he would plant himself by the door, and listen with eager curiosity for any sound from Sir Richard's room.

"As we have said before, several hours had passed, and all had long been silent in the baronet's apartment, when on a sudden Parucci thought he heard the sharp and well-known knocking of his patron's ebony stick upon the floor. He ran and listened at his own door. The sound was repeated with unequivocal and vehement distinctness, and was instantaneously followed by a prolonged and violent peal from his master's hand-bell. The summons was so sustained and vehement, that the Italian at length cautiously withdrew the bolt, unlocked the door, and stole out upon the lobby. So far from abating, the sound grew louder and louder. On tiptoe he scaled the stairs, until he reached to about the midway; and he there paused, for he heard his master's voice exerted in a tone of terrified entreaty—

"'Not now—not now—avaunt—not now. Oh, God!—help,' cried the well-known voice.

"These words were followed by a crash, as of some heavy body springing from the bed—then a rush upon the floor—then another crash.

"The voice was hushed; but in its stead the wild storm made a long and plaintive moan, and the listener's heart turned cold.

"'Malora—Corpo di Pluto!' muttered he between his teeth. 'What is it? Will he reeng again? Santo gennaro!—there is something wrong.'

"He paused in fearful curiosity; but the summons was not repeated. Five minutes passed; and yet no sound but the howling and pealing of the storm. Parucci, with a beating heart, ascended the stairs, and knocked at the door of his patron's chamber. No answer was returned.

"'Sir Richard, Sir Richard,' cried the man, 'do you want me, Sir Richard?'

"Still no answer. He pushed open the door and entered. A candle, wasted to the very socket, stood upon a table beside the huge, hearse-like bed, which for the convenience of the invalid had been removed from his bed-chamber to his dressing-room. The light was dim, and waved uncertainly in the eddies which found their way through the chinks of the window, so that the lights and shadows flitted ambiguously across the objects in the room. At the end of the bed a table had been upset; and lying near it upon the floor was something—a heap of bed-clothes, or—could it be?—yes, it was Sir Richard Ashwoode.

"Parucci approached the prostrate figure: it was lying upon its back, the countenance fixed and livid, the eyes staring and glazed, and the jaw fallen—he was a corpse. The Italian stooped down and took the hand of the dead man—it was already cold; he called him by his name and shook him, but all in vain. There lay the cunning intriguer, the fierce, fiery prodigal, the impetuous, unrelenting tyrant, the unbelieving, reckless man of the world, a ghastly lump of clay.

"With strange emotions the Neapolitan gazed upon the lifeless effigy from which the evil tenant had been so suddenly and fearfully called to its eternal and unseen abode.

"'Gone—dead—all over—all past,' muttered he slowly, while he pressed his foot upon the dead body, as if to satisfy himself that life was indeed extinct—'quite gone. *Cauchero!* it was ugly death—there was something with him; what was he speaking with?'

"Parucci walked to the door leading to the great staircase, but found it bolted as usual.

"'Pshaw, there was nothing,' said he, looking fearfully round the room as he approached the body again, and repeating the negative as if to re-assure himself—no, nothing, nothing.'

"He gazed again on the awful spectacle in silence for several minutes.

"'Corbezzoli, and so it is over,' at length he ejaculated—'the game is ended. See, see, the breast is bare, and there the two marks of Aldini's stiletto. Ah! *briccone, briccone*, what wild faylow were you—*panzanera*, for a pretty ankle and a pair of black eyes, you would dare the devil. *Rotto di collo*, his face is moving!—pshaw, it is only the light that wavers. *Diamine!* the face is terrible. What made him speak; nothing was with him—pshaw, nothing could come to him here—no, no, nothing.'

"As he thus spoke, the wind swept vehemently upon the windows with a sound as if some great thing had rushed against them, and was pressing for admission, and the gust blew out the candle; the blast died away in a lengthened wail, and then again came rushing and howling up to the windows, as if the very prince of the powers of the air himself were thundering at the casement;

then again the blue dazzling lightning glared into the room and gave place to deeper darkness.

"Pah! that lightning smells like brimstone. *Sangue d'un dia*, I hear something in the room."

"Yielding to his terrors, Parucci stumbled to the door opening upon the great lobby, and with cold and trembling fingers drawing the bolt, sprang to the stairs and shouted for assistance in a tone which speedily assembled half the household in the chamber of death."

"*Woman's Friendship*"* is a tale told, as woman only could tell it, of the influence and truth of such disinterested affection. The authoress, it has been spoken to us in Christian hope, is "where the weary are at rest." We content ourselves with transcribing two passages from her unpretending little volume. The subject of both sketches is a young artist and poet, who had contended with the difficulties of an adverse condition and a feeble constitution:—

"But though Florence could not summon sufficient courage to remain while the interview lasted, suspense became so intolerable that she felt as if the most dreaded reality could be better borne. Hardly knowing her own intentions, she waited in a little sitting-room, till they descended; then springing forward, she caught hold of Sir Charles's hand, and looked up in his face with cheeks and lips perfectly blanched, and every effort to speak died away in indistinct murmurs. Only too well accustomed to such painful scenes, the physician gently led her within the parlour and closed the door; the action recalled voice, and she gasped forth—

"Oh! is there no hope? will you not save him? Tell me he will not die!"

"My good young lady, life and death are not in the hands of man; yet it were cruel, unwisely cruel, to give you hope. Your brother's mind has been his poison—I dare not tell you—he may live."

"But he will linger—he may be spared us many years yet," persisted Florence, in the wild accents of one determined against belief. "It cannot be that he will go now—so young—so—but forgive me," she added, when the hysterical sob gave way, "tell me, I am better now—I can bear it—I ought to know, for my poor mother's sake, how long we may call him ours?"

"The reply was given kindly and carefully; but what language, what gentleness may

soften the bitter anguish of such words? Florence heard, and yet she sank not. She bade farewell to those kind friends; she saw them go, but still she stood as if thought, sense, life itself were frozen; and then she rushed up the stairs into her own room, secured the door, and sinking on her knees, buried her face in the bed-clothes, and her slight frame shook beneath its agony.

"Another hour, and that suffering girl was seated by her brother's couch, holding his hand in hers, and with a marble cheek, but faint sweet smile, listening to and sympathising in his lovely dreams of fame. And such is woman,—her tears are with her God, her smile with man; the heart may break, and who shall know it?"

"Mr. Morton had suggested a frontispiece as an improvement to his book, and Walter's every energy now turned to the composition of a picture from which the print might be engraven. He had resolved not to put his name to the publication, and therefore felt that a group entitled 'The Poet's Home' could convey no identity; and he commenced his task with an ardour and enjoyment, strangely at variance with the prostrating languor of disease. Who that has watched the workings of the mind and spirit, as the human frame decays, can doubt our immortality? How can the awful creed of materialism exist with the view of that bright light of mind shining purer and brighter, with every hour that brings death nearer? Life may afford matter for the sceptic and the materialist to weave their fearful theories upon, though we know not how it *can*; but let such look on the approach of sure yet lingering death, and how will they retain them then?"

"Many scenes of life are holy—the early morn, the twilight hour, the starry night, the rolling storm, the hymn of thousands from the sacred fane, the marriage rite, or funeral dirge; but none more holy than the chamber of the dying, lingering beside a departing spirit, seeming as if already the angel shone above the mortal, waiting but the eternal summons to wing his flight on high.

"One evening Walter's couch had been drawn near the open casement, which looked into the garden at the back of the house; and even the dirty green and scentless flowers, peculiar to the environs of London, were grateful to the poet. He was propped up with pillows, and his hand was yet busy on the canvass, giving the last touches to his picture.

"All was completed but the figure of Minie, who was sitting in the required attitude; but it was well he had not waited till that moment to give the joyous expression he so much loved.

* "*Woman's Friendship*;" a Story of Domestic Life. By Grace Aguilar, Author of "*Home Influence*." London: Groombridge and Sons. 1850.

"An hour passed, and no movement, no sound disturbed that little party: the hand of the artist moved languidly, but still it moved, and the concluding touches started into life beneath it. Sometimes his eyes would close, and then after a brief interval of rest, re-open to look upon his task.

"Florence had not yet returned, having gone out of her way to purchase some fresh flowers, as was her custom every third day, in spite of Walter's remonstrances: the intense delight which they always gave him was too visible to permit any cessation of the indulgence: that she deprived herself of many little necessities, and, exhausted and weary, never rode to her pupils, that she might save to purchase luxuries for him, he never knew. She often recalled Emily Melford's horror of exertion, and half smiled at the widely different meanings that word bore in their respective vocabularies: but a bitter feeling mingled with the smile at her own credulity in Emily's profession of interest and regard: from the day she had sought her to the present moment, a full year, she had rested as silent and indifferent as before.

"As Florence came within sight of the bay-windows of her house, she fancied that she could distinguish the figure of Walter looking down the road, as if watching her return. She was surprised, because, since his increasing illness, they had changed their apartment from the front to the back sitting-room, in order to give him more quiet and fresh air than the dusty road afforded. What he could be doing there she could not conceive, for even if he were anxious for her return and wished to watch for her, he surely had not sufficient strength to walk from one room to another, and there remain standing so that she could distinguish his full figure. Hope flashed on her heart that he was better. Some extraordinary change must have taken place, and he might yet live! Oh, what a sudden thrill came with that fond thought! and she hurried, almost ran the intervening space. Breathless she entered the house, and sprang up the staircase.

"What, settled again so soon at your drawing, dearest Walter, and only a minute ago I saw you beckoning me from the next room—how could you stand there so long?"

"Mrs. Leslie put her finger on her lips—'You have been strangely deceived, my love, Walter has not quitted this room nor this posture for some hours. Come softly, I think he sleeps.'"

"No word, no cry, passed the lips of Florence, although a pang, sharp as if every drop of blood were turned to ice, curdled through her frame. She knew she was not deceived. As surely as she now looked on him, she felt she had seen him smile, as if to bid her hasten home, not ten minutes before, and with

a fleet and noiseless step she stood beside him. The pencil was still within his hand, but it moved no longer on the canvass—the eyes were closed, the lips were parted: she bent down her head and pressed her lips upon his brow—it was marbly cold.

"Walter!" she shrieked, for in that dread moment she knew not what she did. 'Walter—my brother—speak to me—look on me again!'

"For a moment she stood as if waiting for the look, the voice she called; then, pressing her hands wildly to her brow, sought to collect thought, energy, control, for her poor mother's sake—but all, all failed—and, for the first time in her life, she sunk down in a deep and death-like swoon."

The authoress of "Two Old Men's Tales" has been engaged in what is called "a social story." It appears in that beautiful periodical, "The Ladies' Companion at Home and Abroad," and it is worthy of its author's reputation. How manifest and how characteristic is the distinction between the language of those who would *use* the poor for their own purposes, and of those who would *serve* them! How manifest and characteristic the distinction between the Socialist and the Christian, in their descriptions of those sufferings by which poverty tries the children of affliction. The one is perpetually solicitous to set out such sufferings as testimony against the system which protects social order—the other, as an occasion to call forth an exercise of Christian benevolence. The Socialist gives a voice and speech to poverty, as if it cried out for vengeance against the prosperous—the Christian interprets the accents of distress as invitations to discharge a duty which is twice blessed, and to give for the sake of Him through whom his people hope to be forgiven. The Socialist would relieve the wants he describes at the cost of pulling down the edifice of Government and Order. The Christian would supply the deficiency for which human policy has not provided, by calling in the aid of a divine principle, which that very deficiency has been providentially appointed to call into exercise. Human institutions permit great inequality of condition, and leave severe sufferings unrelieved—then, cries the Socialist, down with existing insti-

tutions. The Christian philanthropist confesses the same truth, but would assign the office of redressing the wrong to that principle which "vaunteth not itself, seeketh not its own—is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." Thus it is, Convulsion and Ruin are the Socialist's reformers. The true philanthropist evokes the aid of Christianity.

One sketch from this little gem of a story, we cannot refrain from offering to the reader:—

"Two young women inhabited one small room of about ten feet by eight, in the upper story of a set of houses somewhere near Mary-le-bon-street. These houses appear to have been once intended for rather substantial persons, but have gradually sunk into lodging-houses for the very poor. The premises look upon an old grave-yard; a dreary prospect enough, but perhaps preferable to a close street, and are filled with decent but very poor people. Every room appears to serve a whole family, and few of the rooms are much larger than the one I have described.

"It was now half-past twelve o'clock, and still the miserable dip tallow candle burned in a dilapidated tin candlestick. The wind whistled with that peculiar wintry sound which betokens that snow is falling; it was very, very cold,—the fire was out,—and the girl who sat plying her needle by the hearth, which was still a little warmer than the rest of the room, had wrapped up her feet in an old worn-out piece of flannel, and had an old black silk wadded cloak thrown over her to keep her from being almost perished. The room was scantily furnished, and bore an air of extreme poverty, amounting almost to absolute destitution. One by one the little articles of property possessed by its inmates had disappeared to supply the calls of urgent want. An old four-post bedstead, with curtains of worn-out serge, stood in one corner; one mattress, with two small, thin pillows, and a bolster that was almost flat; three old blankets, cotton sheets of the coarsest description upon it; three rush-bottomed chairs, an old claw-table, a very ancient, dilapidated chest of drawers,—at the top of which were a few battered hand-boxes,—a miserable bit of carpet before the fire-place; a wooden box for coals; a little low tin fender, a poker, or rather half a poker; a shovel and tongs, much the worse for wear, and a very few kitchen utensils, was all the furniture in the room. What there was, however, was kept clean; the floor was clean, the yellow paint was clean; and, I forgot to say, there was a washing-tub set aside in one corner.

"The wind blew shrill, and shook the window, and the snow was heard beating

against the panes; the clock went another quarter, but still the indefatigable toiler sewed on. Now and then she lifted up her head, as a sigh came from that corner of the room where the bed stood, and some one might be heard turning and tossing uneasily upon the mattress,—then she returned to her occupation, and plied her needle with increased assiduity.

"The workwoman was a girl of from eighteen to twenty, rather below the middle size, and of a face and form little adapted to figure in a story. One whose life, in all probability, would never be diversified by those romantic adventures which *real* life in general reserves to the beautiful and highly-gifted. Her features were rather homely, her hair of a light brown, *without* golden threads through it, her hands and arms rough and red with cold and labour; her dress ordinary to a degree,—her clothes being of the cheapest materials,—but then, these clothes were so neat, so carefully mended where they had given way; the hair was so smooth, and so closely and neatly drawn round the face; and the face itself had such a sweet expression, that all the defects of line and colour were redeemed to the lover of expression, rather than beauty.

"She did not look patient, she did not look resigned; she *could* not look cheerful exactly. She looked earnest, composed, busy, and exceedingly kind. She had not, it would seem, thought enough of self in the midst of her privations, to require the exercise of the virtues of patience and resignation; she was so occupied with the sufferings of others that she never seemed to think of her own.

She was naturally of the most cheerful, hopeful temper in the world—those people without selfishness usually are. And, though sorrow had a little lowered the tone of her spirits to composure, and work and disappointment had faded the bright colours of hope; still hope was not entirely gone, nor cheerfulness exhausted. But the predominant expression of every word and look, and tone, and gesture, was kindness,—inexhaustible kindness.

"I said she lifted up her head from time to time, as a sigh proceeded from the bed, and its suffering inhabitant tossed and tossed: and at last she broke silence and said, 'Poor Myra, can't you get to sleep?'

"'It is so fearfully cold,' was the reply; 'and when *will* you have done and come to bed?'

"'One quarter of an hour more, and I shall have finished it. Poor Myra, you are so nervous, you never can get to sleep till all is shut up—but have patience, dear, one little quarter of an hour, and then I will throw my clothes over your feet, and I hope you will be a little warmer.'

"A sigh was all the answer; and then the *true* heroine,—for she was extremely beautiful, or rather had been, poor thing, for she was too wan and wasted to be beautiful now,—lifted

up her head, from which fell a profusion of the fairest hair in the world, and leaning her head upon her arm, watched in a sort of impatient patience, the progress of the indefatigable needle-woman.

"One o'clock striking, and you hav'nt done yet, Lettice? how slowly you *do* get on."

"I cannot work fast and neatly too, dear Myra. I cannot get through as some do—I wish I could. But my hands are not so delicate and nimble as yours, such swelled 'cumsy things," she said, laughing a little, as she looked at them—swelled, indeed, and all mottled over with the cold! "I cannot get over the ground nimbly and well at the same time. You are a fine race-horse, I am a poor little drudging pony,—but I will make as much haste as I possibly can."

"Myra once more uttered an impatient fretful sigh, and sank down again, saying, 'My feet are so dreadfully cold!'

"Take this bit of flannel, then, and let me wrap them up."

"Nay, but you will want it."

"Oh, I have only five minutes more to stay, and I can wrap the carpet round my feet."

"And she laid down her work and went to the bed, and wrapped her sister's delicate, but now icy feet, in the flannel; and then she sat down; and at last the task was finished. And oh, how glad she was to creep to that mattress, and to lay her aching limbs down upon it! Hard it might be, and wretched the pillows, and scanty the covering, but little felt she such inconveniences. She fell asleep almost immediately, whilst her sister still tossed and murmured. Presently Lettice, for Lettice it was, awakened a little and said, 'What is it, love? Poor, poor Myra! Oh, that you could but sleep as I do.'

"And then she drew her own little pillow from under her head, and put it under her sister's, and tried to make her comfortable; and she partly succeeded, and at last the poor, delicate, suffering creature fell asleep, and then Lettice slumbered like a baby."

It has been purely accidental that the works mentioned in this article have all been the production of female genius, two of them, we believe, of writers from whom our own country can derive honour. How such works may minister to the best interests of society and of man, it is scarcely necessary for us to speak—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased—
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow—
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart."

Therein, is the reply, the "patient must minister to himself."

But there are ministrations not named in the *Pharmacopœia*, which can do more than the physician in *Macbeth* dreamed of. There are antidotes which can affect even the body through the mind. How deeply momentous it is that they be carefully prepared and administered! How richly are they rewarded, and, in some instances, how grievously are they abused!

We account it among the happy characteristics of our age, that, in so many instances, periodical literature offers so many safe distractions for heavy hearts and troubled minds; and that, in no few instances, they who read only to be entertained, are acquiring, in their self-indulgence, valuable information. There are, it must be admitted, periodicals of a far different description, designed, as it might seem, to efface good impressions from the heart, to pamper vicious inclinations, and to undermine principle. Such are of the agencies in which a deceiving spirit makes his presence most mischievously manifest. Their omnigenous character, their cheapness, and their abundance—"their name is legion, for they are many"—impose a solemn and a peculiar duty on all who have the welfare of society at heart—the duty of protecting such of the millions of our people as they can influence, from the ravages of these locust visitations. The duty will be most effectually discharged by supplying what is good; but the supply should be accompanied by an exposure of the disguises under which the concoctors of intellectual poison endeavour to screen their malignity from public opprobrium. It would be well worth the devotion of good men's lives to watch over reading-clubs or book societies, where the working classes form the great staple of the members. It is among the great advantages of our time, that wholesome aliment for the mind can be had in such abundance, and of so agreeable a quality, that the vile productions of what has been called the "Satanic School" would soon fall into contemptuous neglect, and return in the form of unsaleable stock "to plague the inventors," if even moderate pains were taken to bring really useful literature within the reach of the people, or rather, for it is easily attainable, to bring it properly under their observation.

It would be no more than a very humble acknowledgment of the rich provision made for themselves, that the upper and middle class should thus think for their inferiors in rank. If it be an undeniable truth, as we have no doubt it is, that the occupant of a cottage in Great Britain or Ireland, whose income does not exceed a few hundred pounds a year, may, without extravagance, furnish his little library so as that its stores of thought shall be more abundant than Mæcenas or Cicero could gather around them with all their opportunities, and in their sumptuous palaces, surely some acknowledgment ought to be made for such a bounty. It can be made appropriately, if not adequately, by aiding the multitudes of readers who are daily craving for intellectual food, and are willing to pay for it in making their election between the wholesome and the deleterious.

And here, in considering the advantages offered to readers of all tempers and purposes with which this age is fraught, one of the publications from which we have cited compels from us a parting expression of thankfulness and praise. We allude to "Mrs. Loudon's Ladies' Companion

At Home and Abroad." It is eminently creditable to a people that such a publication shall be offered to their patronage as the enterprise of an individual—that not alone qualities so graceful, and of so sterling merit as those of its editor, shall be bent on the conducting of such a work, but that the resources of art and literature shall have been explored to so good effect to enhance and recommend its merits. The editor of a weekly periodical who offers to her subscribers, at so low a cost, such attraction and interest as are to be found in the analyses and illustrations of ancient and mediæval art, and in contributions from the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," and who associates such achievements in art and literature with prose and "numerous rhyme," and artistic embellishments worthy to be associated with them in all fair variety of form, and on all topics that may fairly claim attention, does honour to the people to whom the issue of the enterprise is committed; and as we confidently predict she will not disappoint the expectation she has raised, so do we earnestly hope that her own just expectations will not be disappointed.

LOCH NEAGH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HILL.

Loch Neagh, I stood at close of day upon thy silent strand,
And saw the sun set o'er the hills of old Tir-Owen's land;
The fading light, how like the flight of Freedom from thy shore,*—
The old, proud Place of Niall's† race shall know his name no more!

* *In the course of time*, the English invasion of this country introduced a better state of things; but when it first happened, and for a long series of years afterwards, it was, in most instances, the triumph of might over right.

† *Niall Naighiallach*. "of the Nine Hostages," and, in the history of Ireland, known also as *Niall the Great*. The following account of this once powerful family is extracted from the admirable work, by Mr. Reeves, on the "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down and Connor and Dromore." "In the year 1280, died Aodh Macaomh Toineasc O'Neill, the chief of his princely race, leaving two sons, Niall Roe, and Aodh Meith, in whose respective descendants the common stock struck off into two distinct branches. To the *senior* line the representation of the race and lordship of *Tyrone* was, with a few early exceptions, confined." * * * "Anne, daughter of Bryan Carragh O'Neill, was the second wife of Shane O'Neill, of Shane's Castle, from whose *third son*, *Phelim Dhu*, the present Viscount O'Neill is the *fifth* in lineal descent." Who shall represent this ancient house when the present Lord O'Neill has passed away?

How many a tale of human grief, sweet lake, thy waters know,
 Since from their deep, mysterious spring they first began to flow,—
 Since far along yon level plain arose the swelling flood,
 And o'er Eachaid's* fair domain in gathered strength it stood!

Loch Laogh! whilst thy broad expanse reflects th' impending sky,
 And dimpling on thy glassy tide, the banks, in shadow, lie—
 The tale of Mora's faithful love shall consecrate thy wave,
 And thou shalt still remembered be as royal Bresal's grave!†

"Why comes he not?" sweet Mora cried, "the days are long and drear,
 As by Loch Laogh's verdant side he hunts the flying deer;
 Why comes he not?" "He will not come."‡ She heard the mournful tale,
 And soon from all her sorrows free, she slept in Ollar's§ vale.

And many a nameless grave since then thy caverns have supplied
 To those who, in old Uladh's¶ feuds, have on thy waters died;
 When Yellow Hugh—and Phelim Dhu—and Shane, the fierce and strong,
 Swept, in their currachs, like the blast, thy wooded shores along!

Alas! though feudal terror cease, thy children suffer still,
 And keener weapons than the sword are raised to waste and kill;
 In vain the care-worn peasant's fate appeals to lordly pride;
 The humble hopes that toil inspired are now to be denied!

"Loch Neagh," with drooping hearts, they say "we loved thy pleasant shore,
 And every year, through hope and fear, we loved thee more and more;
 Yet must we seek a distant home beyond the western main,
 Where hopes, that are extinguished here, shall light our steps again."

* Eachaidh, from whom Lough Neagh derives its name, was drowned in its eruption, with all his children. The earliest form of the word is *Loch-n-Eachach*.

† The Irish annals relate that, in the year of the world 3506, "*Loch Laogh* broke forth." Tigernach, at the year 161 of the Christian era, thus records the reign of a king of Ulster:—"Bresal, son of Brian, reigns in Emania nineteen years, who was drowned in Lough Laigh; his spouse, Mora, died of grief for his death; from her Rath-mòr, in Moylinny, is named."—See *Reeves' Eccles. Antiq.*, pp. 272-280. Mr. O'Donovan, in translating this passage (*Dublin Penny Journal*, vol. ii. p. 38), erroneously supposes Lough Laighe to be Larne Lough.

‡ These words refer to the following part of a legend in the Dinn Seanchus:—"Mora said, 'I think Bresal's absence too long.' And a certain woman said to her,—'It will be long to thee, indeed, for Bresal will never come back to his friends until the dead come back to theirs.' Mora then died suddenly, and her name remained on the Rath."

§ The ancient name of the Six-Mile-Water.

¶ The ancient *Uladh*, in its superficial extent, was nearly the same as the modern *Ulster* inasmuch as it contained Louth, which is now in Leinster, instead of Cavan, which then belonged to Connaught.—See *Reeves' Eccles. Antiq.*, p. 352.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LVIII.

THE EARL OF ROSSE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE reader is to expect in this brief memoir no collection of private anecdotes or domestic details respecting the noble philosopher whose picture it accompanies. In these respects, it has always appeared to the writer, the great should enjoy the same sacred immunity from public intrusion as the little, whose insignificance protects them. The living statesman, philosopher, poet, or artist has no closer connexion with the inquisitive world, in his private concerns, than the humblest cottager; nor can the public justly claim a right to know him otherwise than in the monuments of his virtue, his genius, and his skill. In the history of those labours which he has undertaken as the servant of his fellow-men, society has a legitimate interest; but so far as he lives to himself and his family, the rest of the world have no property in him. He retains his personal rights. He is the minister of the public, not their slave.

Nor, for the most part, does curiosity lose much by this exclusion. If the rule be in general a good one, that "the life of a philosopher is in his works," it may be expected to hold specially in the case of a high-born and opulent philosopher. The adventurous struggles through which needy genius makes its way to eminence, may have some romance in them to lend interest to the story of their fortunes; but the domestic life of one who devotes himself to science in affluent ease, will be apt to resemble those silent intervals of national prosperity, which, barren of incident and rich in happiness, wise men love better to enjoy than historians to relate.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis. The present peer was eldest son of the first Earl of Rosse, better known in Irish annals as that Sir Laurence Parsons whose almost prophetic sagacity enabled him to foresee and describe, from the outset, the successive consequences of that miserable system of paltry concession, which began in giving the franchise to the poorest and most ignorant class of Roman Catholics, while it kept their leaders still irritated by excluding them from constitutional power. The warnings of that eminent statesman were unheeded, like those of Cassandra; but like hers, time has proved them true. No history, written after the facts, could more exactly describe, from point to point, what has actually happened, than the memorable speech to which we refer. Nor was it only as a statesman that the late earl was distinguished. His work on "The Evidences of Religion" shews him to us as a Christian philosopher, who, when retired from public life, found the noblest solace for his declining years in tracing the combined lessons of reason and revelation.

The present earl was born in 1800, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, in 1841. His lordship is one of the Irish representative peers.

Beyond these dry particulars, our personal narrative does not extend itself. It is exclusively as a philosopher that we mean to speak of the illustrious nobleman who forms the subject of the present notice. If the aristocracy of these countries has given but few names to the annals of philosophy, it must be allowed that amongst those few are some of the most brilliant in the catalogue; and Ireland may be proud that, of these, two so distinguished as those of BOYLE and PARSONS are her own. On the lawn of Lord Rosse's castle stands, or rather hangs, the gigantic telescope which has made the name of the little country town where it is situated familiarly known wherever science is honored. In that dusky column is lodged the magic mirror, which renders visible to the eye of man those distant systems of worlds, thick sown through the immensity of space, whose remoteness thought itself is tasked in vain to estimate. How great has been the growth in size and power of this heaven-fathoming tube, since first the Tuscan artist looked out upon the moon,

* At evening, from the top of Fiesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe."



We shall best appreciate the greatness of Lord Rosse's service to astronomy by considering what it was his predecessors left him to complete ; and reflecting that, in the completion of their work, he has not only achieved for himself the triumph of constructing this one noble instrument, but shown others the way of repeating the same triumph with unerring certainty and precision.

The telescope is not without its type in nature. The achromatic lenses of the eye are adjusted in a kind of optic instrument, the perfection of which art even now seeks in vain to emulate. Yet, like many other great discoveries, it seems to have been first stumbled on accidentally by a Dutch toy-man. But it is science alone which can use aright the capricious gifts of Fortune. Galileo heard of the Dutchman's toy, and in his hand the little leaden tube of a few inches, with a convex and concave spectacle-glass at either end, became the revealer of the true system of the universe.

τυτθὸν τοῖ το βίλιμον, ἰς αἴθερα δ' ἄχρη φορεῖται.

The splendid dream of Copernicus was no longer mere theory, but the astronomer saw visibly before him earth's sister-worlds revolving in their orbits. The marvellous theatre, which so small and rude an instrument was sufficient to disclose, soon stimulated the zeal of philosophers to improve its powers, and, under the hands of Huygens, Campani, and Cassini, it gradually shot up into a column 140 feet in length. But there were causes limiting the development of the refracting telescope, which science, with all her resources, was unable to remove. Not the least considerable of these arises from the circumstance, that, in enlarging the object glass, we expose it to the inevitable risk of changing its figure by the pressure of its own weight, when supported only by the rim ; while a support which should prevent its sinking, without intercepting the observer's view, has hitherto been sought in vain.

The difficulty of dealing with the refracting instrument led Gregory, in 1663, to attempt the construction of a reflecting telescope. He made one speculum of a concave shape, in the figure of a parabola, which was perforated in the centre ; and before this he set another speculum, concave also, but elliptic, at the distance of a little more than the sum of their focal lengths. The image of the object, formed behind the larger speculum, was viewed through a magnifying eye-glass placed at the middle of the tube. Gregory's attempt was a failure ; but in 1666, Sir Isaac Newton succeeded in constructing the first reflecting telescope on record. He improved on Gregory's plan, by setting the eye glass in the side of the tube, and dispensing altogether with the awkward hole in the large speculum. This telescope was but six inches long, with an aperture of one inch, yet it proved as serviceable as a refractor of six feet. In 1719, Hadley, under Newton's directions, constructed another reflecting telescope, which, though but six feet long, magnified 100 times ; and the manifest superiority of the new instrument soon roused the energy of others to improve upon the idea. The great difficulty was in the preparation of the specula, securing their exact parabolic form, and requisite equability of polish. Of all who, before Herschel, laboured upon this task, the Scottish artist, Short, was undoubtedly the most successful ; but, with the niggardly spirit of a tradesman, he kept his secret entirely to himself, and it died with him. Herschel, when his bold spirit prompted him to attempt those giant creations which have made his name immortal, had to rely upon his own skill to prepare the means for that scrutiny of the realms of space upon which his soul was bent. He laboured long upon his appointed task, at his own proper cost and peril, with a zeal and devotion such as none who have not felt the thirst of knowledge can conceive, until, supported by the discerning patronage of George III., he perfected what was long supposed the *ne plus ultra* of such works—a reflecting telescope of forty feet in length, with a speculum of four feet in diameter. But, through an unhappy neglect, the account (though actually, it seems, prepared) of the processes by means of which such marvellous effects were produced, was never given to the public. Men were deterred from an attempt at repetition by the hazardousness of the costly experiment, and the wonderful telescope of Slough remained without a rival in the world, until Lord Rosse conceived the plan which has enabled him not only to equal, but surpass, that far-famed in-

strument. He was the knight for whom this great adventure was reserved; and all the sciences united to accomplish him with the proper panoply for ensuring success. He it is (to borrow Dr. Robinson's eloquent words) who, "by a rare combination of optical science, chemical skill, and practical mechanics, has given us the power of overcoming difficulties which arrested our predecessors, and of carrying to an extent, which even Herschel himself did not venture to contemplate, the illuminating power of this telescope, along with a sharpness of definition scarcely inferior to that of the achromatic." So true is it that all sciences are related, and that the perfection of any one of them requires the development of the rest.

"Alterius est
Altera possit operi res et conspirat amice!"

The great difficulty of constructing specula for reflecting telescopes lies partly in the matter and partly in the form. The metal, to make a proper mirror, must be white, with a brilliancy at once high and lasting. These qualities are best ensured by a combination of copper and tin, in the proportion of four equivalents of copper to one of tin. Any departure from this definite combination is sure to be punished by the tarnishing of the compound; and yet the temptations to depart from it are so great that even Herschel himself was forced to yield to them. The metal, when thus compounded, is so brittle that not only a slight blow, but even a sudden increase in temperature, will make it split; and even when debased by a larger mixture of copper, the heat generated by the friction of the tool in grinding has marred all the previous success of the artist, and ruined in a moment the effect of weeks of toil. The casting of large specula in metal of this standard might at first seem hopeless, since the slightest inequality of expansion in cooling, must inevitably spoil the work, and Lord Rosse's first device was to attack the enemy in detail. He constructed his speculum piece-meal. His first mirror of three feet was cast in sixteen pieces. Each piece was fixed upon a back of an alloy composed of copper and zinc, in the proportion of 2·75 of the former to one of the latter, which compound has the fortunate property of expanding and contracting in the same degree as the speculum-metal itself. When the soldering and polishing were accomplished, it was found that an available plated speculum was the result, and that, by diminishing the number and size of the joints, the slight imperfections arising from diffraction, occasioned by its piece-meal construction, might be made almost imperceptible. Still these could not be diminished without enlarging the plates, and the plates could not be enlarged without increasing the risk of flaws. The final triumph, therefore remained to be achieved in the casting of a vast solid mirror of this brittle substance, and forcing its coy nature to yield unqualified submission to the behests of science. The great question was, of what to make the mould? Sand, which Edwards had recommended, was found insufficient. The edges of the metal cooling in the mould became solid ere the centre had lost its fluidity. The plates were, therefore, full of flaws, and flew in pieces in the setting. A solid mould of cast-iron was next tried, with a jet of cold water on its lower surface, but this plan cracked the mould itself. The third was nearer the aim—a mould with an under surface of iron and sides of sand. But here a new difficulty arose. The air could not escape through the iron disc, and large holes were left in the metal, thus saved from one imperfection at the cost of another. But, nevertheless, a great step had been made. *τοῖς μὲν ὑγιᾶν' ἔων, τὸ δὲ τέρας οὐκ ἔκλυε τινος.* The grand question had resolved itself into the problem of finding an exit for the air, and this troublesome captive was set free at last by employing a bottom of hoop-iron layers, tightly packed together in an iron frame, with their edges up, but smoothed by turning or filing to the proper curvature. The interstices were small enough to retain the metal and suffer the air to escape. Thus, at last, a solid speculum of three feet in diameter was successfully cast. But the casting gives only the rough block, which is yet to be ground and polished into a mirror, and the polishing was hitherto a work regarded with still greater apprehension than the casting. The operation had to be performed with the hand, an instrument which can never be precisely regular in its movements or pressures, especially when repeated often through a long space of time. Lord Rosse's improvement of this part of the process consists in substituting mechanical for human agency. The speculum is made to revolve slowly in a

tank of water, to prevent the extrication of heat by friction, and the polisher is worked on the mirror with long and quick strokes. It is of the same diameter as the speculum, intersected with transverse and circular grooves, not exceeding half an inch of surface, covered, when the polishing is to be effected, with two strata (a hard and soft) of resin and turpentine, smeared over with rouge and water, mixed to about the consistency of cream. The whole machine is worked by steam, and the effect of the grinding is noted by observing the reflection of the dots in the dial of a watch, mounted on a mast at the top of the high tower, in the lowest room of which the grinding is carried on. The tower is, as it were, the tube of a telescope; the watch, the object; and the inchoate speculum, the mirror. Trap-doors in the intervening floors of the tower are thrown open when the observation is required; and when the dots are seen in sharp definition, the grinding is complete. The polishing is effected with perfect certainty and precision in six hours. We have now brought the three-foot speculum to its last polish; but, in completing it, the philosopher saw clearly that the way was opened for a still grander effort—a speculum of six feet in diameter, and a focal length of fifty-three.

Former triumphs made this easy. The great block was but three weeks in the annealing oven, and was polished as speedily as the smaller mirror; but new devices were required for rendering it available in a telescope. It weighs three tons, and, to prevent all risk of bending, is made to rest upon a diffused system of supports, so ingeniously determined on points at their different centres of gravity, as to secure the mirror from being affected by accidental changes. The tube is a pillar forty feet in length, “of deal staves hooped like a cask,” seven feet in its diameter. But for supporting this monstrous mass, strong walls on either side (forty-eight feet high on the outer side, and fifth-six on the inner) were found necessary; and its lateral movements are only from one wall to another, so as to command a view, for half-an-hour, at each side of the meridian. On these walls, by strong chains, the counterpoises are hung, whose nice adjustment enables a human arm, by turning a windlass, to command at will the services of this giant minister. The telescope is used as a Newtonian. The image in the great speculum is thrown up on a small mirror, which is observed from an aperture in the side; the spectator standing in a moveable gallery attached to one of the piers, but capable of following the tube in all its revolutions. It might be used also as a Herschelian; but it is judged that in the observation of Nebulae (its principal task hitherto), more is gained in the sharp definition of the object (which would be impaired by inclining the great speculum to the incident rays) than is lost in brilliancy by the second reflection.

Let it not be forgotten that, in every step of the vast and elaborate works which we have thus imperfectly described, it was not only Irish genius which directed, but Irish diligence and skill which executed the task. Common Irish labourers, working under his lordship's eye, were found quite adequate to accomplish all, where the nicest precision of mathematical exactness was required at every point; and, curiously enough, as if to make this great scientific monument entirely home manufacture, *turf* was found the best fuel for melting the metal of the speculum. Would that the climate of our Island were as propitious to Astronomy as its soil! But there seems some unhappy antagonism between heaven and earth, which forbids the permanent green of the one to co-exist with the permanent azure of the other; and the uniform hazy canopy which preserves the verdure of our fields, shuts out too often from the eye of the astronomer those distant worlds which he desires to scan. Still, notwithstanding frequently recurring interruptions, that “broad bright eye,” so steadily fixed on its inconstant object, has read enough of the secrets of the heavens to reward all the labours which were required to prepare it for its watch. There is something stern in “the plain tale” by which this truthful reporter has “put down” a number of bold assertions, long listened to with willing ears by semi-scientific auditors. Still as the orb of true science makes its way, the clouds of opinion which refract its light through their many-coloured medium, hover round it, and appear to glorify and expand the circumference which they obscure; and to many an eye the luminary itself, when freed from these earth-born vapours, looks as it were “shorn of its beams,” and contracts into seeming insignificance. Had Fontenelle lived on to our own days (and he promised

fair for it), he would be startled to see the reflection of that lunar world which his active fancy had peopled with gay inhabitants and covered with proud cities like our own. Let the reader turn to Dr. Robinson's animated description of its true image, as seen in the great speculum—a horrid alternation of cloudless crags and streamless ravines—and he will perceive that, if indeed it harbour a population not disembodied, they must be Troglodytes; a Cyclopean commonwealth, who dwell in gloomy caverns, heated by the volcanic furnaces whose chimneys rise over the jagged surface. But even poetic astronomers could easily part with such theories as these. The sorest loss which Scientific Romance had to endure was in the region of the Nebulæ—that region which, from its dim remoteness, seemed peculiarly her own. There philosophers, since the days of the elder Herschel (whose generalisations, always grand, were sometimes hasty), had loved to recognise “the stuff that worlds are made of,” and trace (as the phrase went) “the process of creation actually going on.” In plain words, it was supposed that those Nebulæ which previous telescopes had been unable to resolve into clusters of stars, were matter condensing into stars; which, when thus formed, drew fresh nebulous matter to them, and grew bigger and bigger by incorporating it with their own mass. But when the penetrating scan of Lord Rosse's instrument was directed upon these imaginary workshops of creation, it was perceived that not worlds, but human powers of observation needed growth; and as Nebula after Nebula was resolved into clusters of stars, ready made and of full stature, the warmest lovers of the theory began to feel their faith give way, and prepared themselves, with a sigh, for the construction of some new hypothesis.

Such then is the structure, and such the uses, of the monument which a resident Irish nobleman has raised in his own native land to the honour of himself, his country, and his species. The very mass of the erection strikes the unskilful spectator with amazement; but this is the least part of the marvel. The brute-force of Titans piling Pelion upon Ossa, to scale heaven, is but a vulgar sublimity. It is the power which dwells in knowledge that affects the thoughtful mind most strongly. It is reflection upon the mental power, which, combining the resources of so many sciences, made way for the attainment of so splendid an object as the survey of the universe; it is this reflection, and not its giant proportions, which gives to the great telescope its real grandeur.

But it must not be forgotten that, while, with the many, Lord Rosse is thought of only as a great astronomer, there are others who contemplate him from a different point of view, and lose sight of the astronomer in the political economist. In both characters his turn of mind is eminently practical; but he has found statesmen less yielding material to his plastic touch than the metal of his specula. Had the advice of the philosophic patriot been listened to, the crushing blow of the present wretched poor-law would have been averted from this country. As it is, Parsonstown and its vicinity have been saved, by his influence, from that ruinous system of out-door relief, which has spread pauperism and demoralisation wherever it has prevailed.

One feature, and one only, remains to complete the portrait of a truly great man; and that is given when we add, in conclusion, that, with Lord Rosse's singular powers of intellect and acquirements of knowledge, are combined the modesty of sober wisdom, the calmness of regulated passions, and the integrity of sterling worth. He realises that union of moral with intellectual greatness, which Ovid, not finding in his contemporaries, was forced to fancy in the old astronomers:—

“*felices animos quibus hæc cognoscere primis,
Inque domos superas scandere cura fuit !
Credibile est illos pariter vitæque locæque
Altius humanis exersuisse caput.
Non Venus et vinum sublimia pectora fregit,
Officiumque fori militiæque labor ;
Nec levis ambitio, perfusaque gloria fœco,
Magnarumve fumes sollicitavit opum.
Admovere oculis distantia sidera terris
Ætheraque ingenio supponere suo.”*

THE MYSTERIOUS COMPACT.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN the latter years of the last century, two youths, Ferdinand von Hallberg, and Edward von Wensleben were receiving their education in the military academy of Marienivheim. Among their schoolfellows they were called Orestes and Pylades, or Damon and Pythias, on account of their tender friendship, which constantly recalled to their schoolfellows' minds the history of these ancient worthies. Both were sons of officers, who had long served the state with honour, both were destined for their fathers' profession, both accomplished and endowed by nature with no mean talents. But fortune had not been so impartial in the distribution of her favours—Hallberg's father lived on a small pension, by means of which he defrayed the expenses of his son's schooling at the cost of the government; while Wensleben's parents willingly paid the handsomest salary in order to ensure to their only child the best education which the establishment afforded. This disparity in circumstances at first produced a species of proud reserve, amounting to coldness, in Ferdinand's deportment, which yielded by degrees to the cordial affection that Edward manifested towards him on every occasion. Two years older than Edward, of a thoughtful and almost melancholy turn of mind, Ferdinand soon gained a considerable influence over his weaker friend, who clung to him with almost girlish dependence.

Their companionship had now lasted with satisfaction and happiness to both, for several years, and the youths had formed for themselves the most delightful plans—how they were never to separate, how they were to enter the service in the same regiment, and if a war broke out, how they were to fight side by side and conquer, or die together. But destiny, or rather Providence, whose plans are usually opposed to the designs of mortals, had ordained otherwise for the friends than they anticipated.

Earlier than was expected, Hallberg's father found an opportunity to have

his son appointed to an infantry regiment, and he was ordered immediately to join the staff in a small provincial town, in an out-of-the-way mountainous district. This announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the two friends; but Ferdinand considered himself by far the more unhappy, since it was ordained that he should be the one to sever the happy bond that bound them, and to inflict a deep wound on his loved companion. His schoolfellows vainly endeavoured to console him by calling his attention to his new commission, and the preference which had been shown him above so many others. He only thought of the approaching separation; he only saw his friend's grief, and passed the few remaining days that were allowed him at the academy by Edward's side, who husbanded every moment of his Ferdinand's society with jealous care, and could not bear to lose sight of him for an instant. In one of their most melancholy hours, excited by sorrow and youthful enthusiasm, they bound themselves by a mysterious vow, namely, that the one whom God should think fit to call first from this world should bind himself (if conformable to the Divine will) to give some sign of his remembrance and affection to the survivor.

The place where this vow was made was a solitary spot in the garden, by a monument of grey marble, overshadowed by dark firs, which the former director of the institution had caused to be erected to the memory of his son, whose premature death was recorded on the stone.

Here the friends met at night, and by the fitful light of the moon they pledged themselves to the rash and fanciful contract, and confirmed and consecrated it the next morning, by a religious ceremony. After this they were able to look the approaching separation in the face more manfully, and Edward strove hard to quell the melancholy feeling which had lately arisen in his mind on account of the constant foreboding that Ferdinand expressed of his own early death. "No," thought

Edward, "his pensive turn of mind and his wild imagination cause him to reproach himself without a cause for my sorrow and his own departure. Oh, no, Ferdinand will not die early—he will not die before me. Providence will not leave me alone in the world."

The lonely Edward strove hard to console himself, for after Ferdinand's departure, the house, the world itself, seemed a desert; and absorbed by his own memories, he now recalled to mind many a dark speech which had fallen from his absent friend, particularly in the latter days of their intercourse, and which betokened but too plainly a presentiment of early death. But time and youth exercised, even over these sorrows, their irresistible influence. Edward's spirits gradually recovered their tone; and as the traveller always has the advantage over the one who remains behind, in respect of new objects to occupy his mind, so was Ferdinand even sooner calmed and cheered, and by degrees he became engrossed by his new duties, and new acquaintances, not to the exclusion, indeed, of his friend's memory, but greatly to the alleviation of his own sorrow. It was natural, in such circumstances, that the young officer should console himself sooner than poor Edward. The country in which Hallberg found himself was wild and mountainous, but possessed all the charms and peculiarities of "far off" districts—simple, hospitable manners, old-fashioned customs, many tales and legends which arise from the credulity of the mountaineers, who invariably lean towards the marvellous, and love to people the wild solitudes with invisible beings.

Ferdinand had soon, without seeking for it, made acquaintance with several respectable families in the town; and, as it generally happens in such cases, he had become quite domesticated in the best country houses in the neighbourhood; and the well-mannered, handsome, and agreeable youth was welcomed everywhere. The simple, patriarchal life in these old mansions and castles—the cordiality of the people, the wild, picturesque scenery, nay, the very legends themselves were entirely to Hallberg's taste. He adapted himself easily to his new mode of life, but his heart remained tranquil. This could not last. Before

half a year had passed, the battalion to which he belonged was ordered to another station, and he had to part with many friends. The first letter which he wrote after this change, bore the impression of impatience at the breaking up of a happy time. Edward found this natural enough; but he was surprised in the following letters to detect signs of a disturbed and desultory state of mind, wholly foreign to his friend's nature. The riddle was soon solved. Ferdinand's heart was touched for the first time, and, perhaps, because the impression had been made late, it was all the deeper. Unfavourable circumstances opposed themselves to his hopes: the young lady was of an ancient family, rich, and betrothed since her childhood to a relation, who was expected shortly to arrive in order to claim her promised hand. Notwithstanding this engagement, Ferdinand and the young girl had become sincerely attached to each other, and had both resolved to dare everything with the hope of being united. They pledged their troth in secret; the darkest mystery enveloped not only their plans, but their affections; and as secrecy was necessary to the advancement of their projects, Ferdinand entreated his friend to forgive him if he did not entrust his whole secret to a sheet of paper that had at least sixty miles to travel, and which must pass through so many hands. It was impossible from his letter to guess the name of the person or the place in question. "You know that I love," he wrote, "therefore you know that the object of my secret passion is worthy of any sacrifice; for you know your friend too well to believe him capable of any blind infatuation, and this must suffice for the present. No one must suspect what we are to each other; no one here or round the neighbourhood must have the slightest clue to our plans. An awful personage will soon make his appearance among us. His violent temper, his inveterate obstinacy (according to all that one hears of him) are well calculated to confirm in *her* a well-founded aversion. But family arrangements and legal contracts exist, the fulfilment of which the opposing party are bent on enforcing. The struggle will be hard—perhaps, unsuccessful; notwithstanding, I will strain every nerve. Should I fall, you must

console yourself, my dear Edward, with the thought, that it will be no misfortune to your friend to be deprived of an existence rendered miserable by the failure of his dearest hopes, and separation from his dearest friend. Then may all the happiness which heaven has denied me be vouchsafed to you and her, so that my spirit may look down contentedly from the realms of light, and bless and protect you both."

Such was the usual tenor of the letters which Edward received during that period. His heart was full of anxiety—he read danger and distress in the mysterious communications of Ferdinand; and every argument that affection and good sense could suggest did he make use of, in his replies, to turn his friend from this path of peril which threatened to end in a deep abyss. He tried persuasion, and urged him to desist for the sake of their long-tried affection. But when did passion ever listen to the expostulations of friendship?

Ferdinand only saw one aim in life—the possession of the beloved one. All else faded from before his eyes, and even his correspondence slackened; for his time was much taken up in secret excursions, arrangements of all kinds, and communications with all manner of persons; in fact every action of his present life tended to the furtherance of his plan.

All of a sudden his letters ceased. Many posts passed without a sign of life. Edward was a prey to the greatest anxiety; he thought his friend had staked and lost. He imagined an elopement, a clandestine marriage, a duel with a rival, and all these casualties were the more painful to conjecture, since his entire ignorance of the real state of things gave his fancy full range to conjure up all sorts of misfortunes. At length, after many more posts had come in without a line to pacify Edward's fears, without a word in reply to his earnest entreaties for some news, he determined on taking a step which he had meditated before, and only relinquished out of consideration for his friend's wishes. He wrote to the officer commanding the regiment, and made inquiries respecting the health and abode of Lieutenant von Hallberg, whose friends in the capital had remained for nearly two months without news of him, he who

had hitherto proved a regular and frequent correspondent.

Another fortnight dragged heavily on, and at length the announcement came in an official form. Lieutenant von Hallberg had been invited to the castle of a nobleman whom he was in the custom of visiting, in order to be present at the wedding of a lady; that he was indisposed at the time, that he grew worse, and on the third morning had been found dead in his bed, having expired during the night from an attack of apoplexy.

Edward could not finish the letter, it fell from his trembling hand. To see his worst fears realised so suddenly, overwhelmed him at first. His youth withstood the bodily illness which would have assailed a weaker constitution, and perhaps mitigated the anguish of his grief. He was not dangerously ill, but they feared many days for his reason; and it required all the kind solicitude of the director of the college, combined with the most skillful medical aid, to stem the torrent of his sorrow, and to turn it gradually into a calmer channel, until by degrees the mourner recovered both health and reason. His youthful spirits, however, had received a blow from which they never rebounded, and one thought lay heavy on his mind which he was unwilling to share with any other person, and which, on that account, grew more and more painful. It was the memory of that holy promise which had been mutually contracted, that the survivor was to receive some token of his friend's remembrance of him after death. Now two months had already passed since Ferdinand's earthly career had been arrested, his spirit was free, why no sign? In the moment of death Edward had had no intimation, no message from the passing spirit, and this apparent neglect, so to speak, was another deep wound in Edward's breast. Do the affections cease with life? Was it contrary to the will of the Almighty that the mourner should taste this consolation? Did individuality lose itself in death, and with it memory? Or did one stroke destroy spirit, and body? These anxious doubts, which have before now agitated many who reflect on such subjects, exercised their power over Edward's mind with an intensity that none can imagine save one whose position is in any degree similar.

Time gradually deadened the intensity of his affliction. The violent paroxysms of grief subsided into a deep but calm regret; it was as if a mist had spread itself over every object which presented itself before him, robbing them indeed of half their charms, yet leaving them visible, and in their real relation to himself. During this mental change the autumn arrived, and with it the long-expected commission. It did not indeed occasion the joy which it might have done in former days, when it would have led to a meeting with Ferdinand, or at all events to a better chance of meeting, but it released him from the thralldom of college, and it opened to him a welcome sphere of activity. Now it so happened that his appointment led him accidentally into the very neighbourhood where Ferdinand had formerly resided, only with this difference, that Edward's squadron was quartered in the lowlands, about a short day's journey from the town and woodland environs in question.

He proceeded to his quarters, and found an agreeable occupation in the exercise of his new duties.

He had no wish to make acquaintances, yet he did not refuse the invitations that were pressed upon him, lest he should be accused of eccentricity and rudeness; and so he found himself soon entangled in all sorts of engagements with the neighbouring gentry and nobility. If these so-called gaieties gave him no particular pleasure, at least for the time they diverted his thoughts; and, with this view, he accepted an invitation (for the new year and carnival were near at hand) to a great shooting-match which was to be held in the mountains—a spot which it was possible to reach in one day, with favourable weather and the roads in a good state. The day was appointed, the air tolerably clear; a mild frost had made the roads safe and even, and Edward had every expectation of being able to reach Blumenberg in his sledge before night, as on the following morning the match was to take place. But as soon as he got near the mountains, where the sun retires so early to rest, snow-clouds drove from all quarters, a cutting wind came roaring through the ravines, and a heavy fall of snow began. Twice the driver lost his way, and daylight was gone before he had well

recovered it; darkness came on sooner than in other places, walled in as they were by dark mountains, with dark clouds above their heads. It was out of the question to dream of reaching Blumenberg that night; but in this hospitable land, where every householder welcomes the passing traveller, Edward was under no anxiety as to shelter. He only wished, before the night quite set in, to reach some country house or castle; and now that the storm had abated in some degree, that the heavens were a little clearer, and that a few stars peeped out, a large valley opened before them, whose bold outline Edward could distinguish, even in the uncertain light. The well-defined roofs of a neat village were perceptible, and behind these, half-way up the mountain that crowned the plain, Edward thought he could discern a large building which glimmered with more than one light. The road led straight into the village. Edward stopped and inquired.

That building was, indeed, a castle; the village belonged to it, and both were the property of the Baron Friedenberg. "Friedenberg!" repeated Edward: the name sounded familiar to him, yet he could not call to mind when and where he had heard it. He inquired if the family were at home, hired a guide, and arrived at length, by a rugged path which wound itself round steep rocks, to the summit of them, and finally to the castle, which was perched there like an eagle's nest. The tinkling of the bells on Edward's sledge attracted the attention of the inmates; the door was opened with prompt hospitality—servants appeared with torches; Edward was assisted to emerge from under the frozen apron of his carriage, out of his heavy pelisse, stiff with hoar frost, and up a comfortable staircase into a long saloon of simple construction, where a genial warmth appeared to welcome him from a spacious stove in the corner. The servants here placed two large burning candles in massive silver sconces, and went out to announce the stranger.

The fitting-up of the room, or rather saloon, was perfectly simple. Family portraits, in heavy frames, hung round the walls, diversified by some maps. Magnificent stags' horns were arranged between; and the taste of the master of the house was easily detected in the hunting-knives, powder-flasks, car-

pipes, smoking-bags, and sportsmen's pouches, which were arranged, not without taste, as trophies of the chase. The ceiling was supported by large beams, dingy with smoke and age; and on the sides of the room were long benches, covered and padded with dark cloth, and studded with large brass nails; while round the dinner-table were placed several arm-chairs, also of an ancient date. All bore the aspect of the "good old times," of a simple patriarchal life with affluence. Edward felt as if there were a kind welcome in the inanimate objects which surrounded him, when the inner door opened, and the master of the house entered, preceded by a servant, and welcomed his guest with courteous cordiality.

Some apologies which Edward offered on account of his intrusion, were silenced in a moment.

"Come now, Lieutenant," said the Baron, "I must introduce you to my family. You are not such a stranger to us, as you fancy."

With these words he took Edward by the arm, and, lighted by the servant, they passed through several lofty rooms, which were very handsomely furnished, although in an old-fashioned style, with faded Flemish carpets, large chandeliers, and high-backed chairs: everything in keeping with what the youth had already seen in the castle. Here were the ladies of the house. At the other end of the room, by the side of an immense stove, ornamented with a large shield of the family arms, richly emblazoned, and crowned by a gigantic Turk, in a most comfortable attitude of repose sat the lady of the house, an elderly matron of tolerable circumference, in a gown of dark red satin, with a black mantle and a snow-white lace cap. She appeared to be playing cards with the chaplain, who sat opposite to her at the table, and the Baron Friedenberg to have made the third hand at ombre, till he was called away to welcome his guest. On the other side of the room were two young ladies, an elder person, who might be a governess, and a couple of children, very much engrossed by a game at lotto.

As Edward entered, the ladies rose to greet him; a chair was placed for him near the mistress of the house, and very soon a cup of chocolate and a bottle of tokay were served on a rich

silver salver, to restore the traveller after the cold and discomfort of his drive: in fact it was easy for him to feel that these "far-away" people were by no means displeased at his arrival. An agreeable conversation soon began among all parties. His travels, the shooting-match, the neighbourhood, agriculture, all afforded subjects, and in a quarter of an hour Edward felt as if he had long been domesticated with these simple but truly well-informed people.

Two hours flew swiftly by, and then a bell sounded for supper; the servants returned with lights, announced that the supper was on the table, and lighted the company into the dining-room—the same into which Edward had first been ushered. Here, in the background, some other characters appeared on the scene—the agent, a couple of his subalterns, and the physician. The guests ranged themselves round the table. Edward's place was between the Baron and his wife. The chaplain said a short grace, when the Baroness, with an uneasy look, glanced at her husband over Edward's shoulder, and said, in a low whisper—

"My love, we are thirteen—that will never do."

The Baron smiled, beckoned to the youngest of the clerks, and whispered to him. The youth bowed, and withdrew. The servant took the cover away, and served his supper in the next room.

"My wife," said Friedenberg, "is superstitious, as all mountaineers are. She thinks it unlucky to dine thirteen. It certainly has happened twice (whether from chance or not who can tell?) that we have had to mourn the death of an acquaintance who had, a short time before, made the thirteenth at our table."

"This idea is not confined to the mountains. I know many people in the capital who think with the Baroness," said Edward. "Although in a town such ideas, which belong more especially to the olden time, are more likely to be lost in the whirl and bustle which usually silences everything that is not essentially matter of fact."

"Ah, yes, Lieutenant," replied the Baron, smiling good-humouredly, "we keep up old customs better in the mountains. You see that by our furniture. People in the capital would call this sadly old-fashioned."

"That which is really good and beautiful can never appear out of date," rejoined Edward, courteously; "and here, if I mistake not, presides a spirit that is ever striving after both. I must confess, Baron, that when I first entered your house, it was this very aspect of the olden time that enchanted me beyond measure."

"That is always the effect which simplicity has on every unspoiled mind," answered Friedenberg; "but townspeople have seldom a taste for such things."

"I was partly educated on my father's estate," said Edward, "which was situated in the Highlands; and it appeared to me as if, when I entered your house, I were visiting a neighbour of my father's, for the general aspect is quite the same here as with us."

"Yes," said the chaplain, "mountainous districts have all a family likeness: the same necessities, the same struggles with nature, the same seclusion, all produce the same way of life among mountaineers."

"On that account the prejudice against the number thirteen was especially familiar to me," replied Edward. "We also dislike it; and we retain a consideration for many supernatural, or at least inexplicable things, which I have met with again in this neighbourhood."

"Yes, here, almost more than anywhere else," continued the chaplain, "I think we excel all other mountaineers in the number and variety of our legends and ghost stories. I assure you that there is not a cave or a church, or, above all, a castle, for miles round about, of which we could not relate something supernatural."

The Baroness, who perceived the turn which the conversation was likely to take, thought it better to send the children to bed; and when they were gone, the priest continued, "Even here, in this castle —"

"Here!" inquired Edward, "in this very castle?"

"Yes, yes! Lieutenant," interposed the Baron, "this house has the reputation of being haunted; and the most extraordinary thing is, that the matter cannot be denied by the sceptical, or accounted for by the reasonable."

"And yet," said Edward, "the castle looks so cheerful, so habitable."

"Yes, this part which we live in,"

answered the Baron; "but it consists of only a few apartments sufficient for my family and these gentlemen; the other portion of the building is half in ruins, and dates from the period when men established themselves on the mountains for greater safety."

"There are some who maintain," said the physician, "that a part of the walls of the eastern tower itself are of Roman origin; but that would surely be difficult to prove."

"But, gentlemen," observed the Baroness, "you are losing yourselves in learned descriptions as to the erection of the castle, and our guest is kept in ignorance of what he is anxious to hear."

"Indeed, madam," replied the chaplain, "this is not entirely foreign to the subject, since in the most ancient part of the building lies the chamber in question."

"Where apparitions have been seen?" inquired Edward, eagerly.

"Not exactly," replied the Baroness; "there is nothing fearful to be seen."

"Come, let us tell him at once," interrupted the Baron. "The fact is, that every guest who sleeps for the first time in this room (and it has fallen to the lot of many, in turn, to do so), is visited by some important, significant dream or vision, or whatever I ought to call it, in which some future event is prefigured to him, or some past mystery cleared up, which he had vainly striven to comprehend before."

"Then," interposed Edward, "it must be something like what is known in the Highlands, under the name of second sight, a privilege, as some consider it, which several persons and several families enjoy."

"Just so," said the physician, "the cases are very similar; yet the most mysterious part of this affair is, that it does not appear to originate with the individual, or his organisation, or his sympathy with beings of the invisible world; no, the individual has nothing to say to it—the locality does it all. Every one who sleeps in that room has his mysterious dream, and the result proves it truth."

"At least, in most instances," continued the Baron, "when we have had an opportunity of hearing the cases confirmed. I remember once, in particular. You may recollect, Lieutenant,

that when you first came in, I had the honour of telling you you were not quite a stranger to me."

"Certainly, Baron; and I have been wishing for a long time to ask an explanation of these words."

"We have often heard your name mentioned by a particular friend of yours—one who could never pronounce it without emotion."

"Ah!" cried Edward, who now saw clearly why the Baron's name had sounded familiar to him also—"ah! you speak of my friend Hallberg; truly do you say, we were indeed dear to each other."

"Were!" echoed the Baron, in a faltering tone, as he observed the sudden change in Edward's voice and countenance; "can the blooming, vigorous youth be ——"

"Dead!" exclaimed Edward; and the Baron deeply regretted that he had touched so tender a chord, as he saw the young officer's eyes fill with tears, and a dark cloud pass over his animated features.

"Forgive me," he continued, while he leaned forward and pressed his companion's hand; "I grieve that a thoughtless word should have awakened such deep sorrow. I had no idea of his death; we all loved the handsome young man, and by his description of you were already much interested in you before we had ever seen you."

The conversation now turned entirely on Hallberg. Edward related the particulars of his death. Every one present had something to say in his praise; and although this sudden allusion to his dearest friend had agitated Edward in no slight degree, yet it was a consolation to him to listen to the tribute these worthy people paid to the memory of Ferdinand, and to see how genuine was their regret at the tidings of his early death. The time passed swiftly away in conversation of much interest, and the whole company were surprised to hear ten o'clock strike, an unusually late hour for this quiet, regular family. The chaplain read prayers, in which Edward devoutly joined, and then he kissed the matron's hand, and felt almost as if he were in his father's house. The Baron offered to show his guest to his room, and the servant preceded them with lights. The way led past the staircase, and then on one side into a long gallery, which com-

municated with another wing of the castle.

The high-vaulted ceilings, the curious carving on the ponderous doorways, the pointed gothic windows, through many broken panes of which a sharp nightwind whistled, proved to Edward that he was in the old part of the castle, and that the famous chamber could not be far off.

"Would it be impossible for me to be quartered there," he began, rather timidly; "I should like it of all things."

"Really!" inquired the Baron, rather surprised; "have not our ghost stories alarmed you?"

"On the contrary," was the reply, "they have excited the most earnest wish ——"

"Then, if that be the case," said the Baron, "we will return. The room was already prepared for you, being the most comfortable and the best in the whole wing; only I fancied, after our conversation ——"

"Oh, certainly not," exclaimed Edward; "I could only long for such dreams."

During this discourse they had arrived at the door of the famous room. They went in. They found themselves in a lofty and spacious apartment, so large that the two candles which the servant carried only shed a glimmering twilight over it, which did not penetrate to the furthest corner. A high-canopied bed, hung with costly but old-fashioned damask, of a dark green, in which were swelling pillows of snowy whiteness, tied with green bows, and a silk coverlet of the same colour, looked very inviting to the tired traveller. Sofa and chairs of faded needlework, a carved oak commode and table, a looking-glass in heavy framework, a prie-dieu and crucifix above it, constituted the furniture of the room, where, above all things, cleanliness and comfort preponderated, while a good deal of silver plate was spread out on the toilet-table.

Edward looked round. "A beautiful room!" he said. "Answer me one question, Baron, if you please. Did he ever sleep here?"

"Certainly," replied Friedenberg; "it was his usual room when he was here, and he had a most curious dream in that bed, which, as he assured us, made a great impression on him."

"And what was it?" inquired Edward, eagerly.

"He never told us, for, as you well know, he was reserved by nature; but we gathered from some words that he let slip, that an early and sudden death was foretold. Alas! your narrative has confirmed the truth of the prediction."

"Wonderful! He always had a similar foreboding, and many a time has he grieved me by alluding to it," said Edward; "yet it never made him gloomy or discontented. He went on his way firmly and calmly, and looked forward with joy, I might almost say, to another life."

"He was a superior man," answered the Baron, "whose memory will ever be dear to us. But now I will detain you no longer. Good night. Here is the bell"—he showed him the cord in between the curtains—"and your servant sleeps in the next room."

"Oh, you are too careful of me," said Edward, smiling; "I am used to sleep by myself."

"Still," replied the Baron, "every precaution should be taken. Now once more good night."

He shook him by the hand, and, followed by the servant, left the room.

Thus Edward found himself alone in the large, mysterious-looking, haunted room, where his deceased friend had so often reposed—where he also was expected to see a vision. The awe which the place itself inspired, combined with the sad and yet tender recollection of the departed Ferdinand, produced a state of mental excitement which was not favourable to his night's rest. He had already undressed with the aid of his servant (whom he had then dismissed), and had been in bed some time, having extinguished the candles. No sleep visited his eyelids; and the thought recurred which had so often troubled him, why he had never received the promised token from Ferdinand, whether his friend's spirit were among the blest—whether his silence (so to speak) proceeded from unwillingness or incapacity to communicate with the living. A mingled train of reflections agitated his mind; his brain grew heated; his pulse beat faster and faster. The castle clock tolled eleven—half-past eleven. He counted the strokes; and at that moment the moon rose above the dark margin of the rocks which surrounded the castle, and shed her full light into Edward's room. Every object stood

out in relief from the darkness. Edward gazed, and thought, and speculated. It seemed to him as if something moved in the furthest corner of the room. The movement was evident—it assumed a form—the form of a man, which appeared to advance, or rather to float forward. Here Edward lost all sense of surrounding objects, and he found himself once more sitting at the foot of the monument in the garden of the academy, where he had contracted the bond with his friend. As formerly, the moon streamed through the dark branches of the fir-trees, and shed its cold pale light on the cold white marble of the monument. Then the floating form which had appeared in the room of the castle became clearer, more substantial, more earthly-looking; it issued from behind the tombstone, and stood in the full moonlight. It was Ferdinand, in the uniform of his regiment, earnest and pale, but with a kind smile on his features.

"Ferdinand, Ferdinand!" cried Edward, overcome by joy and surprise, and he strove to embrace the well-loved form, but it waved him aside with a melancholy look.

"Ah! you are dead," continued the speaker; "and why then do I see you just as you looked when living?"

"Edward," answered the apparition, in a voice that sounded as if it came from afar, "I am dead, but my spirit has no peace,"

"You are not with the blest?" cried Edward, in a voice of terror.

"God is merciful," it replied; "but we are frail and sinful creatures; inquire no more, but pray for me."

"With all my heart," cried Edward, in a tone of anguish, while he gazed with affection on the familiar features; "but speak, what can I do for thee?"

"An unholy tie still binds me to earth. I have sinned. I was cut off in the midst of my sinful projects. This ring burns." He slipped a small gold ring from his left hand. "Only when every token of this unholy compact is destroyed, and when I recover the ring which I exchanged for this, only then can my spirit be at rest. Oh, Edward, dear Edward, bring me back my ring!"

"With joy—but where, where am I to seek it?"

"Emily Varnier will give it thee herself; our engagement was contrary to holy duties, to prior engagements,

to earlier vows. God denied his blessing to the guilty project, and my course was arrested in a fearful manner. Pray for me, Edward, and bring back the ring, my ring," continued the voice, in a mournful tone of appeal.

Then the features of the deceased smiled sadly but tenderly; then all appeared to float once more before Edward's eyes.—the form was lost in mist, the monument, the fir grove, the moonlight, disappeared; a long, gloomy, breathless pause followed. Edward lay, half sleeping, half benumbed, in a confused manner; portions of the dream returned to him—some images, some sounds—above all, the petition for the restitution of the ring. But an indescribable power bound his limbs, closed his eyelids, and silenced his voice; mental consciousness alone was left him, yet his mind was a prey to terror.

At length these painful sensations subsided—his nerves became more braced, his breath came more freely, a pleasing languor crept over his limbs, and he fell into a peaceful sleep. When he awoke it was already broad daylight; his sleep towards the end of the night had been quiet and refreshing. He felt strong and well, but as soon as the recollection of his dream returned, a deep melancholy took possession of him, and he felt the traces of tears which grief had wrung from him on his eyelashes. But what had the vision been? A mere dream engendered by the conversation of the evening, and his affection for Hallberg's memory, or was it at length the fulfilment of the compact?

There, out of that dark corner, had the form risen up, and moved towards him. But might it not have been some effect of light and shade produced by the moonbeams, and the dark branches of a large tree close to the window, when agitated by the high wind? Perhaps he had seen this, and then fallen asleep, and all combined had woven itself into a dream. But the name of Emily Varnier! Edward did not remember ever to have heard it; certainly it had never been mentioned in Ferdinand's letters. Could it be the name of his love, of the object of that ardent and unfortunate passion? Could the vision be one of truth? He was meditating, lost in thought, when there was a knock at his door, and the servant entered. Edward rose hastily,

and sprang out of bed. As he did so, he heard something fall with a ringing sound; the servant stooped and picked up a gold ring, plain gold, like a wedding-ring. Edward shuddered; he snatched it from the servant's hand, and the colour forsook his cheeks as he read the two words "Emily Varnier" engraved inside the hoop. He stood there like one thunderstruck, as pale as a corpse, with the proof in his hand that he had not merely dreamed, but had actually spoken with the spirit of his friend. A servant of the household came in to ask whether the Lieutenant wished to breakfast in his room, or down stairs with the family. Edward would willingly have remained alone with the thoughts that pressed heavily on him, but a secret dread lest his absence should be remarked, and considered as a proof of fear, after all that had passed on the subject of the haunted room, determined him to accept the last proposal. He dressed hastily, and arranged his hair carefully, but the paleness of his face, and the traces of tears in his eyes, were not to be concealed, and he entered the saloon, where the family were already assembled at the breakfast-table, with the chaplain and the doctor.

The Baron rose to greet him: one glance at the young officer's face was sufficient; he pressed his hand in silence, and led him to a place by the side of the Baroness. An animated discussion now began concerning the weather, which was completely changed; a strong south wind had risen in the night, so there was now a thaw. The snow was all melted—the torrents were flowing once more, and the roads impassable.

"How can you possibly reach Blumenberg, to-day?" the Baron inquired of his guest.

"That will be well nigh impossible," said the doctor. "I am just come from a patient at the next village, and I was nearly an hour performing the same distance in a carriage that is usually traversed on foot in a quarter of an hour."

Edward had not given a thought this morning to the shooting-match. Now that it had occurred to him to remember it, he felt little regret at being detained from a scene of noisy festivity which, far from being desirable, appeared to him actually distasteful in his present frame of mind.

Yet he was troubled by the thought of intruding too long on the hospitality of his new friends; and he said, in a hesitating manner—

"Yes! but I must try how far ——"

"That you shall not do," interrupted the Baron. "The road is always bad, and in a thaw it is really dangerous. It would go against my conscience to allow you to risk it. Remain with us: we have no shooting-match or ball to offer you, but ——"

"I shall not certainly regret either," cried Edward, eagerly.

"Well, then, remain with us, Lieutenant," said the matron, laying her hand on his arm, with a kind, maternal gesture. "You are heartily welcome; and the longer you stay with us, the better shall we be pleased."

The youth bowed, and raised the lady's hand to his lips, and said—

"If you will allow me—if you feel certain that I am not intruding—I will accept your kind offer with joy. I never care much for a ball, at any time, and to-day in particular"—He stopped short, and then added, "In such bad weather as this, the small amusement ——"

"Would be dearly bought," interposed the Baron. "Come, I am delighted you will remain with us."

He shook Edward warmly by the hand.

"You know you are with old friends."

"And, besides," said the doctor, with disinterested solicitude, "it would be imprudent, for M. de Wensleben does not look very well. Had you a good night, sir?"

"Very good," replied Edward.

"Without much dreaming?" continued the other, pertinaciously.

"Dreaming! oh, nothing wonderful," answered the officer.

"Hem!" said the doctor, shaking his head, portentously. "No one yet ——"

"Were I to relate my dream," replied Edward, "you would understand it no more than I did. Confused images ——"

The Baroness, who saw the youth's unwillingness to enlarge upon the subject, here observed—

"That some of the visions had been of no great importance—those which she had heard related, at least."

The chaplain led the conversation

from dreams, themselves, to their origin, on which subject he and the doctor could not agree; and Edward and his visions were left in peace at last. But when every one had departed, each to his daily occupation, Edward followed the Baron into his library.

"I answered in that manner," he said, "to get rid of the doctor and his questioning. To you I will confess the truth. Your room has exercised its mysterious influence over me."

"Indeed!" said the baron, eagerly.

"I have seen and spoken with my Ferdinand, for the first time since his death. I will trust to your kindness—your sympathy—not to require of me a description of this exciting vision. But I have a question to put to you."

"Which I will answer in all candour, if it be possible."

"Do you know the name of Emily Varnier?"

"Varnier!—certainly not."

"Is there no one in this neighbourhood who bears that name?"

"No one; it sounds like a foreign name."

"In the bed in which I slept I found this ring," said Edward, while he produced it; and the apparition of my friend pronounced that name.

"Wonderful! As I tell you, I know no one so called—this is the first time I ever heard the name. But it is entirely unaccountable to me, how the ring should have come into that bed. You see, M. von Wensleben, what I told you is true. There is something very peculiar about that room; the moment you entered, I saw that the spell had been working on you also, but I did not wish to forestall or force your confidence."

"I felt the delicacy, as I do now the kindness, of your intentions. Those who are as sad as I am can alone tell the value of tenderness and sympathy."

Edward remained this day and the following at the castle, and felt quite at home with its worthy inmates. He slept twice in the haunted room. He went away, and came back often; was always welcomed cordially, and always quartered in the same apartment. But, in spite of all this, he had no clue, he had no means of lifting the veil of mystery which hung round the fate of Ferdinand Hallberg and of Emily Varnier.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN—A BALLAD.

THE following attempt to throw into metrical form, without departing from the southern Irish idiom, a legend of the troubles of '98, was written for a dear and gifted relative, and with a view to recitation, for which the author feels it to be much better suited than for presentation in cold type to a critical public. He relies, however, upon their good nature at least as much as he dreads their justice; and is also comforted by the following considerations: The friend whom he has mentioned gave a copy of the ballad to our fellow-countryman, Samuel Lover, immediately before his departure for America, and there, aided by those talents which make Mr. Lover's entertainments so delightful, its success was at once so flattering and decisive as to induce the author to place it at the disposal of his old friend, Anthony Poplar. It is unnecessary to say that had not the unlucky coincidence of the name of the hero and the subject of the ballad with certain incidents in the melancholy history of the last two years, made it unavailable, with propriety, for the purposes of public recitation in Ireland, the author would immeasurably have preferred sending the legend before his countrymen with the great and peculiar advantages it enjoyed at the other side of the water.

Such as it is, however; it is heartily at their service :—

Jist afther the war, in the year '98,
 As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
 'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
 To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.
 There was trial by jury goin' on by day-light,
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon :
 If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon ;
 An' whether the sogers or judges gev sentence,
 The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
 An' its many's the fine boy was then an his keepin',
 Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin';
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.
 An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
 Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
 His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
 An' the keen-fangèd hound had not teeth half so white.
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red ;
 An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
 For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night ;
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
 In fincin' he gev Patrick Mooney a cut,
 An' in jumpin' he bate Tim Malowney a fut ;
 For lightness iv fut there was not his peer,
 For, by gorra, he'd almost outrun the red deer ;
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
 An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare ;
 An', by gorra, the whole world gev it in to him there.
 An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
 An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,

An' it's many's the one can remimber right well
 The quare things he done ; an' it's often I heerd tell
 How he freckened the magistrates in Cahirbally,
 An' escaped through the sodgers in Aherloe Valley ;
 An' leathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,
 An' stretched the two strongest on ould Galtimore.
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best.
 Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
 An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night—
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,
 An' one at the shelthering, far-distant wood.
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still ;
 Farewell to the pattrern, the hurlin', an' wake,
 And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.
 An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough gaol,
 An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail.
 The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the strong hands wor bound,
 An' he laid down his length on the cold prison ground.
 An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there,
 As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air ;
 An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
 As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
 Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
 Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
 But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
 Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start ;
 An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
 By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
 That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
 His enemies never should have it to boast
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost ;
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dry,
 For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
 The terrible day iv the thrial kem on ;
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
 An' sogers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand ;
 An' the court-house so full that the people wor bothered,
 An' attorneys an' criers on the pint iv bein' smothered ;
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box over head ;
 An' the judge settled out so determined an' big,
 With his gown on his back, and an' illigant new wig ;
 An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead.
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
 An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.
 For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
 An' he saw that he had not a hope, nor a friend,
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend :
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;

And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
 An' Jim didn't undherstand it, nor mind it a taste.
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an' he says,
 "Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
 An' Shamus O'Brien made answer, and said,
 "My lord, if you ask me, if in my life time
 I thought any treason, or did any crime
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
 The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death blow,
 Before God and the world I would answer you, no;
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
 An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
 I answer you, yes, an' I tell you again,
 Though I stand here to perish, its my glory that then
 In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."
 Then the silence was great, an' the jury smiled bright,
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
 By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap,
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
 Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standing by,
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry,
 "Oh, judge, darlin', don't, oh, don't say the word,
 The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin'—
 You don't know him, my lord, oh, don't give him to ruin—
 He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest-hearted—
 Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted.
 Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
 An' God will forgive you, oh, don't say the word!"
 That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
 An' down his pale cheeks at the words of his mother,
 The big tears wor runnin' fast, one aither th'other.
 An' two or three times he endeavoured to spake,
 But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break;
 But at last by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
 He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide,
 "An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,
 For sooner or later the dearest must part;
 And God knows it's betther than wandering in fear
 On the bleak, trackless mountains among the wild deer,
 To lie in the grave where the head, heart, and breast
 From thought, labour, and sorrow for ever shall rest.
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
 Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour,
 For I wish when my head's lyin' undher the raven,
 No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"
 Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.
 The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky—
 But why are the men standin' idle so late?
 An' why do the crowds gother fast in the street?
 What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
 An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?

Oh! Shamus O'Brien pray fervent and fast,
 May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
 Pray fast an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,
 When sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.
 An' faster an' faster the crowd gathered there,
 Boys, horses and gingerbread, just like a fair;
 An' whiskey was selling, an' cussamuck too,
 And ould men and young women enjoying the view.
 An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
 There was'nt sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark;
 An' be gorra 'twas thrue for him, for divil such a scruge,
 Sich divarshin and crowds was known since the deluge.
 For thousands was gothered there, if there was one,
 Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id come on;
 At last they threw open the big prison gate,
 An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
 An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it;
 Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
 An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
 Wid prayin' and blessin, and all the girls cryin';
 A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' thro' trees.
 On, on to the gallows, the sheriffs are gone,
 An' the cart an' the sodgers goes steadily on;
 An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
 A wild sorrowful sound that 'id open your heart.
 Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
 An' the hangman gets up wid the rope in his hand;
 An' the priest having blest him, goes down on the ground,
 An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round.
 Then the hangman dhrew near, and the people grew still,
 Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
 For the gripe iv the life-stranglin' cord to prepare:
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
 But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
 And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;
 Bang, bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres,
 He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him neighbours.
 Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,
 By the heavens he's free! than thunder more loud
 By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
 But if you want hangin', its yourselves you must hang;
 To night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
 An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him again.
 The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
 An' father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
 An' the sheriffs wor both of them punished severely,
 An' fined like the divil, because Jim done them fairly.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SECOND NOTICE.

WE resume our notice of the memoir and correspondence of the late poet-laureat, which his son continues with unabated interest, leaving very little to be desired of the vivid distinctness with which Southey himself would have pictured the events of his life, had he completed the autobiography in which he had intended to leave them behind him.

He was now in his thirty-second year, an author of established reputation, having evinced, both in prose and verse, powers of a very high order, but marked by peculiarities which provoked, and gave some colourable justification to, uncandid, acrimonious, and malevolent criticism, which long retarded, although it could not finally prevail against, his rising fame. "Although these fellows," he writes, speaking of the Edinburgh reviewers (we think, in a letter to Miss Seward), "cannot blight a leaf of laurel, they can damage a field of corn."

The "Edinburgh Review" was, at that time, in the zenith of its fame. Jeffrey, its conductor, was no ordinary man; but remarkable more for the polish, than the power of his mind; and for a cold, keen, sarcastic wit, than for those generous susceptibilities which would have enabled him either to appreciate the excellencies, or make due allowance for the errors, of such a man as Robert Southey; and all his stores of ridicule were accordingly opened upon the poet, which, while they made the unreflecting laugh, could not but make the judicious grieve.

For these severe strictures we by no means deny that Mr. Southey's early productions afforded some excuse. There was too naked a disclosure of delicate susceptibilities, which might easily have been mistaken for a puling sentimentality. In Canning's "Needy Knife-grinder," this is

most happily, although extravagantly, caricatured. And there was also a daring departure from established rules of composition, which, although justified by the poet's genius, it would have been prudent to repress, until time had matured his mind, and given him a command over the public sympathies which would have made even his eccentricities respected. But he had early felt his mission, and looked upon himself as one called to the office of a poetical reformer.

Nor can it be denied that, in his day, such a reformation was much needed. Of poetry, as it was understood by Chaucer and Shakspeare, by Spencer and Milton, much of the freshness and vigour was gone. These great masters looked to nature without, for their models, and derived from within their prompting inspirations. An instrument of thought, rough-hewn and unpolished, under the plastic influences of their genius, assumed form and symmetry, until it presented, to a tribe of imitators, facilities of metrical combination temptingly and dangerously delusive. Hence, much of what was poetry to the eye and to the ear; little to the soul and to the imagination. Hence, with an affluence of language, a restricted variety of metre; until the old heroic couplet, the octosyllabic verse, and one or two other kinds, constituted the whole stock of which the poet could avail himself, without a startling departure from established rules. While all this was favourable to the mere versifier, it was, in a corresponding degree, adverse to the man whose promptings were the result of genuine inspiration.

Such was the state of things when Southey became a candidate for public favour; and with such a state of things he was resolved not to be content.

* "The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey." Edited by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M.A. Volumes III. and IV. London: Longman, Brown, Greene, and Longmans. 1850.

Had the reviewers, men of power and genius, looked with a kindly eye upon the young poet, they might have found a good excuse for this in his peculiar cast of thought, in the ardour of his temperament, in the creative facilities of his richly-gifted mind. But they were despotic sovereigns in the critical world; and besides, were not pleased with him for what they deemed his political tergiversation; and resolved to endure no departure from customs and usages which all men had hitherto regarded with a sort of traditional respect.

We are far from believing that there was any insincerity in the unsparing severity with which Jeffrey lashed what he deemed in the late laureat eccentricity and infatuation. He was a thorough-paced disciple of the old school. Dryden and Pope were his models. Any departure from the measured grandeur of the one, or the chaste and stately elegance of the other, must have appeared to him fantastical and revolting; although the former, in his "Alexander's Feast," and the latter, in his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," had given evidence of the unfettered freedom with which either could fling the reins on the neck of his Pegasus, and be "a law to himself" in his careerings through the regions of imagination. Collins, also, and Gray, had dared successfully to snatch at graces beyond the reach of art; and others there were, Aikenside and Cowper, for instance, upon whom new lights had dawned, and who were the precursors of that other school which was soon to vindicate for itself both "a local habitation and a name" in our poetical annals. But these were exceptional cases, by which "the ancient solitary reign" of the old heroic couplet was undisturbed. And it was not until innovations were made which threatened its ascendancy, and Southey, with a poet's license, transferred to whole poems the varieties of metre which were admissible in the ode, and constructed his "wild and wondrous tale," more with reference to picturesque effect than to established usage, that the reviewers found, or imagined, an excuse for pouring out all vials of their wrath upon him as incorrigible poetical delinquent.

That Jeffrey was not only under the influence of prejudices, but that he was blind of a faculty which would have enabled him rightly to appreciate such a man as Robert Southey, we believe. So far his prepossessions and deficiencies were scarcely so much faults as misfortunes. But there is, unfortunately for him, positive evidence of his dishonesty in dealing with the productions of the poet, which implies a moral deficiency for which the same excuse cannot be made; and he has recourse to expedients for the purpose of giving plausibility to his censure and point to his ridicule, which cannot be too severely condemned. We allude to the specimens of the metres in "Thalaba," given in detached extracts of two or three lines each, which, to be judged of aright, should be seen, or rather read, with the context. A few bars selected here and there, in which discord had an appropriate place, might as well be called a fair specimen of a piece of music.*

But if there be some evidence that the reviewer, even if he could do justice to the poet, would not, there is abundance to prove that even if he would, he could not. Both, in their views of life and their principles of action, were essentially contradistinguished. As society advances, there are influences at work which materially modify human character, and, by exalting the innate powers, and drawing out the latent virtues, render man as different from what he was under processes of mere human culture, as these processes had rendered him different from what he had been in the savage state. And of this truth Mr. Jeffrey, and the whole materialistic school to which he belonged, seemed totally oblivious.

Hence their utter disbelief in any new sources of poetry, or new topics for the development of poetical powers, different from those which had been known from the earliest ages. "We," they say, "have no faith in such discoveries. The elements of poetical interest are necessarily obvious and universal: they are within and about all men; and the topics by which they are suggested are proved to have been the same in every age and country in the world. Poetry," they add, "is, in

this respect, very nearly upon a footing with morality. In substance it is the same everywhere." They would, therefore, limit the sources of poetry to those aspects of humanity which were presented before Christianity had dawned upon the world. This, in disbelievers in revelation, was natural enough; but Southey was not an unbeliever.

That Christianity exhibits human nature under a new phase, will now, we think, be universally conceded. That it has wrought upon the human mind and heart, to the dethronement of passions and principles which before had ruled supreme, and kept all the gentler instincts and emotions in abeyance or in bondage, will, we fancy, be admitted even by those by whom its truth, as a revelation from God, is but little regarded. It is a great fact, of which the whole state of society, and the whole condition of man, in Christendom, bears unequivocal testimony; and it presents to the poet a new field for the exercise of his genius—a virgin soil for the cultivation of his poetic powers, as distinct from any which the heathen mythology affords, as is the light of the revelation under which we live, from the darkness visible of the idolatries by which it was preceded.

It is needless to dwell upon the development of the female character, and the re-exaltation of woman to her proper place in society, as one of the many blessings for which we are indebted to the diffusion of the Gospel; and surely, not to talk of its effects upon our proper humanity, the poet will recognise in it a new element of poetry, and find fitting subjects for his muse in graces and virtues which in older times challenged but little admiration.

Is it then, or is it not, a truth, which escaped the observation of the Edinburgh reviewer, that new sources of poetry have been discovered, when new trains of religious feeling have been awakened, and the moral sense has been quickened to, and invigorated by, the apprehension of spiritual things? On the contrary, we contend that such a metempsychosis of our moral being as may, under Christian influences, be experienced even upon earth, must naturally give rise to a species of composition abounding with

new notions of grandeur and dignity, and celebrating virtues which were before considered of a most unpoetical character—such as charity, humility, patience, forgiveness of injuries, and all the corresponding sentiments which they inspire. It is not Jupiter hurling his thunder, or Achilles indulging his wrath, which can interest the Christian reader, so much as a good man suffering under adversity, and borne up by a sublime reliance upon Providence. It is not the brutal achievements of physical strength, or the clumsy interference of degraded deities, which can inspire with sentiments of delight and admiration one whose tastes have been formed upon that model of excellence which the Gospel presents to all true believers; but feelings and incidents calculated to educate and exercise our moral faculties, and which are in unison with those notions of divine perfection, and of true goodness and greatness, which can only be learned from an authentic revelation.

Now, the critic's wrath was provoked, because of these new sources of poetry of which Mr. Southey had largely availed himself. He does not, indeed, make the Christian character a professed object of delineation, or aim at a sort of poetical pilgrim's progress; but, by attributing to other systems the sublime incentives to virtue which Christianity furnishes, and taking advantage of their susceptibility of poetical adornment, he contrives to insinuate, instead of formally communicating, instruction. How recreative to the moral sense are his exquisite depictions of those future stages of our being, when we shall be freed from the trammels of mortality! So refined and delicate, and yet so palpable, are the pleasures which he describes; so truly exalted and spiritual, and yet so conceivable, are the feelings which he portrays, that it is impossible to read them without cherishing every good and amiable propensity, and feeling more sensibly the loveliness of virtue, and shrinking more instinctively from the hideousness of vice. Take, for instance, the following passage from "*Kehama*," in which the suffering *Ladurlad* and his persecuted daughter are permitted, for a brief season, to visit the wife and the mother in Paradise:—

'Oh, happy sire and happy daughter!
 Ye, on the banks of that celestial water,
 Your resting-place and sanctuary have
 found.
 What! hath not then their mortal taint
 defiled
 The sacred solitary ground?
 Vain thought! the holy valley smil'd,
 Receiving such a sire and child;
 Ganga, who seemed asleep to lie,
 Beheld them with benignant eye.
 And rippled round melodiously;
 And roll'd her little waves to meet
 And welcome their beloved feet.
 The gales of Severga thither fled,
 And heavenly odours there were shed
 About, below, and overhead;
 And earth rejoicing in their tread,
 Hath built them up a blooming bower,
 Where every amaranthine flower
 Its deathless blossom interweaves
 With bright and undecaying leaves.
 Three happy beings are there here,
 The sire, the maid, the Glendoveer:
 A fourth approaches—who is this
 That enters in the bower of bliss?
 No form so fair might painter find
 Among the daughters of mankind;
 For death her beauties hath relin'd,
 And unto her a form hath given,
 Fram'd of the elements of heaven;
 Pure dwelling-place for perfect mind.
 She stood and gazed on sire and child;
 Her tongue not yet had power to speak,
 The tears were streaming down her cheek.
 And when those tears her sight beguil'd,
 And still her faltering accents fail'd,
 The spirit, mute and motionless,
 Spread out her arms for the caress,
 Made still and silent with excess
 Of love and painful happiness.
 The maid that lovely form survey'd;
 Wistful she gaz'd, and knew her not;
 But Nature to her heart convey'd
 A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
 A feeling many a year forgot,
 Now like a dream anew recurring,
 As if again in every vein
 Her mother's milk was stirring;
 With straining neck and earnest eye
 She stretch'd her hands imploringly,
 As if she fain would have her nigh,
 Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
 At once with love and awe oppress'd.
 Not so, Ladurad: he could trace,
 Though brightened with angelic grace,
 His own Yedillian's earthly face;
 He ran and held her to his breast!
 Oh, joy above all joys of heaven,
 By death alone to others given,
 This moment hath to him restor'd
 The early-lost, the long deplored.
 They sin who tell us love can die,
 With life all other passions fly—
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;

Earthly, these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they have their birth,
 But love is indestructible.
 Its holy flame for ever burneth;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceiv'd, at times oppress'd,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is there.
 Oh! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight."

Such is the characteristic of Southey's poetry. The grand maxim which he would inculcate is a belief in a graciously superintending Providence; that, whatever weal or woe betide, there is a power above by whom the righteous will never be forsaken, and by whom the wicked will full surely meet with due retribution; the sufferings of the one being but the necessary processes by which faith is tried, and the faithful are conducted to happiness; and the vices of the other being the snares by which they are drawn into, and involved in, irretrievable perdition. Thus it is that his poems abound, not in the fierce passions which consumed the soul of Byron, and for which he but sought a vent when he projected them from himself; nor in the voluptuous effeminacy which has, in so many instances, polluted the pages of Moore, whose descriptions of a sensual paradise but too much betray a sympathy with the delights and endearments of the sinners against their own souls; but in the trials of virtue which has successfully surmounted the solicitations of impure desire, and the triumphs of principle by which all the devices of the tempter were confounded.

How beautifully is the protecting influence of a pure attachment exemplified, when Thalaba is exposed to all the fascinations of the Garden of Delights in Mohared's palace, where females of surpassing beauty are threading the mazy dance—

"Their ankles bound with tinkling bells,
 Which made a modulating harmony;"

while

"Transparent garments, to the greedy eye

Gave all their harlot limbs,
Which writhed, in each immodest gesture
skilled.
With eager eyes the banqueters
Fed on the sight impure."

But in the heart of the youth of
destiny far other feelings were awa-
kened :

"His own Oneiza swam before his sight—
His own Arabian maid.
He rose, and from the banquet-room he
rushed,
And tears streamed down his burning cheek ;
And nature, for a moment, woke the thought,

And murmured, that, from all domestic joys
Estranged, he wandered through the world
A lonely being, far from all he loved.
Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes
That murmur shall be written !"

Again, when he is tried by suffering,
and Mohared has him in a dungeon
and in chains, his deliverance and
promotion to great honour being con-
ditional upon his compliance with the
behests of the regal voluptuary, how
noble is his response to the solicita-
tions of the tempter :—

'Sultan Mohared—yes! you have me here,
In chains ; but not forsaken, though oppressed ;
Cast down, but not destroyed ; shall danger daunt—
Shall death dismay his soul whose blood is given
For God, and for his brethren of mankind ?
Alike rewarded in that noble cause,
The patriot's and the martyr's wreath above
Beam with one glory ; think ye that my blood
Shall quench the dreaded flame : and know ye not
That leagued against ye are the just and wise,
And all good actions, of all ages past ;
Yea! your own crimes, and truth, and God in heaven."

Such was the poetry of Robert Southey : a poetry which recreates the moral sense, and has for its object the development and purification of instincts and faculties which would have remained, like veins in the block of marble, had they not been evoked and brought into light by Christianity. And had his Scotch critics felt its power, far different would have been their estimate of productions which all have a reference to that new state of being to which it teaches us to aspire.

That certain kinds of poetry naturally arise out of certain stages of society, is a truth very generally acknowledged by competent judges in such matters. And, if we remember rightly, the late Mr. Preston, in an essay which was published in an early volume of "The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," marked very clearly the distinction between the poetry of the Augustan age and that of the time of Homer. The latter, belonging to a stage of society when the physical powers of man were more necessary, and consequently in greater esteem, dwells much upon feats of strength and achievements of valour. Homer is less fond of describing the hero by what he thought or felt, than by what he did or suffered. Virgil, on the other hand, deals more in abstract passion, and

traces the progress of the more refined and delicate affections in the soul. And with good reason does he deviate, in this respect, from the venerable Grecian. Man had become a more reflecting being ; his attention had been more turned to the workings of his own mind ; and he could then pursue a train of thought, or follow a course of reasoning, with as much ease as he could, in the heroic ages, attend to the details of a chase. It was therefore that poetry became more purely intellectual—that passion, and feeling, and sentiment became more immediately its object. And if we pursue the inquiry farther, and trace the change which has been made in the moral condition of man by Christianity, we shall find ample reason for admitting that a new and an interesting field of observation has been opened to the poet and the philosopher, by the disclosure of sentiments and affections, and the practice of virtues, different from those in repute in the heathen world, and proceeding from motives more truly sublime and spiritual than any with which it was acquainted.

Having thus stated our views of the light in which the poetry of this great man should have been viewed—but in which it was not viewed by the Pharisees and Sadducees of literature—we

left ourselves but little space for tracing the details of his domestic and public life, as they may be gleaned from the last two volumes of his "*Life and Correspondence*."

It is most truly observed by his son, that—

"A more thoroughly domestic man, or one more simple in his mode of living, it would be difficult to picture; and the habits into which he settled himself about this time continued through life, unbroken regularity and unwearied industry being their chief characteristics. Habitually an early riser, he never encroached upon the hours of the night; and finding his highest pleasure and his recreation in the very pursuits necessary for earning his daily bread, he was, probably, more continually employed than any other writer of his generation. 'My actions,' he writes about this time to a friend, 'are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humour, till dinner time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta—for sleep agrees

with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea, I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life—which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish. At least I should think so if I had not once been happier; and I do think so, except when that recollection comes upon me. And then, when I cease to be cheerful, it is only to become contemplative—to feel at times a wish that I was in that state of existence which passes not away; and this always ends in a new impulse to proceed, that I may leave some durable monument and some efficient good behind me.'"

An old and rich uncle, John Southey, from whom he might have expected something, died childless, making no mention of him in his will. His feelings on the occasion were expressed in the following lines, in which he communicated the event to a friend, by whom they were accidentally preserved:—

"So thou art gone at last, old John,
And hast left all from me:
God give thee rest among the blest—
I lay no blame to thee.

"Nor marvel I, for though one blood
Through both our veins was flowing,
Full well I know, old man, no love
From thee to me was owing.

"Thou hadst no anxious hopes for me,
In the winning years of infancy,
No joy in my up-growing;
And when from the world's beaten way
I turned 'mid rugged paths astray,
No fears where I was going.

"It touched thee not if envy's voice
Was busy with my name,
Nor did it make thy heart rejoice
To hear of my fair fame.

"Old man, thou liest upon thy bier,
And none for thee will shed a tear!
They'll give thee a stately funeral,
With coach and hearse, and plume and pall;
But they who follow will grieve no more
Than the mutes who pace with their staves before.
With a light heart and a cheerful face
Will they put mourning on,
And bespeak thee a marble monument,
And think nothing more of old John.

"An enviable death is his,
Who, leaving none to deplore him,
Hath yet a joy in his passing hour,
Because all he loved have died before him.

The monk, too, hath a joyful end,
 And well may welcome death like a friend,
 When the crucifix close to his heart is press'd,
 And he piously crosses his arms on his breast.
 And the brethren stand round him and sing him to rest,
 And tell him, as sure he believes, that anon,
 Receiving his crown, he shall sit on his throne,
 And sing in the choir of the blest.

"But a hopeless sorrow it strikes to the heart,
 To think how men like thee depart.
 Unloving and joyless was thy life,
 Unlamented was thine end;
 And neither in this world nor the next
 Hadst thou a single friend:
 None to weep for thee on earth,
 None to greet thee in heaven's hall;
 Father and mother, sister and brother—
 Thy heart had been shut to them all.

"Alas, old man, that this should be!
 One brother had raised up seed to thee;
 And hadst thou, in their hour of need,
 Cherished that dead brother's seed,
 Thrown wide thy doors, and called them in,
 How happy thine old age had been!
 Thou wert a barren tree, around whose trunk,
 Needing support, our tendrils should have clung;
 Then had thy sapless boughs
 With buds of hope and genial fruit been hung;
 Yea, with undying flowers,
 And wreaths for ever young."

But he had the true riches—a healthy mind, an honest heart, a rising reputation, and an approving conscience.

When we consider his pressing occupations, and the value of his time to himself and those who were dependent upon him, it is amazing how much of it he was able to devote to the good of others. To that most amiable and promising young person, Kirke White, only known to him by his genius and his virtues, he was, while he lived, a friend and counsellor; and when mental powers, tasked too severely, hurried him prematurely to the grave, the poet mourned over him as a kindred spirit gone to his everlasting rest; and volunteered to collate and edit his "Remains," prefixing to them a biographical notice, by which he had the happiness of realising a considerable sum for the benefit of his family.

Other instances are on record which prove the heartiness of his good-will to direct and benefit struggling genius. To Ebenezer Elliott his letters are many, and his advice excellent; and doubtless that hard-handed and soft-hearted individual appreciated them as they deserved. To a Mr. Duseautoy, a young gentleman, who without any

previous knowledge of him, solicited his advice, submitting to him some of his productions, he was equally kind and encouraging, and wrote to him, amidst all his heavy labours, with a fulness of affectionate interest such as a father might feel for a promising and favourite son. The youth entered the university, and would, in all human likelihood, have been a distinguished ornament of his country, had not the keenness of his intellectual ardour been an over-match for his vital powers. He perished, as poor Kirke White did, in the blossom of his hopes, affording another instance to the many already on record, of victims to the eager pursuit of university honours, which all who are acquainted with college life in any of our three great universities must know, and the remembrance of which so often passes like a shadow over them when they review their college recollections.

Meanwhile the indefatigable poet was busy with his more imperious labours. He was adding daily to the stores of knowledge which were to furnish the materials for a history of Portugal. He was consuming many a weary hour upon notices of current literature, by which he enriched, much

more than they enriched him, the various periodicals of the day. Of the various hostile criticisms which "Thalaba" and "Madoc" had provoked, he had to encounter the buzzings and the stings, against which no stoicism could have steeled any mind, for their ability was in some instances equal to their malignity. And "Kehama" was in hand, from which, such was the damaging influence of the "Edinburgh Review" upon his reputation, whatever might be his anticipations of future fame, he could look for little present emolument. It appeared—and justified both his hopes and his fears.

This poem, probably the most striking and original of any that he had yet designed, encountered a perfect tornado of hostility from his old enemy, the late Lord Jeffrey. The moral which it aimed to inculcate was, the ultimate triumph of suffering virtue, and the ultimate defeat and punishment of long-triumphant godlessness and malignity. Into the details of its execution we cannot enter; but one passage we must give, as a fair specimen of the metre and style; and we give it the more especially, because it is the one which the reviewer selects as an example of the crudest and the silliest absurdity. The reader shall judge for himself.

Kehama, glorying in his power, and proceeding in a career of conquest by which he fondly hopes to achieve immortality and omnipotence, is wounded in the tenderest part by one, who, to save his child from attempted violation, kills his son. The shade of the dead Arnalan is evoked, and asked what his all-powerful father shall do for him to soothe his troubled spirit. He asks for revenge; the vengeance of intense and never-ending agony upon him by whom he was deprived of life. It is "The Curse" by which this wish was to be gratified, which we now desire to submit to the judgment of the reader, who, to understand it aright, must project himself into the spirit of the scene, and become, as it were, "en rapport" with the describer.

In the basilisk glance of the enchanter, Ladurlad foresees his doom; although no intimation of the agonies which await him is to be found in the commencing words of the imprecation,

which, as it were, shield him against all human accidents, and rivet him to life, but only to be the subject of the most intense and enduring tortures. They are smoother than oil, and yet they are very swords. Wrath compressed scintillates through them. Apparently fraught with blessings, they are the studied result of vengeance the most ruthless dallying with its victim, while fixing and preparing him for the fatal blow. And when the collected thunder does burst forth, it is as though Omnipotence itself were almost baffled by the greedy and gluttonous spirit of revenge; and expression breaks down in its attempt to convey, in adequate terms, the insatiable malignity of the fell avenger. For a moment, utterly heedless of Ladurlad's cries for mercy—

"Silent he stood,
But in no mood of merrý,
In no hesitating thought
Of right and justice. At the length he raised
His brow, yet unrelaxed, his lips unclosed,
And, uttered from the heart,
With the whole feeling of his soul enforced,
The gathered vengeance came!—

"I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beast of blood;—
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee:
But earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And water shall bear me,
And know thee, and fly thee;
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they blow by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee;—
Thou shalt call upon death
To release thee—in vain!
For thy pain shall remain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain;—
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never;
And the curse shall be on thee,
For ever and ever!"

The victim reels under the imprecation. All is, momentarily, unrealised around him. But the curse has taken possession. He soon feels its terrible reality; and that of his torments there shall be no end!—

"There, where the curse had stricken
him,
There stood the miserable man!
There stood Ladurlad!
With loose, hanging arms,
And eyes of idiot wandering!

"Was it a dream? Alas!
He heard the river flow;
He heard the crumbling of the pile;
He heard the rustling of the wind, which
showered
The thin, white ashes round;—
There, motionless, he stood—
As if he wished it were a dream;
And feared to move,
Lest he should prove
The actual misery;—
And still, at times, he met Kehama's eye;
Kehama's eye, that fastened on him
still."

And now we leave the reader to judge between Southey and his reviewer. Not such was Walter Savage Landor, to whose encouragement we are chiefly indebted for that completion and publication of the noble poem. But we shall suffer the poet to speak for himself. He thus writes to his friend Bedford, in a letter bearing date April 26, 1808:—

"At Bristol I met with the man of all others whom I was most desirous of meeting,—the only man living of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me. You will be curious to know who this could be. Savage Landor, the author of *Gebir*, a poem which, unless you have heard me speak of it, you have probably never heard of at all. I never saw any one more unlike myself in every prominent part of human character, nor any one who so cordially and instinctively agreed with me on so many of the most important subjects. I have often said before we met, that I would walk forty miles to see him; and having seen him, I would gladly walk fourscore to see him again. He talked of *Thalaba*, and I told him of the series of mythological poems which I had planned,—mentioned some of the leading incidents on which they were to have been formed, and also told him for what reason they were laid aside;—in plain English, that I could not afford to write them. Landor's reply was, 'Go on with them, and I will pay for printing them, as many as you will write and as many copies as you please.' I had reconciled myself to my abdication (if the phrase may be allowable), and am not sure that this princely offer has not done me mischief; for it has awakened in me old dreams and hopes which had been laid aside, and a stinging desire to go on, for the sake of showing him poem after poem, and

saying, 'I need not accept your offer, but I have done this because you made it.' It is something to be praised by one's peers; ordinary praise I regard as little as ordinary abuse. God bless you!"

In politics, his conjectures were singularly sagacious. At a very early period of the peninsular war, he thus writes to Coleridge in the June of 1808:—

"One hardly dares to indulge a hope; but if Europe is to be redeemed in our days, you know it has always been my opinion that the work of deliverance would begin in Spain. And now that its unhappy government has committed suicide, the Spaniards have got rid of their worst enemy."

To Grosvenor Bedford he writes, in the November following:—

"What I feel about Spain, you know; what I think about it is this—the country has much to suffer; in all probability there will be many and dreadful defeats of the patriots, and such scenes as have never been witnessed in Europe since the destruction of Saguntum and Numantia, may, perhaps, be renewed there. Joseph will very likely be crowned at Madrid, and many of us may give up the cause of Spanish independence as lost. But so surely as God liveth, and the Spirit of God liveth and moveth in the hearts of men, so surely will that country eventually work out its own redemption."

This was written while the "*Quarterly Review*" was being projected, a publication in which it was intended that he should bear a part. At first he feared that it might not be sufficiently independent in its politics to enable him to contribute to it with perfect satisfaction. His son tells us that—

"The circumstance of there being reason to expect 'political information to be communicated from authentic sources,' seemed to him to imply that silence would be observed on such points as it might be unpleasant to the ministry to have strongly animadverted upon, and he consequently expresses these fears to Mr. Bedford in the strong language he naturally used to a familiar correspondent. This produced a further exposition of the principles upon which the '*Review*' was to be conducted; and his reply will show, that notwithstanding these passing doubts, he entered at the first heartily and zealously into the plan.

"It is however right to state, that at no period could the '*Quarterly Review*' be said *fairly* to represent my father's opinions,

political or otherwise, and great injustice was often done him both by imputing articles to him which he never wrote, and also by supposing that, in those known to be his, *all* his mind had appeared. The truth was, as his letters will show, that his views on most subjects, while from this time they gradually drew nearer to those of the Tory party, yet occasionally differed widely from them, and most certainly were never those of a blind, time-serving, and indiscriminating allegiance. In his contributions to the 'Quarterly Review' these differences of opinion were broadly stated, and measures often recommended of a very different character to those which that party adopted. This might be, and probably was, sometimes done in a manner which admitted, and, perhaps, required, the editor's correction; but it would seem that Gifford had a heavy and unsparing hand in these matters, and my father frequently and bitterly complains of the mutilation of his papers, and of their being tuned down to the measure of the politics the 'Review' was intended to represent, and gauged often by ministerial timidity. This, it appears from the following letter, he apprehended would sometimes be the case, but *not* to the extent to which it was subsequently carried:—

"To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Nov. 17, 1808.

"MY DEAR GROSVENOR,—You have taken what I said a little too seriously; that is, you have given it more thought than it deserved. The case stands thus: you wish to serve the public, ministers wish to serve themselves; and so it happens that, just at this time, the two objects are the same. I am very willing to travel with them as far as we are going the same way, and, when our roads separate, shall of course leave them."

In this great periodical, it is unnecessary to say, he continued to write while he was able to wield a pen. In fact, his receipts from it constituted, for a long time, the principal part of his subsistence.

But we must not omit a curious fact which came to light while he was proceeding in his history of Brazil, which shows the caution to be used in adopting, without severe scrutiny, the translations or the compilations of Romish writers. He thus writes to his brother, a naval lieutenant, in a letter bearing date January 10, 1809:—

"I made an important discovery relative to De Lery—one of our best printed authorities—this morning. This author, who though a Frenchman, was a very faithful translator of his own French into Latin, and I used the Latin edition in De Boy's

collection,—you remember the book with those hideous prints of the savages at their cannibal feasts; William Taylor laid hands on the French book, and sent it me; it arrived last Thursday only; and I, in transcribing with my usual scrupulous accuracy, constantly referred to this original, because I knew that when an author translates his own book, he often alters it, and therefore it was probable that I might sometimes find a difference worthy of notice. Well, I found my own references to the number of the chapter wrong; for the first time it past well enough for a blunder, though I wondered at it a little, being remarkably exact in these things; the second time I thought it very extraordinary; and a third instance made me quite certain that something was wrong, but that the fault was not in me. Upon examination, it appeared that a whole chapter, and that chapter the most important as to the historical part of the volume, had been omitted by De Roy, because he was a Catholic, De Lery a Huguenot, and this chapter exposed the villany of Villegagnon, who went to Brazil expressly to establish an asylum for the Huguenots; when there, was won over by the Guises, apostatised, and thus ruined a colony, which must else inevitably have made Rio de Janeiro now the capital of a French, instead of a Portuguese empire. The main facts I had collected before, and clearly understood; but the knavery of a Roman Catholic editor had thus nearly deprived me of my best and fullest authority, and of some very material circumstances, for no one has ever yet suspected this collection of being otherwise than faithful, though it is now more than two hundred years old. See here the necessity of tracing everything to the fountain-head when it is possible."

Speaking of a review of Miss Owenson (the present Lady Morgan), which appeared in the "Quarterly," he says:—

"I could have wished that this 'Review' had less resembled the 'Edinburgh' in the tone and temper of its criticisms. That book of Miss Owenson's is, I dare say, very bad both in manners and morals; yet, had it fallen into my hands, I think I could have told her so in such a spirit, that she herself would have believed me, and might have profited by the censure. The same quantity of rain which would clear a flower of its blights, will, if it falls heavier and harder, wash the roots bare, and beat the blossoms to the ground."

His friend Landor wonders how he can be engaged, with all his other avocations, upon two long poems at the same time. His answer is:—

"You wonder that I can think of two poems at once; it proceeds from weakness,

not from strength. I could not stand the continuous excitement which you have gone through in your tragedy: in me it would not work itself off in tears; the tears would flow while in the act of composition, and would leave behind a throbbing head and a whole system in the highest state of nervous excitability, which would soon induce disease in one of its most fearful forms. From such a state I recovered in 1800 by going to Portugal, and suddenly changing climate, occupation, and all internal objects: and I have kept it off since by a good intellectual regimen."

Of Shelley he writes in the January of 1812:—

"Here is a man at Keswick, who acts upon me as my own ghost would do. He is just what I was in 1794. His name is Shelley, son to the member for Shoreham; with £6000 a year entailed upon him, and as much more in his father's power to cut off. Beginning with romances of ghosts and murder, and with poetry at Eton, he passed, at Oxford, into metaphysics; printed half-a-dozen pages, which he entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism'; sent one anonymously to Coplestone, in expectation, I suppose, of converting him; was expelled in consequence; married a girl of seventeen, after being turned out of doors by his father; and here they both are, in lodgings, living upon £200 a year, which her father allows them. He is come to the fittest physician in the world. At present he has got to the Pantheistic stage of philosophy, and, in the course of a week, I expect he will be a Berkleyan, for I have put him upon a course of Berkeley. It has surprised him a good deal to meet, for the first time in his life, with a man who perfectly understands him, and does him full justice. I tell him that all the difference between us is that he is nineteen, and I am thirty-seven; and I dare say it will not be very long before I shall succeed in convincing him that he may be a true philosopher, and do a great deal of good, with £6,000 a year; the thought of which troubles him a great deal more at present than ever the want of sixpence (for I have known such a want) did me. . . . God help us! the world wants mending, though he did not set about it exactly in the right way. God bless you, Grosvenor!"

The following is his estimate of the comparative merits of Perceval and Lord Liverpool. We believe it to be strictly correct:—

"Perceval's death was one of the severest losses that England has ever sustained. He was a man who not only desired to act well, but desired it ardently; his heart always strengthened his understanding, and gave

him that power which rose always to the measure of the occasion. Lord Liverpool is a cold man; you may convince his understanding, but you can only obtain an inert assent where zealous co-operation is wanted. It is, however, enough for *us* to know *what* ought to be done: the *how* and the *when* are in the hands of One who knows when and how it may be done best. Oh! if this world of ours were but well cultivated, and weeded well, how like the garden of Eden might it be made! Its evils might almost be reduced to physical suffering, and death; the former continually diminishing, and the latter, always indeed an awful thing, but yet to be converted into hope and joy."

That Southey should have rejoiced intensely at the termination of the war (as it *did* terminate, in the complete overthrow of the tyrant by whom the Continent was held spell-bound) and the restoration of social order, could have surprised no one who knew how frequently he predicted these results, and how earnestly he had conjured the *honest* public men of all parties to forget their differences, and make a vigorous effort against the common enemy. Bonaparte he regarded as an impersonation of evil, truthless, faithless, ruthless, bloody; and he himself entertained no more doubt of his final overthrow than he did that there was a God in heaven. But the whole utilitarian and materialist school of philosophers regarded him quite in another light. The great political meteor who had affrighted the nations, and, from his horrid hair, shook pestilence and war, they looked upon as a new sun in the firmament, by whom it sold glories were to be obscured. They believed that his mission of destruction was the necessary precursor of his mission of regeneration; and that, when old things had thus been made to pass away, we should have a new heaven and a new earth, wherein liberty alone should dwell. When it is considered that the parties by whom his fortunes as an author had been seriously blighted were sharers in these opinions, the reader cannot be surprised that he should have doubly rejoiced, in the falsification of *their* predictions, and the fulfilment of *his own*. His son writes:—

"How deep an interest my father had taken in the protracted contest between France and England, the reader has seen; nor will he, I think, if well acquainted with

the events of those times, and the state of feeling common among young men of the more educated classes at the close of the last century, he apt to censure him as grossly inconsistent, because he condemned the war at its outset, and augured well at the commencement of Bonaparte's career, and yet could earnestly desire that war, in its later stages, 'to be carried on with all the heart, and all the soul, and all the strength of this mighty empire,' and could rejoice in the downfall

"Of him, who, while Europe crouched under his
rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God."

For the original commencement of the war in 1792-3 had been the combination of other European powers against revolutionary France—a direct act of aggression supported by England, which would now be condemned by most men, and was then naturally denounced by all those who partook, in any degree, of Republican feeling. But in the lapse of years the merits of the contest became quite altered; and from about the time when Bonaparte assumed the imperial crown, all his acts were marked by aggressiveness and overbearing usurpation. Not to speak of those personal crimes which turned my father's feelings towards the man into intense abhorrence, his political measures with respect to Switzerland, Holland, Egypt, and Malta were those of an unscrupulous and ambitious conqueror; and the invasion of Portugal, with his insolent treachery towards the Spanish royal family, made his iniquity intolerable. The real difference between my father and the mass of writers and speakers in England at that time, was, that he never laid aside a firm belief that the Providence of God would put an end to Napoleon's wicked career, and that it was the office of Great Britain to be the principal instrument of that Providence.

"But in addition to the national feelings of joy and triumph at the successful termination of this long and arduous warfare, my father had some grounds for rejoicing more peculiar to himself. When one large and influential portion of the community, supported by the 'Edinburgh Review,' prognosticated constantly the hopelessness of the war, the certain triumph of Bonaparte, and especially the folly of hoping to drive him out of Spain—when their language was, 'France has conquered Europe; this is the melancholy truth; shut our eyes to it as we may, there can be no doubt about the matter; for the present, peace and submission must be the lot of the vanquished;' he had stood forth among the boldest and most prominent of those who urged vigorous measures, and prophesied final success. And well might he now rejoice—kindle upon Skiddaw the symbol of triumph; and when contrasting the lan-

guage he had held with that of those persons, exclaim, 'Was I wrong? or has the event corresponded to this confidence?'"

The account of the bonfire upon Skiddaw, above alluded to, we must present to the reader as he himself describes it in a letter to his brother, Dr. Southey. When we consider the scene, the occasion, and the actors engaged in it, it will be read with intense interest, and not more by the present, than by generations to come:

"Monday, the 21st of August, was not a more remarkable day in your life than it was in that of my neighbour Skiddaw, who is a much older personage. The weather served for our bonfire, and never, I believe, was such an assemblage upon such a spot. To my utter astonishment, Lord Sunderlin rode up, and Lady S., who had endeavoured to dissuade me from going as a thing too dangerous, joined the walking party. Wordsworth, with his wife, sister, and eldest boy, came over on purpose. James Boswell arrived that morning at the Sunderlin's. Edith, the senhora, Edith May, and Herbert were my convoy, with our three maid-servants, some of our neighbours, some adventurous Lakers, and Messrs. Rag, Tag, and Boptail, made up the rest of the assembly. We roasted beef and boiled plum-puddings there; sung 'God save the king' round the most furious body of flaming tar-barrels that I ever saw; drank a huge wooden bowl of punch; fired cannon at every health, with three times three, and rolled large blazing balls of tow and turpentine down the steep side of the mountain. The effect was grand beyond imagination. We formed a huge circle round the most intense light, and behind us was an immeasurable arch of the most intense darkness, for our bonfire fairly put out the moon.

"The only mishap which occurred will make a famous anecdote in the life of a great poet, if James Boswell, after the example of his father, keepeth a diary of the sayings of remarkable men. When we were craving for the punch, a cry went forth that the kettle had been knocked over, with all the boiling water! Colonel Barker, as Boswell named the Senhora, from her having had the command on this occasion, immediately instituted a strict inquiry to discover the culprit, from a suspicion that it might have been done in mischief, water, as you know, being a commodity not easily replaced on the summit of Skiddaw. The persons about the fire declared it was one of the gentlemen—they did not know his name; but he had a red cloak on; they pointed him out in the circle. The red cloak (a maroon one of Edith's) identified him; Wordsworth had got hold of it, and was equipped like a Spa-

nish Don—by no means the worst figure in the company. He had committed this fatal *faux pas*, and thought to slink off undiscovered. But as soon as, in my inquiries concerning the punch, I learned his guilt from the Senhora, I went round to all our party, and communicated the discovery, and getting them about him, I punished him by singing a parody, which they all joined in: 'Twas *you* that kicked the kettle down! 'twas *you*, sir, *you*!'

This was probably the most joyous and happy period of his existence. His health was good, his reputation was high, his circumstances were comparatively easy; his reputation had risen above the obscurations of party and prejudice, and he could quietly look down upon the slanderers, both literary and political, by whom he had been defamed, with a scorn which compassionated, even more than it condemned them. Despite the venial errors of his youth, he could look back upon a life devoted to the promotion of truth and loyalty, of religion and virtue. In politics his aspirations had been gratified, and his predictions realised, to the confusion of those who had calculated upon different results, and were, in truth, to be numbered amongst the allies of the common enemy. His children were growing up in happiness and in promise around him; and, in truth, it might be said, who so blest as he.

The following we extract from his "Pilgrimage to Waterloo." He describes the greetings of his family upon his approach to his own house on his return. We regret exceedingly that we cannot give the whole description of this touching scene, as this poem is less known than any of his others to the general reader:—

"O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length
drew nigh,
When the first sound went forth, 'They
come, they come!'
And hope's impatience quicken'd every
eye!
Never had man whom Heaven would heap
with bliss
More glad return, more happy hour than
this.

"Aloft on yonder bench, with arms
dispread,
My boy stood, shouting there his father's
name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;

And there, a younger group, his sisters
came:

Smiling they stood with looks of pleased
surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

"Soon all and each came crowding round
to share

The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were
there!

And when those overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness."

But soon he was to feel a pang, and a shadow was to pass over him, which darkened all his remaining days. The youth above alluded to was one of those rare and gifted spirits, full of promise both of worth and eminence, who are sometimes lent to doating parents to be, for a brief season, their hope and their joy, but only, when their hearts begin to lean too fondly upon them, to be snatched away. He was his father's pupil and playmate. Every day was developing faculties and affections which made him more beloved; and it was not until his powers, both moral and intellectual, had become not only "household words," but began to attract the admiration of strangers, that

"A wasteful malady began
To prey upon him,"

and the troubled and anxious parents became tremblingly solicitous for the safety of their darling child. All was soon over. Their worst fears were realised. On the 17th of April, 1816, Herbert Southey, then in his tenth year, breathed his last, leaving a family, who had so short a time before been at the summit of happiness, steeped in affliction, of which, until the dawn of that other life, when those whom death hath separated shall be united, there could be no end. To soothe and mitigate such calamities the lenient hand of time does much; but its office is not to obliterate them. The aching void will always be felt, until we shall have learned that our saddest bereavements are intended to wean us from terrene enjoyments, to teach us, by powerful experience, to set our affections on things above, not on things of the earth, and that where our treasure is there should our hearts be also.

The following extracts from the

poet's letters, written immediately after this afflicting event, possess a touching interest:—

"MY DEAR BEDFORD,—Here is an end of hope and of fear, but not of suffering. His sufferings, however, are over, and, thank God, his passage was perfectly easy. He fell asleep, and is now in a better state of existence, for which his nature was more fitted than for this. You, more than most men, can tell what I have lost, and yet you are far from knowing how large a portion of my hopes and happiness will be laid in the grave with Herbert. For years it has been my daily prayer that I might be spared this affliction.

"I am much reduced in body by this long and sore suffering, but I am perfectly resigned, and do not give way to grief.

"I will not venture to relate the boy's conduct during his whole illness. I dare not trust myself to attempt this. But nothing could be more calm, more patient, more collected, more dutiful, more admirable.

"Oh! that I may be able to leave this country! The wound will never close while I remain in it. You would wonder to see me, how composed I am. Thank God, I can control myself for the sake of others; but it is a life-long grief, and do what I can to lighten it, the burden will be as heavy as I can bear."

"MY DEAR GROSVENOR,—Wherefore do I write to you? Alas, because I know not what to do. To-morrow, perhaps, may bring with it something like the beginning of relief. To-day I hope I shall support myself, or rather that God will support me, for I am weak as a child, in body even more than in mind. My limbs tremble under me; long anxiety has wasted me to the bone, and I fear it will be long before grief will suffer me to recruit. I am seriously apprehensive for the shock which my health seems to have sustained; yet I am wanting in no effort to appear calm and to console others; and those who are about me give me credit for a fortitude which I do not possess. Many blessings are left me—abundant blessings, more than I have deserved, more than I had ever reason to expect or even to hope. I have strong ties to life, and many duties yet to perform. Believe me, I see these things as they ought to be seen. Reason will do something, Time more, Religion most of all. The loss is but for this world; but as long as I remain in this world I shall feel it.

"Some way my feelings will vent themselves. I have thought of endeavouring to direct their course, and may, perhaps, set

about a monument in verse for him and for myself, which may make our memories inseparable.

"There would be no wisdom in going from home. The act of returning to it would undo all the benefit I might receive from change of circumstance for some time yet. Edith feels this; otherwise, perhaps, we might have gone to visit Tom in his new habitation. Summer is at hand. While there was a hope of Herbert's recovery, this was a frequent subject of pleasurable consideration; it is now a painful thought, and I look forward with a sense of fear to the season which brings with it life and joy to those who are capable of receiving them. You, more than most men, are aware of the extent of my loss, and how, as long as I remain here, every object within and without, and every hour of every day, must bring it fresh to recollection. Yet the more I consider the difficulties of removing, the greater they appear; and perhaps by the time it would be possible, I may cease to desire it."

"Three things I prayed for—the child's recovery, if it might please God; that if this might not be, his passage might be rendered easy; and that we might be supported in our affliction. The two latter petitions were granted, and I am truly thankful. But when the event was over, then, like David, I roused myself, and gave no way to unavailing grief, acting in all things as I should wish others to act when my hour also is come. I employ myself incessantly, taking, however, every day as much exercise as I can bear without injurious fatigue, which is not much."

"MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,—You were right respecting the nature of my support under this affliction; there is but one source of consolation, and of that source I have drunk largely. When you shall see how I had spoken of my happiness but a few weeks ago, you will read with tears of sorrow what I wrote with tears of joy. And little did I think how soon and how literally another part of this mournful poem was to be fulfilled, when I said in it—

"To earth I should have sunk in my despair,
Had I not clasp'd the Cross, and been supported there."

We confess we have not heart, even if we had space, to proceed farther at present. In our next and concluding notice we shall find the poet in a more composed and happy frame of mind, and not leave him until we shall have followed *him*, also, to his latter end.

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DUBLIN

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THE GIFTS OF SCIENCE TO ART.

PART II.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—SCIENTIFIC AERIAL VOYAGE OF MESSRS. BARRAL AND SIXIO—CONCLUSION.

SUCH is the latest and greatest improvement of the Electric Telegraph.

It has been objected to this system of Mr. Bain, that it provides a superfluity of power; that the exigencies of communication do not demand the extraordinary celerity and facility of despatch which it supplies; that to use it for the common purposes of telegraphic communication, is like employing a steam-engine to thread a needle.

The answer to this is obvious. The public have not yet become familiar with the capabilities and the uses of this vast agent of intercommunication, which will soon show itself to bear to the post-office the same relation as the stocking-loom does to the knitting-needle, or the spinning frame to the distaff. They are now restrained from calling into play the functions of the Electric Telegraph by the excessive cost of transmission. To send a communication from London to Edinburgh or Glasgow, costs at the rate of eight-pence per word. Using round numbers, a letter of moderate length, say one consisting of 300 words, would therefore cost ten pounds, and the answer to it, supposing it of equal length, as much more. Now, except in cases of the very highest importance, such a tariff constitutes an absolute prohibition. But with telegraphs working on the system adopted in England, it is difficult to see how this can be avoided. The tariff may be too high, and some reduction of its amount might increase the profits of the company, by augmenting the quantity of business done in a greater ratio than the diminution of the rate of charge. But such an extent of communication as we contemplate, and as we feel assured

will, sooner or later, be realised, would be utterly impracticable with the present telegraph.

The probable effect of a considerable reduction in the charge for the transmission of telegraphic messages may, in some measure, be estimated from the state of telegraphic business in the United States. There a tariff, considerably lower than that which is established in England, has been adopted; and we find, accordingly, that the amount of the communications is increased in an enormous proportion, and that their character is altogether different. While, for example, no London journal, save the *Times*, is able to afford a daily telegraphic despatch of the French news, exceeding a few lines in length, and that only from Dover to London, the New York journals, the price of which is only one penny, while that of the London journals is five pence, receive by telegraph complete and detailed reports of the proceedings of Congress at Washington.

During the trial of Professor Webster at Boston, on the charge of murder, which produced so much excitement in the United States and in Europe, a complete report of the examination of witnesses, and the speeches of counsel, was forwarded every night by telegraph from Boston to New York, and appeared in the morning journals the next day.

Now, the telegraphic tariff in America, though inferior to that adopted in Europe, is very far above what it might, and no doubt will, be reduced to, when the improved and accelerated method of transmission, which we have described, shall be adopted.

The methods now used in America

are those of Morse, and the earlier improvements of Bain. The method of transmitting a written report by the application of the perforated ribbon of paper, which we have described, has been only recently patented in that country, and has not yet been brought into operation, consequently the celerity of communication, which would enable the transmission to be accomplished at a vastly reduced price, has not yet been practically realised there.

In reference to what has been just stated, it may be interesting to mention, that one of the London journals had the spirit, not long since, to try, by experiment, whether the advantage to be derived from a long and detailed telegraphic despatch daily transmitted from Paris would, to use a commercial term, *pay*. A contract was, as we are assured, made with the telegraphic establishment, and a sum of more than £400 per month was actually paid for such daily communication. It was found, however, that the advantage was not adequate to the expense, for even at this price the intelligence was obliged to be conveyed in so compressed a style as to be deprived of its principal attraction.

Even the daily despatch of the *Times* now published, consists, as will be perceived by reference to that journal, of a few heads of news, a sort of table of contents to the detailed despatch which is to follow. Such communications can have no interest or utility, except in cases where events of great importance have to be announced, a circumstance which it is evident can never be of daily occurrence.

By means of two conducting wires it is impossible, with the telegraphs now used in England, to transmit more than twelve hundred words per hour, and although that average capability be claimed for the existing system, we doubt extremely whether it can be realised one day with another. But assuming it to be practicable, it would follow that in a day of twelve hours two conducting wires could not transmit more than fourteen thousand four hundred words, which would be equivalent to 144 despatches of the average length of 100 words. Now it is clear that any reduction of the tariff which would give anything approaching to full play to the demands of the public, once awakened to the advantages which such a system of communication

would offer, would create a demand for transmission far exceeding the powers of any practicable number of conducting wires.

But with a system constructed on the principle adopted by Mr. Bain, a single wire is capable of transmitting about 20,000 words per hour, and two wires would therefore transmit 40,000 per hour, being thirty three times more than can now be transmitted.

By the adoption of this system, therefore, the tariff of transmission might, with the same profit, be reduced in a ratio of about thirty to one, so that a despatch, the transmission of which would now cost a pound, would be sent at the cost of eight-pence.

But it is evident that in the working out of the system, many other sources of economy would be developed, and a much greater reduction of expenses effected.

When the powers of this improved telegraph shall be brought into full operation, and when this mode of intercommunication shall be available by the public in all parts of Europe, great changes in the social and commercial relations of the centres of commerce and population must be witnessed. Hitherto the use of the telegraph on the Continent has been limited to the government. *The public has been altogether excluded from it.* Such a system, however, cannot be of long duration, and the precursors of a speedy change are already apparent. A project of law has been presented to the Legislative Assembly by the French Government, to open the telegraph to commerce and the public. Lines of electric telegraph have been constructed, and are already in operation, along the principal lines of railway in France. A commission has been appointed by the Belgian Government, to report upon the means which ought to be adopted to construct lines of electric telegraph throughout that kingdom. Lines of considerable extent are in operation in the Prussian States, and still more extended systems are in preparation. Measures are in progress for the establishment of lines of electric telegraphs in the territories of Austria, Saxony, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, and all the lesser states of Germany. The Emperor of Russia has issued orders for the construction of lines of telegraphic wires to connect St. Petersburg with Moscow, and with the

Prussian, Saxon, and Austrian lines of telegraph.

The measures for sinking a system of conducting wires in the channel between Dover and Calais are in progress. Of the ultimate practicability of this project there seems no good ground for doubt. In the United States wires have been already sunk in several arms of the sea, under which a never-ending stream of despatches passes, and although the width of these pieces of water is in no case so considerable as that of the Straits of Dover, difficulties of the same kind as those encountered in the latter case have been successfully surmounted.

When Dover shall have been united with Calais, by the realisation of this project, and when the various lines now in progress, and contemplated, on the Continent shall be completed, London will be connected by continuous lines of telegraphic communication with Brussels, Berlin, Hamburg, Lubeck, Bremen, Dantzic, Leipsic, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Trieste, Munich, Augsburg, Stuttgart, and the towns along the right bank of the Rhine, from Cologne to Basle; also with Amsterdam, the Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp, and every part of Belgium; also with Boulogne, Lille, Valenciennes, Paris, Strasburgh, Bourdeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, and all the intermediate towns.

On the arrival of the Indian mail at Marseilles the leading journals of London, at a cost which would appear fabulous, have obtained their despatches by means of special couriers riding express from Marseilles to Boulogne, and by express steamers from Boulogne to Folkestone. All this will be changed. The agent of the *Times* at Marseilles will receive from the Alexandrian steamer the despatches ready *perforated* on the ribbon of paper (a process which may be executed before their arrival); he will take it to the telegraph office, where it will be attached to the instrument, and will be transmitted direct to London at the rate of 20,000 words per hour on each wire. Two wires will, there-

fore, transmit three columns of the *Times* in eight minutes!!

If a London merchant desire to despatch an important communication to his correspondent at Hamburg or Berlin, he will be able to do so, and to obtain an answer in five minutes, provided the letter and answer do not exceed a thousand words, and that his correspondent is ready without delay to reply.

If the Foreign Secretary desire to send an important despatch to the British minister at Vienna, he is obliged at present to expedite it by a queen's messenger travelling express. He will then have only to get it perforated on a ribbon of paper in characters known only to himself and the ambassador, and to forward it to Vienna at the rate of three hundred words per minute.

A project has been announced in the journals, which might be justly regarded as the creature of some candidate for Bedlam, if, after what we have stated as being actually practised, we could dare to pronounce anything of the kind impracticable. The project we allude to is, to carry a telegraphic communication across the Atlantic! It is proposed to encase a number of wires in a coating which will not be affected by sea water, and to sink it in the ocean! One extremity of this *electric cable* is to be fixed at New York or Boston, and the other, we presume, at Galway!

On the occasion of the first meeting of the British Association held in Dublin, in 1836, Dr. Lardner, in a speech delivered in the Rotunda, startled the public by a prediction, that "the day was at hand when a railway across Ireland, from Dublin to Galway, or some other western port connected with a line of Atlantic steamers, would render Ireland one stage on a great highway, connecting London with New York." It is a fact sufficiently curious, that this prediction has been literally verified;* but what would have been said at that time, had the Doctor hinted at the bare

* It is a curious circumstance that public rumour should impute a statement to the effect, that a steam voyage across the Atlantic was a physical impossibility, to Dr. Lardner, who, as we have seen, was the first to predict the establishment of steam communication with America, and who made that prediction on an occasion at once so memorable and so public, in the presence of at least three thousand persons. The salumny, however, being fabricated and circulated by interested parties, amused those who delight to find scientific men com-

possibility of an electric wire crossing Ireland, and forming a part of one continuous wire uniting these capitals, along which streams of intelligence, political, commercial, and social, would be constantly flowing?

It is curious to observe how often that which is regarded as fantastical and chimerical in one age, acquires the character of cold reality in another. Strada, in one of his prolusions, says Addison,

"Gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if touched by two several needles, when one of these needles so touched began to move, the other, though at ever so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that two friends, being each of them possessed of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with twenty-four letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to point to any of the twenty-four letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon the dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words that he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means, they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

"If M. Seudery, or any other writer of romance (continues Addison) had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two

lovers of a couple of those abovementioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

"In the meanwhile, *if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice*, I would propose that on the lover's dial-plate there should be written, not only the twenty-four letters but several entire words, which have always a place in passionate epistles; as flames, darts, die, language, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single turn of the needle."

Addison wrote this in 1711. Had he lived an hundred and forty years later he would have seen not only the sympathetic needles of Strada, but even the alphabetic dial literally realised. The form of magnetic telegraph invented by M. Siemens, and constructed and in operation on some of the Prussian lines, presents the precise form described by Strada. The needles established at two distant stations play upon two dials, on which, instead of the twelve hours, are engraved the twenty-four letters, and the electric current and the mechanism connected with it cause the needles to move *sympathetically*. Whatever letter one is made to point at, the other instantly turns to the same, even though they should be separated by "cities or mountains, seas or deserts."

But he might witness still greater miracles. A lover in London might write an epistle to his mistress in Vienna, the handle of the pen being in London, and its point and the sheet of paper on which the letter is written, being in Vienna! By a further improvement, which is announced in one of the memoirs recently read before the French Institute, it appears that an individual can, by means of

mitting blunders; and, although it has been since refuted, and the authentic reports of the day which appeared in the *Times* newspaper, of Dr. Lardner's speeches delivered in Dublin in 1836, and in Bristol in 1837, to the very contrary effect, have been republished, the public still clings to what it considers a capital joke against scientific men and their predictions. The *Times* itself revived the old story in the year 1845, when Dr. Lardner addressed a letter to the editor, in which he reproduced from the *Times* paper itself the report of the speech, from which it appeared, that the statement made by him was *precisely the reverse*. This settled the point for the moment; but it has often been since, and will probably always continue to be revived.—See *Times*, Oct. 29, 1845.

the electro-chemical telegraph, produce written characters in *ordinary writing* upon paper placed at any distance from the writer. Thus, a merchant at London may take a pen in his hand, and with it write a letter or draw a bill; this letter, or this bill, shall at the same moment be committed to paper, letter for letter, and word for word, in any desired place telegraphically connected with London, in Petersburg for example, and such letter or bill, so written, shall be in *the handwriting*, and shall be signed with the *usual signature* of the writer, and this shall be accomplished instantly upon the movement of the pen in the hands of the writer in London!

The method of working this last miracle is not given in detail, but it is indicated with sufficient clearness to enable an adept to comprehend its principle.

At the moment we are engaged upon this article, a circumstance has occurred so closely connected with the application of physical discoveries to elevated purposes, that we cannot forbear to advert

Of wonderful discoveries which modern science has given birth to, there is perhaps not one which has been applied to useful purposes on a scale so unexpectedly contracted as that by which we are enabled to penetrate into the immense ocean of air with which our globe is surrounded, and to examine the physical phenomena which are manifested in its upper strata. One would have supposed that the moment the power was conferred upon us to leave the surface of the earth, and rise above the clouds into the superior regions, a thousand eager inquirers would present themselves as agents in researches in a region so completely untrodden, if such term may here be permitted.

Nevertheless, this great invention of aerial navigation has remained almost barren. If we except the celebrated aerial voyage of Gay-Lussac in 1804, the balloon, with its wonderful powers, has been allowed to degenerate into a mere theatrical exhibition, exciting the vacant and unreflecting wonder of the multitude. Instead of being an instrument of philosophical research, it has become a mere expedient for profit in the hands of charlatans, so

much so, that, on the occasion to which we are now about to advert, the persons who engaged in the project incurred failure, and risked their lives, from their aversion to avail themselves of the experience of those who had made roostation a mere spectacle for profit. They thought that to touch pitch they must be defiled, and preferred danger and the risk of failure to such association.

It is now about two months since M. Barral, a chemist of some distinction at Paris, and M. Bixio, a member of the Legislative Assembly (whose name will be remembered in connexion with the bloody insurrection of June, 1848, when, bravely and humanely discharging his duty in attempting to turn his guilty fellow-citizens from their course, he nearly shared the fate of the Archbishop, and was severely wounded), resolved upon making a grand experiment with a view to observe and record the meteorological phenomena of the strata of the atmosphere, at a greater height and with more precision than had hitherto been accomplished. But from the motives which we have explained, the project was kept secret, and it was resolved that the experiment should be made at an hour of the morning, and under circumstances, which would prevent it from degenerating into an exhibition. MM. Arago and Regnault undertook to supply the aerial voyagers with a programme of the proposed performance, and instruments suited to the projected observations. M. Arago prepared the programme, in which was stated clearly what observations were to be made at every stage of the ascensional movement.

It was intended that the balloon should be so managed as to come to rest at certain altitudes, when barometric, thermometric, hygrometric, polariscopic, and other observations, were to be taken and noted; the balloon after each series of observations to make a new ascent.

The precious instruments by which these observations were to be made were prepared, and in some cases actually fabricated and graduated, by the hands of M. Regnault himself.

To provide the balloon and its appendages, recourse was had to some of those persons who have followed the fabrication of balloons as a sort of trade, for the purposes of exhibition.

In this part of their enterprise the

voyagers were not so fortunate, as we shall presently see, and still less so in having taken the resolution to ascend alone, unaccompanied by a practised aeronaut. It is probable that if they had selected a person, such as Mr. Green, for example, who had already made frequent ascents for the mere purpose of exhibition, and who had become familiar with the practical management of the machine, a much more favourable result would have ensued. As it was, the two voyagers ascended for the first time, and placed themselves in a position like that of a natural philosopher, who, without previous practice, should undertake to drive a locomotive, with its train, on a railway at fifty miles an hour, rejecting the humble but indispensable aid of an experienced engine-driver.

The necessary preparations having been made, and the programme and the instruments prepared, it was resolved to make the ascent from the garden behind the Observatory at Paris, a plateau of some elevation, and free from buildings and other obstacles, at day-break of Saturday, the 29th June. At midnight the balloon was brought to the spot, but the inflation was not completed until nearly 10 o'clock, A.M.

It has since been proved that the balloon was old and worn, and that it ought not to have been supplied for such an occasion.

It was obviously patched, and it is now known that two sempstresses were employed during the preceding day in mending it, and some stitching even was found necessary after it had arrived at the Observatory.

The net-work which included and supported the car was new, and not originally made with a view to the balloon it enclosed, the consequences of which will be presently seen.

The night, between Friday and Saturday, was one of continual rain, and the balloon and its netting became thoroughly saturated with moisture. By the time the inflation had been completed, it became evident that the net-work was too small; but in the anxiety to carry into effect the project, the consequences of this were most unaccountably overlooked. We say unaccountably, because it is extremely difficult to conceive how experimental philosophers and practised observers, like M.M. Arago and Regnault, to say nothing of numerous subordinate

scientific agents who were present, did not anticipate what must have ensued in the upper regions of the air. Nevertheless, such was the fact.

On the morning of Saturday, the instruments being duly deposited in the car, the two enterprising voyagers placed themselves in it, and the balloon, which previously had been held down by the strength of twenty men, was liberated, and left to plunge into the ocean of air, at twenty-seven minutes after ten o'clock.

The weather, as we have already stated, was unfavourable — the sky being charged with clouds. As it was the purpose of this project to examine much higher regions of the atmosphere than those which it had been customary for aeronautic exhibitors to rise to, the arrangements of ballast and inflation which were adopted were such as to cause the ascent to be infinitely more rapid than in the case of public exhibitions; in short, the balloon darted upwards with the speed of an arrow, and in two minutes from the moment it was liberated, that is to say, at twenty-nine minutes past ten, plunged into the clouds, and was withdrawn from the anxious view of the distinguished persons assembled in the garden of the Observatory.

While passing through this dense cloud, the voyagers carefully observed the barometer, and knew by the rapid fall of the mercury that they were ascending with a great velocity. Fifteen minutes elapsed before they emerged from the cloud; when they did so, however, a glorious spectacle presented itself. The balloon, emerging from the superior surface of the cloud, rose under a splendid canopy of azure, and shone with the rays of a brilliant sun. The cloud which they had just passed was soon seen several thousand feet below them. From the observations taken with the barometer and thermometer, it was afterwards found that the thickness of the cloud through which they had passed was 9,800 feet, — a little less than two miles. On emerging from the cloud, our observers examined the barometer, and found that the mercury had fallen to the height of 18 inches; the thermometer showed a temperature of 45° Fahr. The height of the balloon above the level of the sea was then 14,200 feet. At the moment of emerging from the cloud, M. Barral made polariscopic observa-

tion, which established a fact foreseen by M. Arago, that the light reflected from the surface of the clouds was unpolarised light.

The continued and somewhat considerable fall of the barometer informed the observers that their ascent still continued to be rapid. The rain which had previously fallen, and which wetted the balloon, and saturated the cordage forming the net-work, had now ceased, or, to speak more correctly, the balloon had passed above the region in which the rain prevailed. The strong action of the sun, and almost complete dryness of the air in which the vast machine now floated, caused the evaporation of the moisture which enveloped it. The cordage and the balloon becoming dry, and thus relieved of a certain weight of liquid, was affected as though a quantity of ballast had been thrown out, and it darted upwards with increased velocity.

It was within one minute of eleven when the observers, finding the barometer cease the upward motion, and finding that the machine oscillated round a position of equilibrium by noticing the bearing of the sun, they found the epoch favourable for another series of observations. The barometer there indicated that the balloon had attained the enormous height of 19,700 feet. The moisture which had invested the thermometer had frozen upon it, and obstructed, for the moment, observations with it. It was while M. Barral was occupied in wiping the icicles from it, that, turning his eye upwards, he beheld what would have been sufficient to have made the stoutest heart quail with fear.

To explain the catastrophe which at this moment, and at nearly 20,000 feet above the surface of the earth, and about a mile above the highest strata of the clouds, menaced the voyagers, we must recur to what we have already stated in reference to the balloon and the net-work. As it was intended to ascend to an unusual altitude, it was of course known that in consequence of the highly rarefied state of the atmosphere, and its very much diminished pressure, the gas contained in the balloon would have a great tendency to distend, and consequently space must be allowed for the play of this effect. The balloon, therefore, at starting, was not nearly filled with gas, and yet, as we have explained it, very

nearly filled the net-work which enclosed it. Is it not strange that some among the scientific men present did not foresee, that when it would ascend into a highly rarefied atmosphere, it would necessarily distend itself to such a magnitude, that the netting would be utterly insufficient to contain it? Such effect, so strangely unforeseen, now disclosed itself practically realised to the astonished and terrified eyes of M. Barral.

The balloon, in fact, had so swelled as not only completely to fill the netting which covered it, but to force its way, in a frightful manner, through the hoop under it, from which the car and the voyagers were suspended.

In short, the inflated silk protruding downwards through the hoop, now nearly touched the heads of the voyagers. In this emergency the remedy was sufficiently obvious.

The valve must be opened, and the balloon breathed, so as to relieve it from the over-inflation. Now it is well known that the valve in this machine is placed in a sort of sleeve, of a length more or less considerable, connected with the lower part of the balloon, through which sleeve the string of the valve passes. M. Barral, on looking for this sleeve, found that it had disappeared. Further search showed that the balloon being awkwardly and improperly placed in the enclosing net-work, the valve-sleeve, instead of hanging clear of the hoop, had been gathered up in the net-work above the hoop: so that, to reach it, it would have been necessary to have forced a passage between the inflated silk and the hoop.

Now here it must be observed, that such an incident could never have happened to the most commonly-practised balloon exhibitor, whose first measure, before leaving the ground, would be to secure access to, and the play of the valve. This, however, was, in the present case, fatally overlooked. It was, in fine, now quite apparent that either of two effects must speedily ensue—viz., either the car and the voyagers would be buried in the inflated silk which was descending upon them, and thus they would be suffocated; or that the force of distention must burst the balloon. If a rupture were to take place in that part immediately over the car, then the voyagers would be suffocated by an atmosphere of hydrogen; if it should take place at a superior part, then the

balloon, rapidly discharged of its gas, would be precipitated to the earth, and the destruction of its occupants rendered inevitable.

Under these circumstances the voyagers did not lose their presence of mind, but calmly considered their situation, and promptly decided upon the course to be adopted. M. Barral climbed up the side of the car, and the net-work suspending it, and forced his way through the hoop, so as to catch hold of the valve-sleeve. In this operation, however, he was obliged to exercise a force which produced a rent in a part of the silk below the hoop, and immediately over the car. In a moment the hydrogen gas issued with terrible force from the balloon, and the voyagers found themselves involved in an atmosphere of it.

Respiration became impossible, and they were nearly suffocated. A glance at the barometer, however, showed them that they were falling to the ground with the most fearful rapidity.

During a few moments they experienced all the anguish attending asphyxia. From this situation, however, they were relieved more speedily than they could then have imagined possible; but the cause which relieved them soon became evident, and inspired them with fresh terrors.

M. Barral, from the indications of the barometer, knew that they were being precipitated to the surface of the earth with a velocity so prodigious, that the passage of the balloon through the atmosphere dispelled the mass of hydrogen with which they had been surrounded.

It was, nevertheless, evident that the small rent which had been produced in the lower part of the balloon, by the abortive attempt to obtain access to the valve, could not have been the cause of a fall so rapid.

M. Barral accordingly proceeded to examine the external surface of the balloon, as far as it was visible from the car, and, to his astonishment and terror, he discovered that a rupture had taken place, and that a rent was made about five feet in length along the equator of the machine, through which, of course, the gas was now escaping in immense quantities. Here was the cause of the frightful precipitation of the descent, and a source of imminent danger in the fall.

M. Barral promptly decided on the course to be taken.

It was resolved to check the descent by the discharge of the ballast, and every other article of weight. But this process, to be effectual, required to be conducted with considerable coolness and skill. They were some thousand feet above the clouds. If the ballast were dismissed too soon, the balloon must again acquire a perilous velocity before it would reach the earth. If, on the other hand, its descent were not moderated in time, its fall might become so precipitate as to be ungovernable. Nine or ten sand-bags being, therefore, reserved for the last and critical moment, all the rest of the ballast was discharged. The fall being still frightfully rapid, the voyagers cast out, as they descended through the cloud already mentioned, every article of weight which they had, among which were the blankets and woollen clothing which they had brought to cover them in the upper regions of the atmosphere, their shoes, several bottles of wine, all, in fine, save and except the philosophical instruments. These they regarded as the soldier does his flag, not to be surrendered save with life. M. Bixio, when about to throw over a trifling apparatus, called an aspirator, composed of copper, and filled with water, was forbidden by M. Barral, and obeyed the injunction.

They soon emerged from the lower stratum of the cloud, through which they had fallen in less than two minutes, having taken fifteen minutes to ascend through it. The earth was now in sight, and they were dropping upon it like a stone. Every weighty article had been dismissed, except the nine sand-bags which had been designedly reserved to break the shock on arriving at the surface. They observed that they were directly over some vine-grounds near Lagny, in the department of the Seine and Marne, and could distinctly see a number of labourers engaged in their ordinary toil, who regarded with unmeasured astonishment the enormous object about to drop upon them. It was only when they arrived at a few hundred feet from the surface that the nine bags of sand were dropped by M. Barral, and by this manœuvre the lives of the voyagers were probably saved. The balloon reached the ground, and the car struck among the vines. Happily the wind was gentle; but gentle as it was it was sufficient, acting upon the enor-

mous surface of the balloon, to drag the car along the ground, as if it were drawn by fiery and ungovernable horses. Now arrived a moment of difficulty and danger, which also had been foreseen and provided for by M. Barral. If either of the voyagers had singly leaped from the car, the balloon, lightened of so much weight, would dart up again into the air. Neither voyager would consent, then, to purchase his own safety at the risk of the other. M. Barral, therefore, threw his body half down from the car, laying hold of the vine-stakes, as he was dragged along, and directing M. Bixio to hold fast to his feet. In this way the two voyagers, by their united bodies, formed a sort of anchor, the arms of M. Barral playing the part of the fluke, and the body of M. Bixio that of the cable.

In this way M. Barral was dragged over a portion of the vineyard rapidly, without any other injury than a scratch or contusion of the face, produced by one of the vine-stakes.

The labourers just referred to meanwhile collected, and pursued the balloon, and finally succeeded in securing it, and in liberating the voyagers, whom they afterwards thanked for the bottles of excellent wine which, as they supposed, had fallen from the heavens, and which, wonderful to relate, had not been broken from the fall, although, as has been stated, they had been discharged above the clouds. The astonishment and perplexity of the rustics can be imagined on seeing these bottles drop in the vineyard.

This fact also shows how perpendicularly the balloon must have dropped, since the bottles, dismissed from such a height, fell in the same field where, in a minute afterwards, the balloon also dropped.

The entire descent from the altitude of twenty thousand feet was effected in seven minutes, being at the average rate of fifty feet per second.

In fine, we have to report that these adventurous partisans of science, nothing discouraged by the catastrophe which has occurred, have resolved to renew the experiment under, as may be hoped, less inauspicious circumstances; and we trust that on the next occasion they will not disdain to avail themselves of the co-operation and presence of some one of those persons, who having hitherto practised aerial navigation for the mere purposes of amuse-

ment, will, doubtless, be too happy to invest one at least of their labours with a more useful and more noble character.

Our limits warn us that this article, which has already exceeded customary bounds, must come to a close. We must, therefore, leave to others to pursue the consequences of the inventions which we have in these pages hastily indicated. What social, commercial, and political changes may not be looked for, when all the great centres of population, industry, and commerce have been brought into *intellectual contact*! when persons and things are carried over the surface of the land at a mile a minute, and intelligence at the rate of a couple of hundred thousand miles per second!!

The author of some of the most popular fictions of the day has affirmed, that in adapting to his purpose the results of his personal observation on men and manners, he had found himself compelled to mitigate the real in order to bring it within the limits of the probable. No attentive and contemplative observer of the progress of the arts of life, at the present time, can fail to be struck with the prevalence of the same character in their results as that which compelled the writer alluded to to suppress the most wonderful of what had fallen under his eye, in order to bring his descriptions within the bounds of credibility.

Many are old enough to remember the time when persons, correspondence, and merchandise were transported from place to place in this country by stage-coaches, vans, and wagons.

In those days the fast-coach, with its team of spanking blood-horses, and its bluff driver, with broad-brimmed hat and drab box-coat, from which a dozen capes were pendant, who "*addled the ribbons*" with such consummate art, could pick a fly from the ear of the off-leader, and turn into the gateway of Charing-Cross with the precision of a geometrician, were the topics of the unbounded admiration of the traveller. Certain coaches obtained a special celebrity and favour with the public.

We cannot forget how the eye of the traveller glistened when he mentioned the Brighton "*Age*," the Glasgow "*Mail*," the Shrewsbury "*Wonder*," or the Exeter "*Defiance*,"—the *Age*,

which made its trip in five hours, and the *Defiance*, which acquired its fame by completing the journey between London and Exeter in less than thirty hours.

The rapid circulation of intelligence was also the boast of those times. With what pride was it not announced that the news of each afternoon formed a topic of conversation at tea-tables the same evening, twenty miles from London, and that the morning Journals, still damp from the press, were served at breakfast within a radius of thirty miles, as early as the frequenters of the London clubs received them.

Now let us imagine that some profound thinker, deeply versed in the resources of Science and Art at that epoch, were to have gravely and publicly predicted that the generation existing then and there would live to see all these admirable performances become obsolete, and consigned to the history of the past; that they would live to regard such vehicles as the *Age* and *Defiance* the clumsy expedients of past times, and their celerity such as to satisfy those alone who were in a backward state of civilization!

Let us imagine that such a person were to affirm that his contemporaries would live to see a coach like the Exeter *Defiance* making its trip, not in thirty, but in five hours, and drawn, not by two hundred blood horses, but by a moderate-sized stove and four bushels of coals!

Let us further imagine the same sagacious individual to declare that his contemporaries would live to see a building erected in the centre of London, in the cellars of which machinery would be provided for the fabrication of *artificial lightning*, which

should be supplied *to order*, at a *fixed price*, in any quantity required, and of *any prescribed force*; that *conductors* would be carried from this building to all parts of the country, by which such *lightning* should be sent at will; that in the attics of this same building would be provided certain small instruments like barrel-organs or pianofortes, played on by boys; that by means of these instruments, the aforesaid lightning should, at the will and pleasure of the said boys, deliver messages, at any part of Europe, from Petersburg to Naples; and in fine, that answers to such messages should be received instantaneously, and by like means: that in this same building offices should be provided, where any lady or gentleman might enter, at any hour, and for a few shillings send a message by *lightning* to Paris or Vienna, and by waiting for a few moments, receive an answer!

If such predictions had been hazarded by any individual, however eminent might be his reputation, and great his acquirements, he would be inevitably set down as a fitter occupant of Bedlam than any other place of abode. Yet most of these things have come to pass, and the rest only wait the completion of the mechanism necessary to execute them. Such things have become so interwoven with our daily habits, that familiarity has blunted the edge of wonder.

Compared with all such realities, the illusions of Oriental romance grow pale; fact stands higher than fiction in the scale of the marvellous; the feats of Aladdin are tame and dull; and the Genius of the Lamp yields precedence to the Spirits which preside over the Battery and the Boiler.

SCENES FROM AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN PARIS, FEBRUARY, 1848.

CHAPTER I.

"Farewell! a word that must be and hath been,
A sound which makes us linger—yet—farewell!"—CHILDE HAROLD.

PARTINGS are rarely otherwise than sad; even the schoolboy has his little grief when starting for the holidays. It may be for a boy-friend, a tree, a flower, a pet, the young housemaid, or the old housekeeper; it is sad, indeed, to part from what we like or love; the last shake of hands, the last look, the last kiss tears the heart. But by how much sadder is it to neither press the hand nor kiss the lips which we have often pressed and kissed with fervent warmth, when parting, at the most, for four and twenty hours, to say farewell in an affected tone of carelessness, feeling one is watched, suspected, when months must intervene before we kiss those lips again, if ever.

There are such trying scenes in life, and we remember one.

Brandon, to his horror, was ushered into a crowded drawing-room. Though no skilled man of the world, the youth had still sufficient power with his lips to work them into one of those everyday smiles in common use; and though he had not seen, he guessed the presence of two soft blue eyes, which, guarded as they were, still looked on no one half so kindly as on him, and seemed to feel and know the cause why they had been as yet unnoticed by the new arrival.

"You leave us to-day, Reginald," said the hostess, mother of Blue-eyes; and being also an old friend of Brandon's, used his Christian name.

"Yes, I leave to-day."

"We'll all miss you very much."

"You're very kind to say so."

"Tom, especially."

"I wish to Jove," said the gentleman alluded to, "I was going with you, but here I'm stuck."

"I wish it too, Tom;" while Brandon's heart added, "but alone, Tom, and in my place."

"You have not looked, or bowed to Mary (Blue-eyes) yet," remarked the hostess. "She has been trying all she

can to get a bow from you; I suppose you have thrown away your manners to travel more at ease and lightly."

Blue-eyes looked up. Brandon met them, and expressed a thousand pardons for not having bowed before, but he really had not seen her, her side face was turned—as if he didn't know Blue-eye's profile, nor ever touched it with his lips. Well, well, if lies can be excused, they must be love's red lies, that publish their disgrace in blushes, and publicly atone, as Brandon's cheeks did on the moment, for the errors of his lips.

"I assure you," added Brandon, "I had no intention of going away without taking leave of you, Mary, as well as of all my kind friends here." Manly and outspoken in words, but only a throwing of dust into honest people's eyes; he had devotedly hoped and prayed to find, and—yes, why should not it be written down?—and *kiss*, Blue-eyes alone within that very drawing-room, the hostess and his other friends being out.

"I am very sure," said Blue-eyes, "you would not do any thing so rude."

This was perfectly true; he was incapable of it.

The conversation flagged, rallied, flagged again; some visitors went off, fresh came in; Blue-eyes and Brandon so placed as not even to talk commonplace, with which skilled hands can sometimes baffle a whole company, and interchange their thoughts.

An hour passed. In one hour more Brandon had to start. Brandon felt sick at heart, and then grew desperate. Blue-eyes trembled, looked to Brandon, paled, blushed, and while her lips made answer to commonplace remarks, her heart throbbed tumultuously with love and with despair.

The clock upon the chimney struck—a quarter gone from Brandon's hour; three quarters still remained to pack a trunk, catch a railway train, and bid adieu to all he cared for most in life.

It was lucky Brandon's residence was near his friends, and both were near the station, or Brandon might as well have given up his journey for that day, at all events.

"Do you know, Reginald," said Tom, "you had better not be late? it's devilish near the time." This was a heartless vagabond, whose delights were luggage, and confusion, and seeing people off.

"I must show you," said Blue-eyes to a lady visiter, "the worsted pattern I am working for a stool."

"Do; that's a dear."

"You are a little in advance of railway time," answered Brandon to his friend.

"I am not so sure of that," rejoined young Tom.

Blue-eyes had risen for the pattern, and stood between the chair that Brandon sat on and the table in the drawer of which the pattern lay.

"I'll not be responsible, recollect, if you are late, Reginald," said Tom, after a moment's pause, in the tone of a man who has discharged his duty, and buttons his coat.

It was the very gentlest pressure in

the world, more touch than pressure, and yet it passed, like an electric shock, to Brandon's heart. Strange connexion that between a heart and a little hand that touched another hand.

"Do you know, Reginald," said the hostess, who up to this had been engaged, nose to nose, with a leading lady scandal-speaker of the day, "I quite agree with Tom, it's getting very near the time."

"Well, I believe I must at length bid you all good bye," and Brandon rose.

The worsted pattern fell, and Mary stooped, and Brandon too, to pick it up; and on his cheek he felt dear Blue-eyes's warm breath beating, and clustering light brown ringlets fall, and heard the whispered Saxon word "farewell," and that was all; they picked the worsted pattern up.

"Come, now, bolt," whispered Tom, who was deep-seeing, and humane at heart, "don't mind the rest."

"Mother, Reginald hasn't time to shake hands with you all, so he won't make any jealous, but bids you all good bye through me;" and Tom pushed and bustled off with Reginald Brandon.

CHAPTER II.

'The letter killeth—the spirit giveth life.'

THAT night a girl knelt in prayer by her bedside. The sin must truly have been great, the crime of darkest dye, which the apparent fervour and deep sorrow of that prayer and girl would not have blotted out for ever in the sight of heaven. The recording angel, as he noted down that broken, irregular appeal, may have dropped tears for secret grief seeking relief from heaven; but they were not tears that blotted out; they served to register for ever a girl's heartfelt prayer for him she loved.

The prayer, perchance, might not have been considered orthodox, judged by a bench of modern bishops; there were such words, and vows, and wishes breathed, as one but rarely meets with in church rubricons and rituals; for instance, there were phrases of this nature uttered: "Oh! may we meet again"—"Never to asparate"—"Preserve him from all ill, from debt, from wine, from cards"—"And, oh! from

smoking, too—they say it leads to bad, besides 'twould spoil his lovely teeth; he always shows them when he smiles; and, oh! preserve him, too" (here there were tears and sobs), "from loving any one but me." And so the prayer went on; a strange medley, it is true, of vanities and sinful aspirations. Condemnable it may be in the eyes of stern critics; but recollect, good friends, that you must take our heroine as you find her; and she's not an angel—never tried to pass for such, but just a fair, very fair, weak—perhaps, too, some might call it very weak—kind, loving sister, woman.

And still, in spite of all, that prayer was gentle, holy, true; and such, perchance, in spirit, too, as early Christians may have breathed, when prayer as yet was young, and clumsy, and homely, full many a day ago, in their own dear land of Syria.

For true it is—and pity that it should be true—in latter days, there

has crept among our churches, to a great extent, a certain cold, formular, sacerdotal slang, which, whether it be used for discourse or for prayer, is grating to the ear; and if it ever reach a heart at all, it must be one most regularly predisposed, and nothing of a rebel.

And, notwithstanding the increased erudition of the age, and with it, too, the proved abilities of many valued chiefs of the great Established Church in England, it may be fairly speculated whether, if the liturgy of that Church was lost, in manuscript and memory, and had to be re-written, we would not have a very different production

from that which now exists. Superior it might be in the show of learning, but in purity, universality, and, perchance too, in humility, three centuries behind.

The prayer that girl breathed to heaven, we must suppose was heard, unit though it was, amid the many prayers—how many of a different sort—that rose from earth; for soon reliance came, and hope, with faith, too, in that hope. While, following them, came tears of gratitude, and gentle dreams of joyous meetings unobserved, with love, embraces, kisses given, and these were sealed with sleep.

CHAPTER III.

'A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one, a thunderbolt to all.'

WE meet our hero on a different scene from that on which we left him. He is borne along with the armed populace, who mount the staircase of the grandest palace in Europe; the old master has flown through one portal, as the new masters have entered by the other. Their fathers did the same before them; it is an old chapter of French history reprinted—the rehearsal of a favourite play.

Reginald Brandon's head was addled; the clamour and fierce looks, with the wild laughter, and wilder greetings of the victors—their swords and sabres waving in the press like tails of game hounds. The joy was great, indeed; the fox had been unearthed at last.

His head, indeed, was addled—the scene was like a vivid dream—the day of Marie Antoinette again; but still he bore along through antechambers, galleries, grand apartments. Emotions force most men, at least the young, to join or to oppose. Reginald was not the straw to struggle with that stream, and so he yelped in with the savage pack, hurrah'd, yelled, and played his part right manfully in that wondrous carnival.

And they were hot upon that old king, too; the very logs were blazing still, and not half burnt on the hearth, where, hearing counsel from a motley cabinet of boys and women, and stray men, he lingered, for the last time, as a king.

Then in they broke, through cham-

ber, bath, and boudoir, where even princes should have tapped most lovingly to be admitted; there the Bourbon women, freed from those eyes that do so love to pry into, and stare upon the great, might bathe, as Venus does, without restraint, and robe, unrobe, disport themselves as willed their humours and light whims.

Love gifts, pretty trifles, locks of braided hair, garters blue or red, sandals, robes for night and day; there they were strewed, torn, borne off in triumph. It was feeling, as it were, the glory of the things, to roll about a royal bed, attired in a royal robe: it was a real democratic revel.

But life is everywhere made up of contrast; it is strange, it is true, Reginald had wandered at hap-hazard through the Palace of the Tuilleries, avoiding when he could the densely crowded chambers. At length he reached a little spiral staircase, thickly carpeted; he followed, and it led him to a room, whose door was closed, and on the panelling there was written in fresh ink, not yet well dried, the sentence: "Salon de lecture"—"On ne doit pas y entrer"—"Vive la République, le 24 Février." Our hero disobeyed the order, and went in; he found himself in presence of an old man, seated tranquilly in an easy chair, reading a book, from which he raised his eyes as Brandon entered. There was such a quiet in the room, so different from the scene below, and such

composure in the old man's face, that Reginald felt as though he were a trespasser, and mechanically exclaimed:

"Pardon, sir, I fear I have intruded!"

"Not in the least, sir; you are an Englishman, and obeyed your national instinct."

"Oh, for that matter, sir, I presume I have as good a right——"

"To be here as I have; quite as good; that little *affiche* I put up on the door, in order to enjoy a quiet rest, would have kept a French mob out, but not an Englishman; the nationalities are quite distinct."

Reginald was still standing.

"Be seated, sir, I pray you," said the old man, "and tell me how are they getting on down stairs."

"Why, much the same way as when you left them, I presume."

"I left them half-an-hour ago; I knew I'd find some quiet nook to rest in."

"One would need repose after such a scene," said Brandon, feeling his addled head.

"Oh, it's very good in its way, but not complete."

"How so?"

"Why, there are only two elements en scène—the people and the palace the absence of the king leaves a vacuum if there were even a prince or two, or else a Bourbon woman with a child and the old man sighed.

"God be thanked there's not."

"Ah, sir, it's plain you are nothing of an artist—no taste for the sublime."

"I abhor blood."

"What a cold nature."

"And murder."

"I don't think I ever saw a more distinct nationality," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"I grieve to see an old man hold such sanguinary views."

"The elements of our minds are very different; I see you cannot even understand me."

"I hope there is some mistake."

"I wonder could a man get a glass of water; I feel very thirsty," said the old man, rising.

"Better have some wine, or a glass of Cognac; the brandy is exquisite; I had a petit verre of it, but I don't care to join you in another."

"Do you know, sir," and the old man eyed Brandon with an air of great attention, "I never saw a more marked nationality than your's. Brandy—brandy—wine and brandy, very marked."

"Well, sir, will you try another stroll below?"

"I have no objection."

"But I fear there's not a picture in the whole of it."

"Parbleu! I was taking off this book, and though it is very interesting, it's not my property," and the old man threw it on the table.

"Why down stairs, they're taking away every thing—who's to prevent you?"

"There it is again, your nationality. L'amour du gain—very curious. No, no, my friend, I will not take it; you can't, of course, understand why, our instincts being so different, but I won't take it. Come, shall we go down?"

There was in the Tuileries that day the portrait of a Bourbon prince, whose blue, melancholy, life-like eyes seemed to look down in sadness on a scene which France might never have recorded had he lived; it was that of Ferdinand Philippe, Duke of Orleans, the eldest and the best-beloved of Louis Philippe's sons.*

Women loved that face; and Englishwomen above all. There was a poetic heroism, tempered with a gentleness, that came from what was good or generous, not from weakness, ever portrayed through it.

In the camp, or council, men would feel a wish to follow him; in the court and salons, women gave him more than their good wishes. He had taken up a marked line of political conduct, and yet his enemies were few; and at his early death, the young and old, the wrinkled and the fair, mourned for that brilliant man with like sincerity.

They had cut down around him, on that day, marshals, princes, dukes, every portrait, every bust, that could

* This is not a stretch of fancy. Up to a late hour on the 24th of February, this portrait was undamaged, nor was the writer the only witness to the scene described. A gallant, educated Irish coroner, one who can *spell blood* as well as *spill* it, was standing at the writer's side, along with other friends.

recal attachment to the Bourbon race ; even the heroes of the empire were not spared. The military fault that caused a national disaster, was visited upon the portrait with a zest diminished only by the thought that it was not alive.

And still no hand was raised, as yet, to damage or insult the portrait of that Duke of Orleans.

It must be that the good men do, or even show the wish to do, lives after them.

Brandon and his new acquaintance were gazing on this portrait. A little distance off, a woman did the same ; she was young, and of the Saxon type. Was it a deep or shallow mystery that bound her to that spot ?—a whim, arisen on the moment, for a face she could have loved, or such as some creative dream had once presented ; or was it not some deeper sentiment which gave those eyes that look of earnest sadness, those lips that quivering motion, and all that graceful figure such a grief-like attitude. What epitaph so enviable, and so true, as that which sorrow traces on a woman's heart.

A drunken vagabond in a blouse came up ; he was like a destroying devil for the fine arts ; whatever showed superior taste seemed treason to his soul. His speciality was to destroy the beautiful ; and if in the progress he hacked at chairs and tables, or slashed his gleaming sabre through a lustre or a polished mirror, it was only just to keep his hand in till some worthier object caught his eye.

He reeled up to the portrait of the royal duke, and poised his sabre for a well-directed cut ; the woman seized his arm—

"What do you mean, woman ?" he exclaimed.

"You must not touch him."

"Must not ! Who says must not ?—that's a good one."

How it might have ended if another actor had not interposed, of course is doubtful. A ragged Blouse addressed his fellow-Blouse—

"Citizen, that is the Duke of Orleans, you must not touch him ; he was a brave heart, and, besides, he is dead ; we must respect him."

"I did not know who it was—it was only at the painting I cut."

"There are plenty of others that

deserve to be cut down ; but don't touch this one."

"I tell you I did not know it was the duke—I respect him."

He lowered his destroying sabre, and, looking like a guilty man, slunk off ; but soon an object of the fine arts chased the cloud away—the sabre rallied ; and having sliced the head from off the statue of a Venus, the Blouse recovered once again his self-esteem.

"How can I thank you ?"

"Citoyenne," replied the ragged Blouse, "I accept your thanks, although I do not want them ; I am of the true Republic, and it respects the brave, no matter under what banner they may fight."

The woman courtseyed, the Blouse raised his cap ; and, with a last look at the portrait, she vanished through the crowd.

"That would make a beautiful picture," said the old man.

"Yes," answered Reginald, moved by the deepest emotion.

"*Yaes*," said the old man, in a mocking tone ; "you other English always answer by a 'yes' ; your 'yes' alone distinguishes you from the brute creation ; the sublimest emotions of life expressed by a monosyllable—*mon. Dieu !* what an organisation !"

"We would be the better, I think, of a little fresh air," said Reginald.

"Of all the airs in life, give me the fresh air. Ha, ha, very good ; how your English nature, Mr.—Mr.—what is your name ?"

"Brandon."

"Brandy ! Brandy !—what a Saxon name. Well, I say, Mr. Brandy, your English nature could never have uttered that *bon-mot*."

"Never, sir, on my life."

"Come, this is the way ; let us hasten out ; this noise will destroy the unity of that scene in my head. What a soul that woman has for the sublime !—she would have given her blood for that painting."

"Do you think there was no deeper sentiment to actuate ?"

"Have you then yet to learn, my young friend, that there is no moving power in life so great as love of the sublime ? The sublime is one and indivisible—there are not two sublimes ; and once you love, you love for ever and the same. Now all other love,

even in the strongest form—for instance, what you English call domestic love, fire-side love, fourpost-bed love, wife love—all such love we see fluctuate, vary, change. Your wife dies, you take a second, or a third, as the case may be; or you die, and your wife replaces you. Now, there is nothing sublime in all that. No, rely on it, my friend, love of the sublime could alone have sustained that woman; any other supposition would argue her a fool. For how else could that portrait interest her; had it animal life?—could it speak to her? To be sure, she might kiss it; but could it kiss her? Answer me that, *voilà toute la question.*”

“Pray, sir, are you a married man?” asked Reginald.

“I am not, sir—I never will be; and I will tell you why. There was a friend of mine, an artist, who had a passion for blue eyes —”

Reginald blushed almost audibly, but at least most visibly. The old man noticed it, and smiled.

“What are you smiling at, sir?” said Brandon, rather pettishly.

“I was only thinking could that colour have a charm for you, also.”

“I did not say it had; you have no reason, sir, to —”

“Don't get angry, I *had* no reason, but you, perhaps, are going to give me some. However, allow me to continue; my story may, perhaps, apply. Well, as I was saying, this friend of mine had a passion for blue eyes—he thought they had a touch of heaven in them. One day he knelt to them—they looked kindly on him. The upshot is, he got married. I watched his position with the deepest interest, resolving to be guided by his fate. He struggled hard, night and day, to com-

bine the two loves—the domestic and the sublime. Poor fellow, he failed; five weeks' house-keeping convinced him of his error. I took warning, and avoided a like fate. My love can live upon *eau sucrée*; but faith his love requires champagne frappé two or three times a week. Now, my young friend, be warned in time. If you do marry, let it not be for the ideal or sublime, or you will be sadly disappointed. That marriage mania has spoiled the most promising artists of the age.”

“I am so poor an artist, that I can hardly count in the category of those to whom your law applies.”

“Well, my young friend, we must separate; I am going homewards, to sketch down the incidents of this day. Here is my card, should you wish to continue our acquaintance.”

The old man bowed, and they separated.

As he turned homeward up the centre alley of the Tuilleries, that opens upon the splendid Place de la Concorde, various and rapidly-succeeding were the thoughts of Reginald Brandon; his head was in a state of ferment; it was like a panorama—he did not reflect, he did not try; his head was given up to scenic purposes.

“You have something the matter with your head, Monsieur Reginald,” said his porter, as he reached home.

“Nothing to signify, Joseph.”

Poor fellow! there was a palace full of armed men, hacking up, and down, and round about it at that very moment; while calmly looking on the scene were two blue eyes: they, too, were sad, but softer in expression than the portrait's—and the figure was a girl's.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MORNING AFTER A REVOLUTION.

“PAULINE, where the devil are my boots? Joseph's very late with them to-day. I want to go out?”

“I'll go see, Monsieur Reginald.”

“Joseph! Joseph! Monsieur Reginald awaits his boots.”

“Silence, my girl; don't cry so: you'll disturb my husband. While you speak, he organises a plan of government. I know nothing of the boots.”

“But, madam, Monsieur Reginald must have his boots.”

“Well, it is only natural he should wish to have his boots; perhaps my son knows something of them. Auguste, dear Auguste, know you anything of Monsieur Reginald's boots?”

“I know nought of the Englishman's boots, mamma.”

“Look, dear, if they are not behind that door.”

"In effect, they are, mamma."

"Are they cleaned, Auguste?"

"No, mamma."

"Will you polish them, dearest?"

"I cannot, upon my honour, mamma."

"You know it is for your papa."

"Well, for papa's sake I undertake them."

Reginald's boots shone with unusual splendour, as he descended the staircase, and with reason—the Gallic chaunt of

Jamais en France l'Anglais ne regnera,"

had harmonised so thoroughly the movement of the brush in Auguste Flottard's hand. Joseph Flottard sallied from his little studio and accosted Reginald—

"Monsieur Reginald, excuse the liberty. I must apologise for the delay in your boots: it was unavoidable."

"Oh, it matters not; besides, you are in general so punctual."

"Why, you see, Monsieur Reginald, I am, alas! past the age of military service: I must now turn *homme de lettres* and *politique*; and as it is the duty of every Frenchman to labour for his country, I have been organising a little plan for the movement of the new society. I am just sending the little Auguste with it to the Hotel de Ville, for I fear I have not time myself. I am very sorry, indeed, you had to await your boots."

"You completely absolve yourself."

"You are going out, I suppose, Monsieur Reginald, to see the state of the city?"

"Yes, I am going out for that purpose."

"Ah, you are lookers on; we Frenchmen must act. I am just going to attend an assembly of porters in our street, for the amelioration of our condition?"

"Where do you assemble?"

"Next door, *au premier*: the family, an English one, ran off this morning. So the apartment is vacant."

"Do you permit the presence of strangers?"

"There are no rules of any sort as yet, and if you accompany me, Monsieur Reginald, I shall be most happy to present you."

"There is nothing I desire more."

Joseph Flottard took the chair by common consent: a scar across his forehead, as a soldier of the empire, his being the longest resident concierge of the street, and his having a surplus story to his house, were claims placing rivalry out of the question.

"Now, gentlemen," said the president, "when I ring this bell, you are to be silent; when I place it on the desk, you are to talk; and when I put it in my pocket, you are to adjourn. Now, gentlemen, give attention."

The President rang the bell—the silence was profound; the President placed it on the table—the clatter deafened; the President rang the bell again—the clatter ceased.

"Gentlemen, I omitted to state that but one at a time speaks, the rest listen. It is so in England, where ——"

"*A bas les Anglais!*"

"Gentlemen, we have not begun business yet. You have therefore no right to cry, '*A bas les Anglais!*' The bell is still in my hand; you must wait till I place it on the desk."

The bell touched the desk: the assembly cried—

"*A bas les Anglais!*"

"Now, gentlemen, that is business-like; I see we shall get on."

"Who speaks first?" demanded a voice.

"*Moi!*" responded the members.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "it is better to proceed numerically. Let number one begin. Achille Vaudart, the word is yours; you are number one. Take a minute to reflect; state your number and your age; and speak until I ring the bell."

"Monsieur le President, I am *numero un*. I was *treize-his*. I am not forty years of age. I have a great deal to say. Since ten years I have not spoken above my breath, unless to cry '*A bas les Anglais!*' Guizot put a muzzle on the porters. We took it off yesterday."

"It is true! it is true! Bravo, *numero un!*"

"I have a charming family; my wife, and the little Hercule and Auguste, are the sweetest ——"

The bell rang.

"*Numero un*, the family is abolished. You must take some social proposition, or want. Begin again."

"I want higher wages, and a new suit of clothes for the little Hercule."

"We cannot entertain the suit of clothes: they are of the family. Who disapproves higher wages?"

"Pas moi," answered a chorus.

"Higher wages are decreed," said the President.

"Number two, speak," said the President.

"Am I to reflect the minute?"

"If you require it?"

"I don't."

"Speak, then."

"I demand that there be only six hours in the day."

"Who votes, gentlemen, for six hours in the day?"

"All of us."

"Six hours in the day are then decreed."

"Number three, the Tribune is your's, proceed."

"I demand two hours of the new day for the study of letters."

"Number three requires two hours to cultivate his mind?"

"We are all willing to study," responded the porters.

"Two hours of the day are then decreed for study."

"Number four, you have the word."

"Mr. President, I think we have made the day too short."

"He is a royalist."

"An aristocrat."

"A Bourbon."

"Throw him into the street."

The assembly grew agitated.

The bell rang; there was a silence; the President broke it.

"Number four, you are a reactionist, there is the door, we denounce you."

Number four retired without any difficulty; he was helped out; every one lent a hand, and some two.

"Number five, we await you," said the President.

"I demand to go down into the street; c'est plus gai."

"He has reason," shouted the clubbists; "c'est bien plus gai."

The bell rang.

"You cannot move, gentlemen, till I put the bell in my pocket."

"You know best; we are ignorant of the rule."

"Gentlemen, the meeting is adjourned; the bell is in my hat, for I have no pocket large enough, but it comes to the same thing."

"We may now go down; the bell is in our president's hat, which is quite the same as if it were in his pocket."

Reginald adjourned with the meeting, but to other scenes, where each and all bore witness to the fact, that liberty, equality, fraternity, are difficult of practice at a moment's call; being mainly based on self-denial, truth, and honesty, existences indigenous to every clime, but unmistakable slow-coaches in their growth.

CHAPTER V.

A HONEYMOON AS IT WAS IN FEBRUARY, '48.

"You forgive me, Mario?"

"I love you, Charles."

The question and the answer were spoken in a very sumptuous bed-room; and a youth, bearing on a tray a breakfast service, managed skilfully to bend and touch the lips of a young girl, his bride, who, seated at a little table, smiled acknowledgment to this politeness.

"Here is some chocolate I have made for you."

"You are so good, Charles."

"Just let me spread the serviette; now you are served."

When the youth said that he had brought some chocolate, it was only just a manner of talking. He had served up a very perfect little breakfast;

there were an omelette, toast, kidneys, and a little tender beefsteak most artistically dressed. It is a fact, that love was never meant to live upon the air as long as its resides on earth.

"Those Bourbons had a sumptuous nest of it, dear Marie."

"How different from your Quartier Latin."

"Ay, they feasted while I was in my Quartier Latin, dunned to the death."

"I pity them, Charles; they must regret these Tuilleries."

"Yes, poor devils."

"The men were beaux garçons."

"To the devil with the men, it is only the women I pity."

"They would think it strange to see us here."

"We have as good a right as they had, and a better, to be here."

"You think so, Charles?"

"I say so."

And, after a slight pause, the youth continued—

"Are not we the children of that people who made the old usurper royal; they put him into this palace, and we have put him out of it; besides, dear Marie, you are more beautiful than the Bourbon woman who, ere last night, was sleeping in this room."

And the youth interrupted the breakfast with a very affectionate embrace.

"On that ground, Marie, you have a better right."

"In your eyes, Charles; but she was very beautiful."

"Yes, that German Nemours was a beautiful woman."

"And she had the air so good."

"She was born to be a prince's wife as she was born a German; neither are her fault."

"How long, Charles, do we stay here?"

"By my faith, dear, I know not."

"But we shall never separate."

"My love will last until the Bourbons come again."

"And mine as long."

Again there was an interruption even more serious than the first.

"It was very wrong of you to follow me yesterday, Marie."

"I could not help it, Charles. Mon Dieu! had you been wounded and I not there."

"Had I known you were so near, Marie, I might have turned coward,

and run off. What a honeymoon! the first day of my marriage building barricades."

"Will you work any more, Charles, at your painting?"

"The Republic, Marie, will not feed me any more than the Bourbons; I must work."

"I wonder has any accident happened to Brandon?"

"I was thinking, Marie, to go out and seek for him, and with your leave to ask him to our dinner; he can never see such things again within these Tuilleries, and it may serve him."

"But he may mock at me, Charles, for being here, although I would not mind him much; but the world, if it hears, may say a thousand cruel things."

"Ask them, Marie, was it we who made the Bourbons run away, and called to life this young Republic. Did we ask a duchess to give up her room to us?"

"That is true."

"It was destiny, Marie—it was that magic power, Destiny."

"Yes it was destiny," smiled the young wife; "so ask Reginald, if you please."

"I must kiss that pretty hand, Marie—you have the other occupied; but —"

But as the scene is growing tender, and more tender still, and as we do not live beneath a young Republic, one and indivisible, but under the soft shadow of a woman's throne, it will be deemed more gallant to let fall the curtain, and to leave the young pair to their destiny.

CHAPTER VI.

"And some seemed much in love with their own dress,
And divers smoked superb pipes, decorated
With amber mouths, and greater price or less,
And several strutted, others slept, and some
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum."—BYRON.

SOME hours later than the *tête-à-tête* of these young lovers, our good friend, Reginald Brandon, was a unit in an animated semicircle, whose centre, a huge whiskered Blouse, was seated straddlelegs on a cask of the best Burgundy in France, holding in his right hand a very fair-sized silver tankard, while the left was placed upon a spigot in the big cask's side, ready to withdraw it at a moment's call.

"Well, my American, you must help to christen the Republic."

"Willingly, citizen."

In mixed companies it was often a better card of introduction to say you came from the Great Western Republic, so Reginald at least found.

"Now, my American, you have done your duty, I must do mine; I must water my horses, and I begin with the old grey. Come round here!

The old grey was a fierce, one-eyed old man, and must have been watered at a very early hour that morning, for he encored the tankard three times, and would have ventured on a fourth, had not the rider of the cask refused a fresh supply.

"Off with you, you'll get no more; do you want to break your wind."

"Come, my little chesnut mare, you must have a tankard—one tankard." This was addressed to a brown-haired girl, dressed up in a blouse, with a small sword at her side.

"There, my pretty one, there. Well, American, what do you think of my little mare's shapes."

"She looks a thoroughbred."

"Indeed you might say so, if you saw her out of harness. Hush! there, you long-legged garrin; you'd be jealous if any one got the tankard after the little mare's lips—round with you."

It took some minutes for the gentleman on the cask to water his horses, for they were twelve in number; and some of the stud were uncommonly thirsty. At length it was accomplished.

"Come, now, American, you want to be shown the duchess's apartment."

"At your leisure; I am not pressed."

"Well, come, American, you and I will drink my horses' health, and my little mare's health, and the young duchess's health, and her man's health, before we go."

"With all my heart, citizen."

"That smacks, American, like the blood of a gouty king; it is as rich, sir, if it's not as old, as a Bourbon's. Come, now, help me off the cask—I am, in verity, top-heavy; I have so much to think of, my head is crammed full."

Help, and his own weight, removed the Blouse from his eminent position; and having marshalled his horses in

pairs, he placed himself at their head; then taking Reginald's arm—a prop not to be despised in his present top-heavy condition—he emerged from the wine cave to the higher regions of the palace.

"Now, then, I must leave you my horses," said the leader, as they reached a large landing, from which branched several galleries.

"Always keep to the same stable, so that I may know where to find you; and, Long Legs, give the little mare a comfortable bed."

The setting sun had seldom looked upon a stranger scene, even in wide France, than the old Palace of the Tuilleries presented on the evening that we write of. It might be likened, in good truth, to many a thing; it might be likened to a seraglio, for every lady had her sultan, and some two or more, and these contended for her—this was its Western trait: and then it had its Eastern feature, for there were many there who, sultan-like, had more than their fair share of wanton beauties. The bedroom-doors were mostly lying open. It is wiser not to show our readers in, nor shall we venture on description. Suffice it just to say, that over the whole spirit of this strange society, in bed-room, gallery, or wine-cave, at the hour that we write of, there was a certain languor, for the men had mostly all been very drunk, and some were still so; while the terrible excitement of the previous day had used out the fever fire of their brain.

"There, now, you see that door there," said Brandon's companion, "the next room after is the duchess's apartment. Tell the duke I'd go in and see him, if I hadn't my horses to look after; besides, he is bad company, although he is a good Republican."

CHAPTER VII.

"Half the world knows not how the other half lives."

"REGINALD, you are ten minutes late," said the duke, alias Charles.

"How goes it, dear Marie?"

"Very well, my Reginald; and you?"

"I guard still my health and appetite."

"But what retarded you, Reginald?" said Charles.

"Why my guide, your friend, had to water his horses."

"What do you mean?—he has no horses."

"In other words, he was serving

out some Burgundy to his body-guard, and he calls that watering his horses."

"He is an original; but if it were not for his horses, there would not be so much order in the palace; he has the knack of organising drunken men. However, I must serve up dinner. Marie, do you entertain our old friend, while I set fire to my bifteck." And Charles went off to his business.

"How pretty you are, Marie," said Brandon, after gazing for a full minute on his young hostess.

"You think so?"

"And that blush adds to it."

"Now, Reginald, I will anger myself if you go on with your compliments."

Reginald's observation was just; Marie was very pretty. She had symmetry of figure—she had expression; and these alone win hearts. But, in addition, she expressed a perfect little piece of Grecian sculpture in her face, whose olive ground at every moment showed unrivalled little colours, from the blood-red blush to the lighter shades of animation. There was a rich luxuriance of the darkest hair; while her soft, hazel eyes were not too full of life, they had a pensive cast. Marie had selected from the neighbouring wardrobe a blue silk wrapping gown, which certainly was rather a negligé dress for dinner, but still became her wonderfully; and then, to give effect to all, Marie had such a graceful, winning manner, with a voice whose tones were little bars of music falling on the ear; that half-embarrassed awkwardness, too, caused from her strange position, added another, and the true refining charm, to this young girl.

"Do you remember, Marie, the first time I met you?"

"Yes, I do, it was in Charles's studio."

"He was making a copy from your pretty head."

"How I hated that way of living; but we were so poor."

"Yes, and you thought Charles was poor, and you would sit for nothing."

"How good he always was."

"I remember how he would advise you never to sit for young artistes, only for the old."

"He had reason, and I hated it."

"And then your head only was

worth sketching; he advised you never to think of sitting for a bust."

"You always loved Charles."

"Yes, but he did not always love me. The day I made him think that you had promised to sit to me in a short Scotch petticoat, he did not love me that day."

"Are you still fond of your Blue-eyes, Reginald?"

"Always, dear Marie."

"Have you heard of them lately?"

"I have, Marie, and they were well."

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are served," said Charles, as he bore in upon a tray the dinner.

"Marie will do the honours, while I act as butler, cook, and general attendant."

The dinner proceeded cheerfully, for it was good; and the lovers and their guest were all contented with each other.

"I never eat such a dinner, Charles; you are a regular cordon bleu. I was in luck to meet you to-day."

"I was out marketing then—nor would I have invited any one save you, Reginald; but you and my dear Marie are old friends."

"You work none now, Reginald?"

"No, Marie, but I collect materials for future work."

"You cannot work in a revolution."

"You are right, Charles; too great a richness in materials, and they confused."

"You have no wine, Reginald; fill your glass, and drink to our young Republic."

"I drink anything you like, Charles, excepting bad wine."

"Every artist is at heart a Republican, and you must be one."

"I do not see the connection."

"Why, every artist loves to see his art esteemed, and it cannot be so while he himself is looked down upon. It was so here; it is so, my friend, in your England."

"Only by the vulgar."

"But what you call your vulgar is in the majority; your vulgar is public opinion."

"That is true."

"Do you like that, Reginald?"

"No, I do not, Charles."

"And are you sure, my Reginald, that it's only the vulgar who look down on artists?"

"Of course I am, who else?"

"Why, my friend, is your English court much frequented by artists?"

"Not particularly."

"And why is that?"

"Why because, you see, because—" and Reginald stammered considerably.

"Because, my friend, to be an artist is nothing—it is not even a rung in your social ladder; your public opinion does not point it out to your royalty, and your royalty knows nothing about it; it is no position, and to go to your court, you must have a position or a purse."

"But you mistake entirely, my dear Charles—the arts are highly patronised by our sovereigns; for instance, George the Fourth."

"Yes, I know what you are going to say; I understand. You English artists are like your men-cooks: their dishes are allowed to table, and your paintings are allowed to hang upon the walls of Windsor; but both cook and artist are kept off at their proper distance."

"There is some truth in what you say."

"Then, my friend, your constitution may be very good for dukes, and grondees, and big purses, but it would not suit an artiste like me."

"But things are changing; there is growing up a true taste."

"For your sake, my Reginald, I hope it will be so; but as yet there is only a pretence to taste in your England. If there were true taste, your artiste would be looked up to and not down to."

"However, Charles, I do not despair; we have a woman on the throne; she is young, she is fair. She is said to be an humble student in our glorious science."

"I love your true Englishwoman, Reginald, but your men are all sham."

"You are paying compliments to Reginald," said Marie.

"Reginald, understand me—I mean the Saxon male pretenders to taste."

"Our would-be simpering patrons, who profess to take the artist by the hand—confound them!—in the hope, confound them! that a ray of his glory may eventually be put down to their account—confound them!"

Poor Reginald began to puff and fume most fearfully.

"Now, Reginald, Reginald! we must

change the subject; once you get to your confounding, I know you are losing your temper."

"Not I, my dear fellow, I despise the whole race of —"

"Well, Reginald, what do you think of our apartment?"

"It is charming. How long do you stay here?"

"As long as my friend's horses can keep the canaille quiet."

The hour advanced; the friends had sipped their coffee; the artists had smoked, through Marie's kind permission, some very good cigars, late the property of his Grace of Nemours; and it was time for Reginald to move.

"Well, Marie, it is time to say good night."

"Good night, my dear Reginald."

"Good night, Charles."

"Good night, Reginald; let us see you soon again."

The Tuilleries had come to life; the sounds of wassail and wild revelry, that smote on Reginald's ear, were symptoms unmistakeable and undoubted of the resurrection. In his descent, he paused to look at a wild polka that had been organised in one of the large saloons. There was every variety that costume or the want of costume could afford—staff uniforms, royal liveries, with the torn, blood-stained, dusty blouse, moved and mingled in the frantic dance.

Our artist was not long without an invitation.

"Come, pretty citizen, you shall have a round with me; this brute dances on my feet."

"With pleasure, fair one."

Music, a polka, a naked bust of flesh-and-blood in close proximity, to say the least, are dangerous things for youth to couple with. But Brandon was a youth of some experience—he had taken his degrees before he went abroad; and he had learned in English ball-rooms, and been schooled to gaze with due propriety on the still more lovely, naked, public bosoms of his charming countrywomen. This being so, our friend could bear, without much shock, one naked inch additional.

"That is what I call to dance; you shall be my cavalier all night."

It required some diplomacy to escape, but at length our artist reached the outside of the palace; and he wondered, as he bent his footsteps

homeward, whether plain-bred honesty was not, upon the whole, the wisest policy; and most sincerely did he wish that some of the chief statesmen of the present day could just have taken a turn or two in that same pol-

ka; it might have led them to reflect, whether their diplomatic plots and plans, through overcraft and stint of honesty, might not at length be merged into a *midnight dance*.

CHAPTER VIII.

* The grass withereth, the flower faileth."

THERE may be some desirous to learn how it was our hero lived, whether by his ways and means, or lansquenet, or on his rents; we shall give one instance how our artist gained three hundred francs, enough to keep him for a month, that will suffice for all legitimate inquiry; any further pushing of the matter would strike us as impertinent.

One evening, in the month of March, Reginald was sitting in his small apartment reflecting, as he watched the smoke ascend in graceful curls from his pipe. It is past our power to tell what his reflections were, but it may be Blue-eyes played a part therein; it may be that Ambition lent a hand to colour up the scenes which Hope kept whispering were to be, for Reginald was ambitious; failure upon failure had not quelled his spirit; the morning after a complete defeat he would rise up fresh as ever; you might one time have fitted up a little Louvre with his works; he had them all upon his hands, he could not sell them, but on he worked.

His first failure was a regular rebuff, a knock-down blow; he was senseless for a day, but he got up again. The second failure stunned him for a moment, but he never lost his legs; he staggered through it very fairly. The third failure found him on his guard; his position all through the day was beautiful. Every succeeding failure found him stronger; for the eleventh failure he would not even make the slightest preparation, he felt himself so trained and strong.

Our readers must at once perceive that it was useless for any public to contend against a youth of this sort, growing every hour silently in strength, skill, determination; it may be some one gave a hint to this effect, since the eleventh failure never did arrive. As defeat had never daunted, so success had never spoiled. He was still the

same Brandon, patient, progressive, self-denying; having got at length the upper hand, he was firmly resolved to keep it. And Brandon had good reason to be thankful. How many minds have perished in the ordeal of that terrible apprenticeship—how many have run astray, to perish ere the mind has wrought its masterpiece—is sad. Alas! what visions rise to scare us as we write—it is as yesterday. We see a young man, bent like the punished schoolboy to his task—work, work; for him there seemed no holiday; ever in that iron harness, labouring on through the lone mountain-paths of stern science; the lark may sing, the world dance without, and all invite to pleasure, still is his doom to labour. At length that great mind reels, Macculagh climbs to death, and falls a laurelled victim on that height so few attain. The tears of friendship still fall freshly on that grave; and while our country honours the great name, his friends preserve the memory of his worth.

We turn back to where we left our artist: we left him with his fancies and his pipe, and we were just about to tell our readers how it was he made three hundred francs.

The hall-bell rang, and in a moment after Brandon's servant entered to announce there was a gentleman desirous to see her master at once, on most particular affairs.

"Show the gentleman in," said Brandon.

The stranger entered; he was a young Englishman, and immediately addressed the artist—

"I have the pleasure to address Mr. Brandon?"

"My name is Brandon."

"I have a relation dying, a young girl; she may live but a few hours. Can you take a likeness at once?"

"Certainly; I shall do my best.

Had I known the lady in health, it would greatly aid me, for it is difficult to sketch a face which changes every moment."

"You must do your best; here is the address. I shall go prepare for your arrival."

Reginald was not long in making his preparations: in a few minutes he reached the house to which the stranger had directed him.

"About what age?" asked Brandon, as he waited in the drawing-room.

"About eighteen," said the mother.

"Who is it that sings?"

"It is my poor daughter."

The dying girl sung. At intervals the voice would tremble, cease, and then again roll richly, lightly on, through some soft music she had loved—attuning for the last time on this earth, so soon to be transferred to Heaven's choir, it was sorrowful to hear that voice.

"Everything is ready, Mr. Brandon; let us go in."

There are scenes which dwell and linger in the memory through this life, which even the world's commerce cannot hammer out, nor other sorrows following on remove; such was the scene we faintly give,

"Ellen, he is come so soon; my hair is not arranged."

"Your hair is very well, dear Fanny."

"Let me smooth it down."

"Now, dear, it is well."

At times her reason wandered, at times it was controlled; some little artifices had been successfully employed to gain admittance for the painter.

An oil-lamp threw rather a dull shading through the room. Brandon suggested some slight alterations in

the light; and, seated opposite the bed on which the girl lay, at length he ventured to look steadily towards that face. Could death be written there—through all that youth and beauty, death—death through those brilliant eyes—death on the coloured cheek?

The artist's hand might fairly tremble, when his heart wept. The young and innocent, like summer-blossoms, fade—wither—die. We wonder, weep, almost rebel; yet, who so fit to die? Shall none, save gnarled, blasted stumps, be gathered to those gardens? No tender fibre, stretching heavenward, to be preserved from the rude blasts of earth, and grafted in, for life undying, on that "Tree, whose leaves are for the healing" of all lands.

"Mother, I love to hold your hand. Now Mr. Brandon may begin."

Then she would wander—"I cannot sing, for I am tired; let us drive. Chazalie! Chazalie!"—this was some name. And then consciousness would come. "Mother, I am tired; let me sleep. Mr. Brandon, is it finished?"

"Nearly, very nearly."

"Thank you, I must sleep. Ellen, stay with me. Mother, good night—one kiss."

It was only a rough sketch, to be touched up afterwards from memory, and with the aid of a strong likeness done in health, but when the girl was younger by some years.

"You will let me take it home with me."

"Certainly; be careful of it. You know its value to us now."

It was thus that Brandon gained three hundred francs.

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER.

"This note was written upon gilt-edged paper,
The seal a sunflower, 'Kiss me everywhere,'
The motto cut upon a white cornelian,
The wax was superfine—its hue vermillion."—BYRON.

"This is too bad; now it is three weeks, soon it will be a month, and yet there is no letter—not even a common-place answer to my letters—you have not even the poor excuse of illness. A week ago you were met out at a lansquenet party by some

friends of ours; so should you write (which I must here request most emphatically that you will not to me) do not, pray, give yourself the trouble to allege some dreadful illness as your apology; for even a week's illness could not excuse to me a fortnight's

rude, ungrateful silence. And this is the reward for all my griefs and self-denial! Do you know all that I gave up for you, Reginald—all that I bore, and with such happiness, for you—for you, an *artist*? Do you know the estimation of an artist in our England? How often did my friends upbraid me; how often have they said, 'If he were even a farmer, a city clerk, anything but an *artist*—a man who *PAINTS*. Good heavens, how could you think of such a thing!' I have done with these upbraidings now. I make but one request—it is, that you will burn letters, or anything of mine that you may have; I have done so, or at least I am going to do so with all of yours. —Farewell, "MARY."

Whether Reginald was the guilty man this letter paints, the following chapter will unfold.

Reginald Brandon was some months older, and many, many years a wiser man, so at least he fancied, than when last we saw him in the month of March.

It was a lovely evening of midsummer; he had strolled into the Champs Elysees, after a laborious day of earnest labour; he soon had tired of the grand promenade, and turned to lounge among the different open-air cafés, whose singers and orchestras form a grand attraction to Parisians of the less fashionable class. A length he found himself the tenant of three chairs, one small, round table, and a bottle of Parisian beer, all within the roped-round space of one of these cafés.

There was a visible agitation among the company; the conversations were animated; songs of a political caste, or at least to which a political meaning was attached, had been just sung; they had been hissed and bisped by different portions of the audience, and already an angry feeling had got up; every man that hissed frowned on the man who bisped. Reginald neither hissed nor bisped; but he had the misfortune to be seated near two tables, that clamorously demanded from time to time the old national air of "Vive Henri Quatré;" and these tables had brought themselves, and even the neighbouring ones, into general dispute, for the great majority of the café's guests were decidedly hostile to the principles of the "Henri Quatré" admirers.

The "Marseillaise" was demanded; the orchestra in a body came forward, and commenced the Republican anthem.

The Henri Quatré tables hissed louder than the orchestra could sing—matters came to a crisis.

A bottle of Strasbourg beer was flung; the projectile exploded among the Henri Quatre tables; the Henri Quatre tables responded by cries of "Bravo, bravo!"—"Vive la bière."

"A bas le Faubourg St. Germain, they are mocking us," cried a voice from the quarter whence the bottle emanated.

"En avant!" exclaimed a Blouse, as he sprung to his feet; the signal was answered by a general rising, and a general rush upon the Henri Quatré tables.

"Down with the aristocrats!" was the war-cry of the assailants. "Vive la bière" was the only answer vouchsafed; but, like magic, up rose a barricade of chairs between the assailants and their enemy. Reginald's chairs and tables were pressed into the service, while he stood bewildered behind the barricade.

"Shoulder arms! Fire, et sauvious nous," exclaimed the leader of the barricade; and at his word a shower of apples, biscuits, gravel, poured upon the assailants.

"Ha! they fire on the people."

"Mourir pour la patrie."

"I am struck by a biscuit."

The barricade was neither taken, nor did it capitulate—its defenders ran off, and Reginald found himself a prisoner.

"What shall we do with him?"

"He is my prisoner."

"No, I took him."

"Pardon me, you are both wrong."

Reginald changed hands several times.

"Has any one a cord?"

"Here is a knife."

To use a very vulgar, but expressive phrase, Reginald Brandon thought "his goose was cooked." Fortune willed it otherwise.

"Citizens, let this gentleman go," said a prepossessing figure in a blouse; "he is an Englishman; accident placed him behind the barricade which I made."

Reginald was released; his substitute was pounced on; there was a

struggle—he fell—they leaped on him—they kicked at him.

"This is dreadful," thought Brandon; "they'll kill him; and it is for me he has done it—I must make an effort."

Our artist was a youth of some pluck, and considerable sinew; such as they were, he had the thorough use of all his limbs—in fact, he was the favourite pupil of two chief professors in the art of self-defence, and at one period had put himself in serious training for the ring, thinking it a surer and a safer road to worldly honours in his country, and even to royal favour, if history be correct, than the bare, desert highway of literature and the arts.

"Citizens, citizens, you will not strike a man upon the ground! Frenchmen, be Frenchmen,—in God's name, let the man get up."

But there are moments in this life when argument, eloquence, and logic are in vain—when we must have recourse to first principles; that moment had arrived.

"Damn me, if I don't!" Reginald's young blood was up, and in a right and generous line; he braced up, struck out left and right, and brushed them off the fallen man like flies.

"Up with you—can you run? My God, it is you, Pruguet!"

"I am not much hurt, Reginald; let us run."

"Run! I follow."

The fallen man ran, leaped the

ropes; Reginald was following; a blouse made at him; he was skilled in the *savate*, that is, trained to kick; he made a sweeping kick at Reginald's head. Reginald leaped back, saved his head, advanced, doubled him up in the wind, as he returned from his pirouette, and dropped him like a log.

"Come on now, any one that likes," cried Reginald.

"Ha, he boxes! En avant, down with the Englishman."

It was a sight to see! there was a perfect circle formed: the young man stood alone—an arena with one combatant—an Englishman at bay. He could not run—no thorough-blooded pupil of the ring can run, after one serious round—he is not trained for *that*.

There was a cry of "*aux armes!*" the man who raised it seized a chair; the rest followed his example.

The reader may remember to have seen recorded in the Scottish history that, once upon a time, the Birnham forest marched against King Macbeth's castle; even so, a forest of regularly thickset chairs, encircled and rushed upon poor Reginald. The fight was neither long nor doubtful; there was a dizzy ringing in the artist's head; and the last sounds that fell upon his ear were those of "*A bas les Anglais!*"—"Live the Republic, one and indivisible;" "*Libertè!*" "*Egalitè!*" "*Fraternitè!*" words for ever after printed on his memory.

CHAPTER X.

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth."

"Take her gently, Robert."

"Certainly, my dear, but firmly."

They were husband and wife who thus spoke—father and mother to our dear friend, Blue-eyes, whose gentle knock was heard a moment after at the door of the apartment where the speakers sat.

"Come in!"

Blue-eyes entered; her cheeks were thinner, and, perhaps, her eyes a little redder than when last we saw her. Still Blue-eyes looked very pretty, very frightened, very sad.

"Papa wishes to speak with you, my dear Mary,"

"Mamma and I wish to speak with you, my dear Mary."

There was a little awkward pause; Blue-eyes looked down at the carpet-pattern; mamma at papa; and papa at his thumbs.

"Your papa is anxious to have a serious conversation with you, Mary, on your future happiness."

"I am anxious, Mary, to have a conversation with you, serious in its nature, on your future welfare."

All papa wanted was to be started. He was a large, unwieldy man, difficult to start; but, once set in motion, his own weight bore him on. And

through this life there have been many abler men, who, like papa, have fiddled with their thumbs, until they dropped into the grave, for want of a fair start.

"Yes, Mary," continued the papa, "a conversation serious in its nature; for what concerns our future welfare, our future state, is always serious in its nature."

Papa was rather a good sort of man, although at times a little cumbered with pomposity.

"Papa is anxious, dear, most anxious for your happiness."

"Mamma but speaks the truth, my child; but to the point. Mamma and I have perceived in you, dear Mary, a—a—what shall I call it—a liking, dear, or what erroneously you imagine in yourself to be a liking, dear, for Mr. Reginald Brandon; we have observed with pain a fretting on your part, my dear, at his absence; now, my dear, you must promise us to put out, and remove Mr. Brandon from your head, and to stop at once the fretting, dear, or else you will seriously grieve me and mamma."

"You surely would not wish to grieve us, Mary?"

"No, indeed, mamma, I could not wish it."

"Then, my dear," proceeded the papa, "you will very much oblige us both by not thinking any more about this Mr. Brandon; not that we accuse you, dear, of any marked affection for that respectable young man, but we observed a little inclined leaning, dear, in that direction, and we request of you, my dear, to rectify this silly little matter."

"Will you not try to make us happy, Mary?"

"Always, dear mamma."

"But you must do something more for us, dear Mary," continued the papa; "you must oblige us, dear, by making up your mind to marriage; we want to see you happy, dear, before we die."

"We are bent upon it, Mary."

They were going straight a-head to that desirable object.

"But still, my dear, mamma and I, we could not think of limiting your choice to one; there are four young men, any one of which we should be satisfied to see you choose, videlicet, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Brownligg, Mr.

Thompson, and Mr. Betty; my choice, I confess it frankly, dear, would be for Mr. Thompson; his fortune, his position, place him several degrees above the rest; a foolish girl might possibly object, dear, to his age, but even as to that he is considerably upon the hither side of sixty. I am several years, my child, his senior; even my own hair was getting gray when I married your mamma; but you must choose, dear, for yourself; we do not wish in any way to constrain you."

"Can anything be fairer than papa?"

"But to repeat myself, remove for ever, and at once, dear, Mr. Brandon from your head. How any person blessed with reason could think of placing up a painting man for a moment on a level with a Simpson, a Brownligg, a Betty, quite amazes me; men of position, men of family."

Poor Blue-eyes never had.

"Mr. Brandon's family, father——"

It was the first time Blue-eyes had yet spoken; her blood was just beginning to be stirred.

"I know, dear, you would say his family are as old; but the Brandons, dear, have run to seed, the pedigree has withered; seedy, dear, seedy; can Mr. Brandon, my child, put his crest upon a silver spoon? can he hang his coat of arms on the panel of a carriage; no, my dear, it is all a fudge, moonshine, shadow."

"Reginald Brandon, father——"

"Call the young man Mr. Brandon, if you please, my dear."

"Mr. Brandon, father, aims at something higher than to put his crest upon a spoon."

"Silver spoons, my dear, are scarcer than you think; I wish he may get 'em."

"Pottery, my dear, pottery—he'll be in pottery all his life," remarked mamma.

"Mr. Brandon, mother, may yet write his name——"

"I know, my dear," burst in papa, "where all the beggars write their names—upon the page of immortality; have I not hit it off? but a truce to nonsense, Mary—I do not wish to say anything harsh of Mr. Brandon, but the truth is, my dear, the man is nothing more nor less than a painter, and what that means I should pretty well comprehend, being a householder, and having paid some painting bills."

"Between a house-painter and Mr. Brandon, I presume there is a difference, father."

"Mr. Brandon belongs to a less lucrative branch of the trade, my dear, that is all."

"A trade, father, which queen and king ——"

"Now, my dear, all this while we are straying from the point; no more rambling, dear. Here is the little list of names; give each name a due consideration; and whichever, dear, you may select, put a little pencil cross before it, and hand it, dear, to me or your mamma."

"How long, dear, will it take you, do you think?" (Mamma was always mild and pithy).

Blue-eyes was silent: while through her sire's mind the silver spoons and panels, with their coats of arms, came thickly crowding. The spoons, in serried order, he had counted off nine dozen and ten, when he saw the silver forks advancing, headed by a giant salver. How those silvery bayonets glittered; the sire could not count them, they waved so with the pressure from the rere, where some score of

silver-mounted dishes came pricking lightly on, to clear the way for massive squares of golden chargers. "What a glorious service," he was murmuring, when the voice of his good wife recalled him from the brilliant scene.

"Well, Mary, what answer, dear? Papa is waiting."

"Come, Mary, dear, and answer quick. A day, a week, a month?"

Blue-eyes answered not.

"Better say, Robert, a week or a month."

"Very well, my dear. Come, Mary, decide—a week, or a month?"

Blue-eyes answered not.

"Come, Mary, this is trifling; papa is waiting. If you do not say a month, I shall say a day."

"A month," at length responded Blue-eyes.

"Now, Mary, dear, you may retire; be it so—a month. Now kiss me, dear, and pray to God for mamma and papa before you go to sleep. Good night, dear."

"Well, dear, we have settled that."

"Thank God, Robert, we have her out of pottery."

"The silver spoons have carried the day!"

CHAPTER XI.

"When a lady elopes, with a ladder of ropes," &c.

"Did you ever, in the course of your life, Brownligg, hear of such conduct as Miss Mary de Verebrain's?"

"Do you know the particulars, Thompson?"

"The particulars—two ladders of ropes."

"Two ladders of ropes! Explain yourself, Thompson."

"An empty bed-chamber, my friend, in the morning—a ladder of ropes to the bed-chamber window—and a card upon the hall table of Mr. Reginald Brandon's, marked, 'P.P.C.' Do these suffice, Brownligg?"

"But the two ladders of ropes, Thompson?"

"In case one broke, Brownligg. It shows, Brownligg, the cold-bloodedness of the whole transaction."

"Well, I am sorry for you, Thompson; she never would have had me."

"Of course not; mine was the only name on the list with the pencil cross before it: De Verebrain showed it me no later than Monday."

"You have been very badly treated, Thompson."

"Infamously; and it is all De Verebrain's fault."

"What could he do?"

"Lock her up till I got her."

"Oh, that would never have done."

"I tell you, sir, I would have made it do."

"Do Simpson and Betty know of the affair?"

"They can't yet; let us go tell them."

"Do not, they'll laugh at you, Thompson."

"Let them. All I say is, damn that ladder of ropes; and damn the whole transaction."

"My dear fellow, don't fret."

"I am not fretting, Brownligg."

"As for me," said Mr. Brownligg, striking into that justly popular air—

"When a lady elopes,
With a ladder of ropes,
She may go to Hong-Kong for me—
She may go—she may go."

"That's really a very ungentlemanly fashion, Brownligg, of singing; you ought to give it up."

CHAPTER XII.

OF HOME.

AND they have ventured into married life without the silver spoons. Blue-eyes has become the wife of Reginald Brandon; she has descended by that swinging staircase and found a husband at the bottom; may like success attend like efforts.

It was ten days since that great event—ten days of happiness—a precious rarity in life; the hour was almost sunset—summer sunset—Brandon laboured in his study, with Blue-eyes at his side; at every touch the canvas grew to life, and Blue-eyes smiled, and so he laboured on; at length the artist laid aside his brush, and placing Blue-eyes on his knee, he kissed his wife. There was nothing, reader, wrong in that.

"Shall we take our evening walk, Reginald?"

"I would not, Mary, give it up for a principality."

Thank God that in this life there are things not made for barter—essentially to be possessed by him who has them—not to be exchanged.

The artist and his wife sauntered forth, and through a lovely scene—nature is so lovely everywhere. It would be useless, vain, and possibly might foil a slight design, to bring forth names. They gazed upon the setting sun.

"Will this feeling ever die?"

"Work, energy, are good preservatives, and God has given them both."

"You speak humbly, Reginald."

"As it befits one blessed above his merits with health, with work, with energy, with you, my wife; and I can well afford to laugh good-humouredly at those who only value in this life the silver spoons."

ÆSCHYLUS.

IN the course of God's government of this world, an epoch marked by military achievement is usually conspicuous for a display, by the victors, of literary genius; and out of the triumphs of war arise sometimes the finest structures of peace. Whatever calls out into their fullest action those intellectual energies which, however employed in different spheres, are kindred each to the other, tends to give birth, and form, and beauty to their various objects; and, accordingly, a war in which a nation's powers have been tasked, and genius displayed to the utmost, is—particularly if we add to this impulse to mental exertion that which results from the elation of success—the frequent and immediate forerunner of a period of poetic, historical, and philosophic cultivation. This concurrence appears in the history of Rome, at the age of Cicero; but perhaps more distinctly in our own, at the eras of Elizabeth, Anne, and George the Fourth. The ears which heard the national hymn of triumph at the defeat of the Armada, might

have dwelt on the poetry of Shakspeare; and Marlborough and Bolingbroke were as much contemporaries as Wellington and Byron.

Nor is there any exception in the history of Athens. The age of Miltiades and Pericles is that of Æschylus and Sophocles. In the cycle of years, from 510 to 450 B.C., military glory and intellectual accomplishments combined to gain for the Athenians the merited title "of having saved and instructed Hellas." In this short space of time a little nation, numbering not 30,000 free inhabitants—which had previously languished under aristocratic and tyrannical despotism, and which had been humbled by the freebooters of a neighbouring rock—had withstood and overthrown the disciplined multitudes of the East, and, following up its successes, had founded an empire so broad that, in the language of its great statesman, "every land was thrown open to its valour." And in similar progress, the rude "goat song," which had originated at vintage-feasts, at which a jovial

populace, its labours over, congregated to applaud a wild mummary in honour of the wine-god, and which had been somewhat exalted by Thespis, was sublimed into the tragedy of *Æschylus* and of *Sophocles*—represented in a theatre capable, it is said, of holding the Athenian people, and in which the loftiest subjects of human speculation were idealised and displayed. For the first time in the history of man, the children of Japhet had shown a superiority in valour and in genius over the children of Shem. Asiatic conquest, which, in a progressing circle, had radiated from the walls of Nineveh to the Indus, the Caspian, and the *Ægean*, and which threatened, as Herodotus observes, “to leave no nation ignorant of the God of the Great King,” had received its first check and overthrow from a handful of warriors placed at the edge of Europe, and forming its only bulwark, and had been confined by them within a narrower limit than since the age of Cyrus it had known. And from this time the works of the mind, which with a few, though bright exceptions, had been most apparent in the East—whether in the poetry of David, the wisdom of Solomon, or the love of the Chaldees—were destined to find a conspicuous habitation in a city of Europe.

But an age of glory and of intellectual development, particularly if it be of sudden growth, while it calls forth much excellence, may give birth to, or sow the seeds of, much evil. Athens had become the ruler of all the dependencies of Persia in Greece, of most of the islands of the *Ægean*, and of the seaboard of Asia Minor; and, in accordance, the people's ambition and desires had received a dangerous enlargement. The Athenian who some years past had lived in repose, subject to his country's laws, content with his narrow farm, and ignorant of empire, was suddenly exalted into a participator of sovereignty, and a successful hero. To Athens, now not the ally, but the ruler of the Ionian race, flocked as tributaries, or for commercial purposes, the islanders of the *Ægean*, the corn-sellers of the Pontus, the traders from the Tyrrhenian sea. Her harbour of the Piræus, connected by the famous long walls with the city, gathered into its basin the sails of the navies of the world, and her streets, their dusky labyrinths contrasting

strangely with the broad areas from which the edifices of the state arose, were thronged with a mixed multitude, paying homage or respect to the new-born power. From Susa came the ambassadors of the great king, content now to ply the arms of diplomacy instead of those of force; and with them might be seen the barbarous envoys of Thrace and Macedon, intermingled with the Dorian legates of Sparta and of Corinth. Here, too, were collected the litigants of the tributaries, compelled by a severe centralisation to try their suits in the Athenian courts, and before Athenian judges; and if we may credit the old legend, hither from the “far Opican land” came the wise men of Rome, to seek, in the great democracy, an image of their own civil constitution. There was a burst of vigour, a display of power, and so wide a field opened for ambition, that the comic poet represents the personified people as with one eye turned to Carthage and the other to Chaonia.

But the same causes which made the Athenians masters of others, made them more equal among themselves. The old constitution of Athens was essentially oligarchic; that is, power by law centred in property, and practically, was almost unknown to the citizens of the lowest classes. But the victories which saved Athens were won, not more by the arts of the few than by the arms of the many, and the inevitable result was, the transfer of power to the force which had preponderated. The authority of the Senate was all but abolished, and that of the multitude substituted; and this revolution was confirmed by the rising genius of Pericles, by the moral effect of the victories which a free people had won, and which attested their power; and by the excited tempers of all to whom aristocracy seemed a barrier to ambition. One by one, the old oligarchic distinctions vanished in effect; after a few faint struggles, the party of the nobility submitted; and the Athenian statesman found that henceforth he had to deal with a sovereign people.

Thus equal among themselves, but dictators to their subjects, envied, admired, and feared, the Athenian people commenced that rule which, beginning in such glory, ended in such dishonour. We can but glance at the outset. They soon became arrogant and ty-

rannical in their foreign relations. A wide and tempting field for plunder and for extortion was presented by the tributaries, who soon learned to compare Athenian to Persian despotism. Their fortifications were dismantled, their domestic governments curtailed, and their tribute increased. The effects among their masters became soon apparent. They lost the sense of justice in the constant practice of iniquity; they disregarded, with the eagerness of cupidity, those common laws of sympathy which even the most prosperous would retain for their contingent benefit; and invariably applauded the adviser of the most selfish policy. Nor did Pericles arrest this inclination. His whole conduct to the dependencies of Athens is marked by a contempt for their interests, and frequently by severity; and though, humanly speaking, his wisdom would have carried his country safe through the Peloponnesian war, he was one of the causes of that outburst against Athenian oppression.

In their domestic polity the evil was greater, but of slower growth. The change within was less rapid than that which had occurred without. Their social had not met the fate of their political constitution; and, among Athenians, the framework of those laws which regulate the contracts and relations of life was for a time conserved. The state religion—the idolatry of a graceful Paganism—which, with all its faults, presented to the minds of the many fixed objects of worship, and which formed the obligation of obedience to the laws, for a time subsisted; and in the increase of the earth, in the varied blessings which the seasons bring, and in the government which, even here, generally rewards virtue and punishes vice, the Athenian was trained to recognise the agency of a superior power. For a time the Court of the Areopagus—of whose peculiar functions we know but little, but of which we generally know that it was composed of elders of probity, whose decision was held sacred, and that it claimed, by reason of its constitution, the united respect due to religion and to equity—exercised its influence; and a statesman flourished, who, with many faults, loved virtue, and ever practised justice to an Athenian. But by degrees the fences which law, religion, and sober-mindedness had set around the constitution were levelled, and morals began

to languish and to decay. The comparative and sudden opulence of the people, created by the impositions on the tributaries, produced habits of luxury and of idleness. Other causes co-operated. Athens became a place of universal resort for the inhabitants of Attica. It was there all the business of the state, in which every citizen might participate, was transacted; there was paraded all that could allure cupidity and taste—the courts of law, in which the judges were paid, the Propylea, the Odeon, and the Theatre. In this conflux of keen, restless, and inquiring natures, with none of the sober pursuits of business to follow; engaged in politics or in jurisdiction, both of which flattered their ambition and their passions; with a thousand objects around them to pamper pride and check humility; addressed by a tribe of demagogues whose flashy rhetoric was ever confounding right and wrong, and inculcating selfishness; and too well versed in mere practice to subject their minds to a reference to principle, we can see, at once, the various causes which, in an age of extreme civilisation, erased from the Athenian mind faith, reverence, and moral sobriety, the true elements of social security. The laws began to lose their sanction, and to be regarded as unjust restraints upon legitimate passion. In trials for offences against morality, the feelings of the judges were gradually warped in favour of the defendant, and were constantly exposed to every resource of sophistry and of eloquence excited in his behalf. Impiety, adultery, filial ingratitude, and embezzlement, became common and fashionable. But the decline of morals not only sapped the laws, but the religion which supported them. Coarse-minded men united to get rid of a check upon their sensualities; and intellect, which in its vigour could never submit to Paganism, earnestly sided, in the general excitation, with Infidelity. Physical science began to be cultivated; and when its professors had dethroned a Ceres or an Apollo from their divine seats, by a discovery of the causes of natural phenomena, the step was easy to disown a Zeus, the Pagan image of the Deity. But the rationalism which thus obliterated the idea of a moral governor of the universe, and which, with superstition equal to Paganism, but with far less religion, ascribed the

agency and ordinance of all things to an indiscriminating chance, necessarily removed from men's minds all sense of obligation, and made mere selfishness the rule of life. Human nature, thus relieved from all necessary checks, and revelling in license, began to fall into excesses on the side of evil: men of intellect became Atheists and sneerers; statesmen sought to shape their measures by the rule of instant expediency; the people degenerated into a mass of selfishness, corruption, and folly; "nobleness of mind," to borrow Thucydides' language, "was obliterated with derision;" until at length the great democracy sank beneath its foes.

It was at the commencement of this period that Æschylus flourished. His youth fell upon the days of Athenian simplicity; his earlier manhood participated in its glory; his latter years were dedicated to an attempt to arrest its decline; and the sword he wielded at Marathon for his country's liberties did not more attest his patriotism, than does the immortal verse in which he wages war against the corruptions which were destroying her. He unites in himself the functions of the poet and of the preacher; for he exercises the weapons of the highest imagination and of reason in defence of the true and of the right, against scepticism, immorality, and carelessness. He gives poetic form to the deductions of religious philosophy, and in striking and living images brings before the eye the theory of a future state of rewards and punishments; of the innate superiority of virtue over vice; and, above all, of the constant and just superintendence of a Higher Power over human affairs, with a purpose working to a fixed end. He reveals to a demoralised and light-minded people the most moral ideas, expressed in the most beautiful language; he stands forth, like his own Prometheus, a regenerator; and though he never makes his creations mere personified abstractions, they are formed by him to utter ethical and religious precepts as pure as ever passed uninspired lips.

Such is the object of Æschylus in his works: but it is time we should examine them. He is the creator of the Athenian drama, as Sophocles is its artist. He found it almost a rude show, exciting the applause of rustic

spectators by its coarse scenery and wild pantomime; he left it a solemn liturgy, in which, before an awed people, and in a theatre which was actually a temple, were heard the voices of wisdom and of virtue, and the lamentations of error and of crime. He gave the chorus, which had been merely an irregular ode, its peculiar character of thoughtful judgment; and he lengthened the dialogue, which had been quite subordinate to it. Thus he at once raised tragedy to a higher range of ideas than had ever before been contemplated for it; and he completely changed its form and scenic character. We may venture to mark out some of his peculiar excellences.

I. Æschylus, unlike Milton, and with far greater reverence, shrinks from an attempt to embody the Great First Cause in a finite form, and contents himself with a delineation of his attributes. God, he says, in Himself is unknown, but His works reveal Him, and He visits with their due the just and the unjust:—

'Zeus! whate'er the Godhead is—
If to Him the name is dear—
Zeus, I thus invoke Him here;—
Things of human ken I wis,
Matched with Him as nothing are;
Then let me still His name address,
Nor seek a fruitless care.
He of old who mightiest shined,
Blossoming in pride of strength,—
Lowly lies a wreck of Eld—
And his follower sinks at length,
By the thrice victorious quelled.
But whoe'r, with earnest mind,
Hath to Zeus submission cried;
Wisdom's mysteries he shall find—
True to Understanding's guide:
Who, all knowing, linketh still
Suggest lore to subtlest ill;
Whose it is that, one by one,
Even upon the sleeper's soul,
Drop the thoughts of griefs by-gone;
Who to Reason's staid control
Oft the stubborn will hath bowed;
Yea from throned powers of heaven
Highest gifts to man are given!"

But the dealings of God with man, according to the poet, take place through His ministers, who wear the impress of their Great Original. Thus we have Apollo, "The Protector of Suppliants," Artemis;

"The beautiful, who loves
E'en the fierce lion's callow young;
And every tender thing which roves
'Neath parent breasts the glades among;"

Dicè or Justice ;

" Who shineth in the smoky cot,
And blesseth Virtue's days ;
But glittering honours, foully got,
Shuns with averted gaze ;"

and the Furies, to whom the Deity delegates his vengeance, and who thus describe themselves :—

" Now we link the choral ring,
Now the descant dread we sing ;
Solemn hests to man are ours,
Given to us, by mightiest powers ;
And we gladden to fulfil
Equity's triumphant will.
He whose holy hands are pure
From our terrors dwells secure,
Ever blest, his years endure ;
But the sinner—fain to hide
Ruthless hands, in slaughter dyed—
Him we meet in form most dread,
Claimants for the blood he shed,
Witnesses to right the dead.—

Thus we link the dreaded dance,
Thus our dark-robed forms advance,—
And the thoughts of men which were
Boastful, soaring to the air,
Wane, and sink upon the earth,
Blasted like a withered birth."

These form the medium of communication between man and the Deity ; but though as such they are worthy of worship, he is the centre of all veneration. But, as if to reconcile the doubting mind to the apparent inconsistencies of His government, and to confirm his belief in His righteousness, even when he sets up but one object of final worship, he subjects the universe to the influence of an almighty necessity, by which, however, no more is probably implied than that the course of nature, when once ordained, is, as far as man can see, fixed and certain ; and that to object to any one part of it is equal to objecting to the whole. But however this is, he is the constant enemy of mere presuming infidelity ; and perhaps he invests its type, the Prometheus, with every sublime intellectual quality, only to shew more forcibly the ruin into which a want of humility precipitated him.

II. The poetry of *Æschylus* is free from those subtle remarks on the material constitution of the world, and on the nature of man, which characterise Euripides. The agency of the elements—the influences of the "lights

which rule the day and the night"—the ordinary and the extra-ordinary phenomena of nature—are either simply described without being accounted for, or are represented by him as the work of some minister of the Most High. As a poet, he felt—

" When Science, from Creation's face,
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions must give place
To cold material laws !"

And, as a philosopher, he knew that the mind loses its regard of the First Cause, if constantly kept in consideration of secondary causes. Accordingly, in *Æschylus*, we find no traces of physical science ; and, in considering man, he is less a metaphysician than a moralist. He regards not *what* he is, but what he *ought* to do. He does not inquire what union of elements makes him a living agent : how far his spirit and substance reciprocally act ; or what is the local habitation of his faculties ; but, taking him as he is, he states broadly and clearly the obligations to which he should conform ; and thus he traces and establishes the duty of man, not only from its harmonising with his nature, but from its coincidence with a positive external law which we are capable of obeying, and which imperatively enjoins the practice of virtue. Thinkers, who have proceeded by the other method, rightly indeed conclude, that the path of duty, and that of human nature in pursuit of its proper objects, are one ; but when they attempt to define those objects, in their anxiety to make them at once lofty and general, the standard they usually raise is some bright abstraction—some ideal point of perfection, to which man's nature has a tendency, and which, under the specious names of Truth, Right, or Good, presents no real goal for his energies to attain. And thus their philosophy fails in influencing practice, for it lays man under no comprehensible obligation ; it shows him from afar the bright land he should attain, but it gives him, as it were, no map of it, and no directions to guide his way. Whereas, the recognition of a positive rule by which our habits shall be shaped, and which shall measure the worth of every action, supplies at once a check upon evil, and an index of conduct. Under one system we are

furnished with a law—under the other, left to follow what our reason sets up, or our imagination suggests. But we may sum up the moral code of Æschylus in his own words:—

“ From health of soul
Springs what all cherish, what all wish for—
Good.
To guide thy life, heed well this law—revere
Th’ altar of justice; let no lucre tempt
Thy impious feet to spurn it, else a doom
Will follow thee, and soon will work its end.
Wherefore the honours due to parents own—
Still to thy dwelling may the stranger turn,
And reverent be: thus may a man escape
The fearful hour—and living just, live well,
At least in complete ruin not o’erthrown.”

The peculiar duties Æschylus enjoins, exist in the relations of son to father, of wife to husband, and of subject to state. They are commanded by God, but are natural to man; and in their fulfilment is completed his idea of the social state. And thus he ascribes the origin and development of society, not to the mere expedients of selfishness, nor to the fiction of a compact between the governor and the governed, but to the operation of principles implanted in us by our Maker, and which tend to produce among men union and obedience. Civil life, in his view, is our natural, not an artificial condition; it springs from the sympathies of relationship, and is a proof of our innate recognition of authority, and, accordingly, it originates, not in *law*, but in the *ordinance* of God. And thus he fixes government upon a higher throne, and assigns to it a firmer authority, than other writers upon politics, for he gives it the voice, not of human, but of Divine wisdom, and makes its influences inherent to man, and not contingent upon opinion.

III. The tragedy in which such religious and moral canons could be set does not, of course, fulfil our idea of the drama. Our notion of the drama is of a vivid representation of *action*, of a picture, in which a series of personages seem, in their various groupings, to be contributing to some event; and accordingly, we think the excellence of a dramatic poet lies not in the majesty of his ideas, nor in the beauty of his language, but in the clear delineation of his characters, in the harmonious adaptation of each to the

other, and in the adjustment of the several parts of his work to the whole. Hence, with us the drama is not so much a reflection of the poet's thoughts, as of his capacity of imitation; and, accordingly, it abandons the oracular voices of poetic wisdom to speak the varied tones of human nature. But the tragic writers of Greece, and Æschylus especially, never permitted to their subject such scope and liberty. With him it is confined to the expression of a few great ideas, to illustrate which he moulds his characters; and if ever the spectator's attention is diverted from their language to themselves, it is recalled to the poet's teaching by the intervention of long choral odes, in which he appears to pass a solemn sentence upon the scene and the agents he has called to life. And thus the Æschylean drama is far more an appeal to truth, made vivid and striking by giving energy to its advocates, than a representation of human action. The agents through which the poet speaks are not cast in that mould of ideal humanity which Shakspeare has worked out; they bear the features of a statelier race—the children of the remote age in which the gods conversed with men. In all their lineaments they are gigantic; but they are not impressible by those subtle influences which shape the flexible creatures of human generation. They are stirred by great and evident motives to accomplish vast ends, but they are not swayed by the complex and minute agencies of which we are susceptible. They move before us almost unchangeable, with their wills sphered in themselves, careless of the influences of circumstances, and with aspect stately and solemn; but they never show that delicate play of the mental features which delights us in Othello, nor, chameleon-like, seem to wear a different hue in the varying weather of fortune. And it is this oneness of character and simplicity of conduct which permits the poet to make them the types of his ideas, without absolutely divesting them of a dramatic appearance. They act with energy, but speak in that abstract and lofty language which is fitting to inculcate the precepts we have been reviewing; and whether in the prophecies of Cassandra, in the exultation of Clytemnestra at her crime, or in the defiance of Prometheus, suggest to us that

their teaching is not for an audience, but for man.

IV. The dramas of Æschylus are deficient in artistic combinations to produce effect, in that succession of striking contrasts by which the attention of the spectator is kept fixed, and, if we may use the term, in that *perspective* of poetry in which a number of objects are represented, each depicted—each in its proper dimensions. Whatever he delineates stands forth bold, clear, and prominent; but the picture having no background on which the eye may rest, wants grace and refinement; and the giant outlines of his heroes and demigods are rarely relieved by the association of minor figures. But, though the piece is wanting as a whole, each character is beautifully distinct, and by the slightest touch, which is the great proof of art, is stamped with individuality; and from the casual fragments of descriptive poetry which occur, we have enough to infer, that, had Æschylus indulged in this style, he would have matched Milton and Virgil in their peculiar excellences. May we hope all beauty has not evaporated in our translation of the following celebrated passage, recounting how a father like Jephtha sacrificed his child:—

“Nought recked, I ween, the wardens,
All eager for the strife—
Her shrieks upon her father's name,
Her pure and virgin life:
That father, when the prayer was o'er,
The temple priests commands
To lift her on the altar,
Like a fawn among their hands;
To lift her whence she'd fallen,
All swooning on the ground,
Her robes around her floating,

In trance of horror bound:
And, watchful of her graceful lips,
With force, or sullen cheek,
To guard a father's name
From a daughter's parting shriek.
But from the victim fell
Her robes of saffron dye;
Her murderers she smote
With the pleadings of her eye:
She looked—as looks a picture—
As though she longed to speak;
Ah! oft among her father's halls
That voice would music make!
Ah! oft with eager fondness,
When thrice the cup was poured,
A blessing on her father
That virgin voice implored.”

We here close our remarks upon the age and writings of Æschylus. No author of antiquity, in our opinion, is more worthy of diligent study by those who regard greatness of intellect and grandeur of moral precepts. But nothing can be more different than his poetry, and that which prevails in the present day. The one is simple, stately, and severe; the other gaudy, glittering, and florid. The one gives form and vividness to a few of the loftiest ideas; the other combines, and never goes beyond, mere objects of sense. In the one, the poet taxes the reader's imagination to follow him; in the other, he satiates it with a profusion of beauties gathered at random. The one, like the telescope, mirrors what is glorious and afar; the other, like the multiplying-glass, reveals near objects in a thousand shapes and hues. But we feel we have already exceeded our limits, and must leave our poet to occupy that eminence which, in the realms of the departed, his countrymen assigned to him.

THE MYSTERIOUS COMPACT.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

SEVERAL weeks passed away. Edward spared no pains to discover some trace of the lady in question, but all in vain. No one in the neighbourhood knew the family; and he had already determined, as soon as the spring began, to ask for leave of absence, and to travel through the country where Ferdinand had formed his unfortunate attachment, when a circumstance occurred which coincided strangely with his wishes. His commanding-officer gave him a commission to purchase some horses, which, to his great consolation, led him exactly into that part of the country where Ferdinand had been quartered. It was a market-town of some importance. He was to remain there some time, which suited his plans exactly; and he made use of every leisure hour to cultivate the acquaintance of the officers, to inquire into Ferdinand's connexions and acquaintance, to trace the mysterious name if possible, and thus fulfil a sacred duty. For to him it appeared a sacred duty to execute the commission of his departed friend—to get possession of the ring, and to be the means, as he hoped, of giving rest to the troubled spirit of Ferdinand.

Already, on the evening of the second day, he was sitting in the coffee-room with burghers of the place and officers of different regiments.

A newly-arrived cornet was inquiring whether the neighbourhood were a pleasant one, of an infantry officer, one of Hallberg's corps. "For," said he, "I come from charming quarters."

"There is not much to boast of," replied the captain. "There is no good fellowship, no harmony among the people."

"I will tell you why that is," cried an animated lieutenant; "that is because there is no house as a point of reunion, where one is sure to find and make acquaintances, and to be amused, and where each individual ascertains

his own merits by the effect they produce on society at large."

"Yes, we have had nothing of that kind since the Varniers left us," said the captain.

"Varniers!" cried Edward, with an eagerness he could ill conceal. "The name sounds foreign."

"They were not Germans—they were emigrants from the Netherlands, who had left their country on account of political troubles," replied the captain.

"Ah, that was a charming house," cried the lieutenant, "cultivation, refinement, a sufficient competency, the whole style of establishment free from ostentation, yet most comfortable; and Emily—Emily was the soul of the whole house."

"Emily Varnier!" echoed Edward, while his heart beat fast, and loud.

"Yes, yes! that was the name of the prettiest, most graceful, most amiable girl in the world," said the lieutenant.

"You seem bewitched by the fair Emily," observed the cornet.

"I think you would have been too, had you known her," rejoined the lieutenant; "she was the jewel of the whole society. Since she went away there is no bearing their stupid balls and assemblies."

"But you must not forget," the Captain resumed once more, "when you attribute everything to the charms of the fair girl, that not only she but the whole family has disappeared, and we have lost that house which formed, as you say, so charming a point of reunion in our neighbourhood."

"Yes, yes; exactly so," said an old gentleman, a civilian, who had been silent hitherto; "the Varniers' house is a great loss in the country, where such losses are not so easily replaced as in a large town. First, the father died, then came the cousin and carried the daughter away."

"And did this cousin marry the

young lady?" inquired Edward, in a tone tremulous with agitation.

"Certainly," answered the old gentleman; "it was a very great match for her; he bought land to the value of half a million about here."

"And he was an agreeable, handsome man, we must all allow," remarked the Captain.

"But she would never have married him," exclaimed the lieutenant, "if poor Hallberg had not died."

Edward was breathless, but he did not speak a word.

"She would have been compelled to do so in any case," said the old man; "the father had destined them for each other from infancy, and people say he made his daughter take a vow as he lay on his death-bed."

"That sounds terrible," said Edward; "and does not speak much for the good feeling of the cousin."

"She could not have fulfilled her father's wish," interposed the lieutenant; "her heart was bound up in Hallberg, and Hallberg's in her. Few people, perhaps, knew this, for the lovers were prudent and discreet; I, however, knew it all."

"And why was she not allowed to follow the inclination of her heart?" asked Edward.

"Because her father had promised her," replied the Captain: "you used just now the word terrible; it is a fitting expression, according to my version of the matter. It appears that one of the branches of the house of Varnier had committed an act of injustice towards another, and Emily's father considered it a point of conscience to make reparation. Only through the marriage of his daughter with a member of the ill-used branch could that act be obliterated and made up for, and, therefore, he pressed the matter sorely."

"Yes, and the headlong passion which Emily inspired her cousin with abetted his designs."

"Then her cousin loved Emily?" inquired Edward.

"Oh, to desperation," was the reply. "He was a rival to her shadow, who followed her not more closely than he did. He was jealous of the rose that she placed on her bosom."

"Then poor Emily is not likely to have a calm life with such a man," said Edward.

"Come," interposed the old gentle-

man, with an authoritative tone, "I think you, gentlemen, go a little too far. I know D'Effernay; he is an honest, talented man, very rich, indeed, and generous; he anticipates his wife in every wish. She has the most brilliant house in the neighbourhood, and lives like a princess."

"And trembles," insisted the lieutenant, "when she hears her husband's footstep. What good can riches be to her? She would have been happier with Hallberg."

"I do not know," rejoined the captain, "why you always looked upon that attachment as something so decided. It never appeared so to me; and you yourself say that D'Effernay is very jealous, which I believe him to be, for he is a man of strong passions; and this very circumstance causes me to doubt the rest of your story. Jealousy has sharp eyes, and D'Effernay would have discovered a rival in Hallberg, and not proved himself the friend he always was to our poor comrade."

"That does not follow at all," replied the lieutenant, "it only proves that the lovers were very cautious. So far, however, I agree with you. I believe that if D'Effernay had suspected anything of the kind he would have murdered Hallberg."

A shudder passed through Edward's veins.

"Murdered!" he repeated, in a hollow voice; "do you not judge too harshly of this man when you hint the possibility of such a thing?"

"That does he, indeed," said the old man; "these gentlemen are all angry with D'Effernay, because he has carried off the prettiest girl in the country. But I am told he does not intend remaining where he now lives. He wishes to sell his estates."

"Really," inquired the captain, "and where is he going?"

"I have no idea," replied the other; but he is selling everything off. One manor is already disposed of, and there have been people already in negotiation for the place where he resides."

The conversation now turned on the value of D'Effernay's property, and of land in general, &c.

Edward had gained materials enough for reflection; he rose soon, took leave of the company, and gave himself up, in the solitude of his own room, to the torrent of thought and feeling which that night's conversation had let loose.

So, then, it was true; Emily Varnier was no fabulous being! Hallberg had loved her, his love had been returned, but a cruel destiny had separated them. How wonderfully did all he had heard explain the dream at the Castle, and how completely did that supply what had remained doubtful, or had been omitted in the officers' narrative. Emily Varnier, doubtless, possessed that ring, to gain possession of which now seemed his bounden duty. He resolved not to delay its fulfilment a moment, however difficult it might prove, and he only reflected on the best manner in which he should perform the task allotted to him. The sale of the property appeared to him a favourable opening. The fame of his father's wealth made it probable that the son might wish to be a purchaser of a fine estate, like the one in question. He spoke openly of such a project, made inquiries of the old gentleman, and the captain, who seemed to him to know most about the matter; and as his duties permitted a trip for a week or so, he started immediately, and arrived on the second day at the place of his destination. He stopped in the public house in the village to inquire if the estate lay near, and whether visitors were allowed to see the house and grounds. Mine host, who doubtless had had his directions, sent a messenger immediately to the Castle, who returned before long, accompanied by a chasseur, in a splendid livery, who invited the stranger to the Castle in the name of M. D'Efferney.

This was exactly what Edward wished, and expected. Escorted by the chasseur he soon arrived at the Castle, and was shown up a spacious staircase into a modern, almost, one might say, a magnificently-furnished room, where the master of the house received him. It was evening, towards the end of winter, the shades of twilight had already fallen, and Edward found himself suddenly in a room quite illuminated with wax candles. D'Efferney stood in the middle of the saloon, a tall, thin young man. A proud bearing seemed to bespeak a consciousness of his own merit, or at least of his position. His features were finely formed, but the traces of stormy passion, or of internal discontent, had lined them prematurely.

In figure he was very slender, and the deep-sunken eye, the gloomy frown

which was fixed between his brows, and the thin lips, had no very prepossessing expression; and yet there was something imposing in the whole appearance of the man.

Edward thanked him civilly for his invitation, spoke of his idea of being a purchaser as a motive for his visit, and gave his own, and his father's name. D'Efferney seemed pleased with all he said. He had known Edward's family in the metropolis; he regretted that the late hour would render it impossible for them to visit the property to-day, and concluded by pressing the lieutenant to pass the night at the Castle. On the morrow they would proceed to business, and now he would have the pleasure of presenting his wife to the visitor. Edward's heart beat violently—at length then he would see her! Had he loved her himself he could not have gone to meet her with more agitation. D'Efferney led his guest through many rooms, which were all as well furnished, and as brilliantly lighted as the first he had entered. At length he opened the door of a small boudoir, where there was no light, save that which the faint, grey twilight imparted through the windows.

The simple arrangement of this little room, with dark green walls, only relieved by some engravings and coats of arms, formed a pleasing contrast to Edward's eyes, after the glaring splendour of the other apartments. From behind a piano-forte, at which she had been seated in a recess, rose a tall, slender female form, in a white dress of extreme simplicity.

"My love," said D'Efferney, "I bring you a welcome guest, Lieutenant Wensleben, who is willing to purchase the estate."

Emily curtsied; the friendly twilight concealed the shudder that passed over her whole frame, as she heard the familiar name which aroused so many recollections.

She bade the stranger welcome, in a low, sweet voice, whose tremulous accents were not unobserved by Edward; and while the husband made some further observation, he had leisure to remark, as well as the fading light would allow, the fair outline of her oval face, the modest grace of her movements, her pretty, nymph-like figure—in fact, all those charms which seemed familiar to him through

the impassioned descriptions of his friend.

"But what can this fancy be, to sit in the dark?" asked D'Effernay, in no mild tone; "you know that is a thing I cannot bear:" and with these words, and without waiting his wife's answer, he rang the bell over her sofa, and ordered lights.

While these were placed on the table the company sat down by the fire, and conversation commenced. By the full light Edward could perceive all Emily's real beauty—her pale, but lovely face, the sad expression of her large, blue eyes, so often concealed by their dark lashes, and then raised, with a look full of feeling, a sad, pensive, intellectual expression; and he admired the simplicity of her dress, and of every object that surrounded her: all appeared to him to bespeak a superior mind.

They had not sat long, before D'Effernay was called away. One of his people had something important, something urgent to communicate to him, which admitted of no delay. A look of fierce anger almost distorted his features; in an instant his thin lips moved rapidly, and Edward thought he muttered some curses between his teeth. He left the room, but in so doing, he cast a glance of mistrust and ill-temper on the handsome stranger with whom he was compelled to leave his wife alone. Edward observed it all. All that he had seen to-day—all that he had heard from his comrades of the man's passionate and suspicious disposition, convinced him that his stay here would not be long, and that, perhaps, a second opportunity of speaking alone with Emily might not offer itself.

He determined, therefore, to profit by the present moment; and no sooner had D'Effernay left the room, than he began to tell Emily she was not so complete a stranger to him as it might seem; that long before he had had the pleasure of seeing her—even before he had heard her name—she was known to him, so to speak, in spirit.

Madame D'Effernay was moved. She was silent for a time, and gazed fixedly on the ground; then she looked up; the mist of unshed tears dimmed her blue eyes, and her bosom heaved with the sigh she could not suppress.

"To me also the name of Wensleben is familiar. There is a link be-

tween our souls. Your friend has often spoken of you to me."

But she could say no more; tears checked her speech.

Edward's eyes were glistening also, and the two companions were silent; at length he began once more:

"My dear lady," he said, "my time is short, and I have a solemn message to deliver to you. Will you allow me to do so now?"

"To me?" she asked, in a tone of astonishment.

"From my departed friend," answered Edward, emphatically.

"From Ferdinand?—and that now—after ——" she shrunk back, as if in terror.

"Now that he is no longer with us, do you mean? I found the message in his papers, which have been entrusted to me only lately, since I have been in the neighbourhood. Among them was a token which I was to restore to you." He produced the ring. Emily seized it wildly, and trembled as she looked upon it.

"It is indeed my ring," she said at length, "the same which I gave him when we plighted our troth in secret. You are acquainted with everything, I perceive; I shall therefore risk nothing if I speak openly." She wept, and pressed the ring to her lips.

"I see that my friend's memory is dear to you," continued Edward. "You will forgive the prayer I am about to make to you: my visit to you concerns his ring."

"How—what is it you wish?" cried Emily, terrified.

"It was *his* wish," replied Edward. "He evinced an earnest desire to have this pledge of an unfortunate and unfulfilled engagement restored."

"How is that possible? You did not speak with him before his death; and this happened so suddenly after, that, to give you the commission ——"

"There was no time for it! that is true," answered Edward, with an inward shudder, although outwardly he was calm. "Perhaps this wish was awakened immediately before his death. I found it, as I told you, expressed in those papers."

"Incomprehensible!" she exclaimed. "Only a short time before his death, we cherished—deceitful, indeed, they proved, but, oh, what blessed hopes!—we reckoned on casualties, on what might possibly occur to assist us. Nei-

ther of us could endure to dwell on the idea of separation; and yet—yet since — Oh, my God," she cried, overcome by sorrow, and she hid her face between her hands.

Edward was lost in confused thought. For a time both again were silent: at length Emily started up—

"Forgive me, M. de Wensleben. What you have related to me, what you have asked of me, has produced so much excitement, so much agitation, that it is necessary that I should be alone for a few moments, to recover my composure."

"I am gone," cried Edward, springing from his chair.

"No! no!" she replied, "you are my guest; remain here. I have a household duty which calls me away." She laid a stress on these words.

She leant forward, and with a sad, sweet smile, she gave her hand to the friend of her lost Ferdinand, pressing his gently, and disappeared through the inner door.

Edward stood stunned, bewildered; then he paced the room with hasty steps, threw himself on the sofa, and took up one of the books that lay on the table, rather to have something in his hand, than to read. It proved to be Young's "Night Thoughts." He looked through it, and was attracted by many passages, which seemed, in his present frame of mind, fraught with peculiar meaning; yet his thoughts wandered constantly from the page to his dead friend. The candles, unheeded both by Emily and him, burned on with long wicks, giving little light in the silent room, over which the red glare from the hearth shed a lurid glow. Hurried footsteps sounded in the anteroom; the door was thrown open. Edward looked up, and saw D'Effermay staring at him, and round the room, in an angry, restless manner.

Edward could not but think there was something almost unearthly in those dark looks and that towering form.

"Where is my wife?" was D'Effermay's first question.

"She is gone to fulfil some household duty," replied the other.

"And leaves you here alone in this miserable darkness? Most extraordinary!—indeed, most unaccountable!" and, as he spoke, he approached the table and snuffed the candles, with a movement of impatience.

"She left me here with old friends," said Edward, with a forced smile. "I have been reading."

"What, in the dark?" inquired D'Effermay, with a look of mistrust. "It was so dark when I came in, that you could not possibly have distinguished a letter."

"I read for some time, and then I fell into a train of thought, which is usually the result of reading Young's 'Night Thoughts.'"

"Young! I cannot bear that author. He is so gloomy."

"But you are fortunately so happy, that the lamentations of the lonely mourner can find no echo in your breast."

"You think so!" said D'Effermay, in a churlish tone, and he pressed his lips together tightly, as Emily came into the room: he went to meet her.

"You have been a long time away," was his observation, as he looked into her eyes, where the trace of tears might easily be detected. "I found our guest alone."

"M. de Wensleben was good enough to excuse me," she replied, "and then I thought you would be back immediately."

They sat down to the table; coffee was brought, and the past appeared to be forgotten.

The conversation at first was broken by constant pauses. Edward saw that Emily did all she could to play the hostess agreeably, and to pacify her husband's ill humour.

In this attempt the young man assisted her, and at last they were successful. D'Effermay became more cheerful; the conversation more animated; and Edward found that his host could be a very agreeable member of society when he pleased, combining a good deal of information with great natural powers. The evening passed away more pleasantly than it promised at one time; and after an excellent and well-served supper, the young officer was shewn into a comfortable room, fitted up with every modern luxury; and weary in mind and body, he soon fell asleep. He dreamed of all that had occupied his waking thoughts—of his friend, and his friend's history.

But in that species of confusion which often characterises dreams, he fancied that he was Ferdinand, or at least, his own individuality seemed mixed up with that of Hallberg. He

felt that he was ill. He lay in an unknown room, and by his bedside stood a small table, covered with glasses and phials, containing medicine, as is usual in a sick room.

The door opened, and D'Effernay came in, in his dressing-gown, as if he had just left his bed: and now in Edward's mind dreams and realities were mingled together, and he thought that D'Effernay came, perhaps, to speak with him on the occurrences of the preceding day. But no! he approached the table on which the medicines stood, looked at the watch, took up one of the phials and a cup, measured the draught, drop by drop, then he turned and looked round him stealthily, and then he drew from his breast a pale blue, coiling serpent, which he threw into the cup, and held it to the patient's lips, who drank, and instantly felt a numbness creep over his frame which ended in death. Edward fancied that he was dead; he saw the coffin brought, but the terror lest he should be buried alive, made him start up with a sudden effort, and he opened his eyes.

The dream had passed away; he sat in his bed safe and well; but it was long ere he could in any degree recover his composure, or get rid of the impression which the frightful apparition had made on him. They brought his breakfast, with a message from the master of the house to inquire whether he would like to visit the park, farms, &c. He dressed quickly, and descended to the court, where he found his host in a riding dress, by the side of two fine horses, already saddled. D'Effernay greeted the young man courteously; but Edward felt an inward repugnance as he looked on that gloomy though handsome countenance, now lighted up by the beams of the morning sun, yet recalling vividly the dark visions of the night. D'Effernay was full of attentions to his new friend. They started on their ride, in spite of some threatening clouds, and began the inspection of meadows, shrubberies, farms, &c., &c. After a couple of hours, which were consumed in this manner, it began to rain a few drops, and at last burst out into a heavy shower. It was soon impossible even to ride through the woods for the torrents that were pouring down, and so they returned to the castle.

Edward retired to his room to change

his dress, and to write some letters, he said, but more particularly to avoid Emily, in order not to excite her husband's jealousy. As the bell rang for dinner he saw her again, and found to his surprise that the captain, whom he had first seen in the coffee-room, and who had given him so much information, was one of the party. He was much pleased, for they had taken a mutual fancy to each other. The captain was not at quarters the day Edward had left them, but as soon as he heard where his friend had gone, he put horses to his carriage and followed him, for he said he also should like to see these famous estates. D'Effernay seemed in high good humour to-day, Emily far more silent than yesterday, and taking little part in the conversation of the men, which turned on political economy. After coffee she found an opportunity to give Edward (unobserved) a little packet. The look with which she did so, told plainly what it contained, and the young man hurried to his room as soon as he fancied he could do so without remark or comment. The continued rain precluded all idea of leaving the house any more that day. He unfolded the packet; there were a couple of sheets, written closely in a woman's fair hand, and something wrapped carefully in a paper, which he knew to be the ring. It was the fellow to that which he had given the day before to Emily, only Ferdinand's name was engraved inside instead of her's. Such were the contents of the papers:—

“Secrecy would be misplaced with the friend of the dead. Therefore, will I speak to you of things which I have never uttered to a human being until now. Jules D'Effernay is nearly related to me. We knew each other in the Netherlands, where our estates joined. The boy loved me already with a love that amounted to passion; this love was my father's greatest joy, for there was an old and crying injustice which the ancestors of D'Effernay had suffered from ours, that could alone, he thought, be made up by the marriage of the only children of the two branches. So we were destined for each other almost from our cradles; and I was content it should be so, for Jules's handsome face and decided preference for me were agreeable to me, although I felt no great affection for

him. We were separated: Jules travelled in France, England, and America, and made money as a merchant, which profession he had taken up suddenly. My father, who had a place under government, left his country in consequence of political troubles, and came into this part of the world, where some distant relations of my mother's lived. He liked the neighbourhood; he bought land; we lived very happily; I was quite contented in Jules's absence; I had no yearning of the heart towards him, yet I thought kindly of him, and troubled myself little about my future. Then—then I learned to know your friend. Oh, then! I felt, when I looked upon him, when I listened to him, when we conversed together, I felt, I acknowledged that there might be happiness on earth, of which I had hitherto never dreamed. Then I loved for the first time, ardently, passionately, and was beloved in return. Acquainted with the family engagements, he did not dare openly to proclaim his love, and I knew I ought not to foster the feeling; but, alas! how seldom does passion listen to the voice of reason and of duty. Your friend and I met in secret; in secret we plighted our troth, and exchanged those rings, and hoped and believed that by showing a bold front to our destiny we should subdue it to our will. The commencement was sinful, it has met with a dire retribution. Jules's letters announced his speedy return. He had sold everything in his own country, had given up all his mercantile affairs, through which he had greatly increased an already considerable fortune, and now he was about to join us, or rather me, without whom he could not live. This appeared to me like the demand for payment of a heavy debt. This debt I owed to Jules, who loved me with all his heart, who was in possession of my father's promised word and mine also. Yet I could not give up your friend. In a state of distraction I told him all; we meditated flight. Yes, I was so far guilty, and I make the confession in hopes that some portion of my errors may be expiated by repentance. My father, who had long been in a declining state, suddenly grew worse, and this delayed and hindered the fulfilment of our designs. Jules arrived. During the five years he had been away he was much changed in appear-

ance, and that advantageously. I was struck when I first saw him, but it was also easy to detect in those handsome features and manly bearing, a spirit of restlessness and violence which had already shown itself in him as a boy, and which passing years, with their bitter experience and strong passions, had greatly developed. The hope that we had cherished of D'Effernay's possible indifference to me, of the change which time might have wrought in his attachment, now seemed idle and absurd. His love was indeed impassioned. He embraced me in a manner that made me shrink from him, and altogether his deportment towards me was a strange contrast to the gentle, tender, refined affection of our dear friend. I trembled whenever Jules entered the room, and all that I had prepared to say to him, all the plans which I had revolved in my mind respecting him, vanished in an instant before the power of his presence, and the almost imperative manner in which he claimed my hand. My father's illness increased; he was now in a very precarious state, hopeless indeed. Jules rivalled me in filial attentions to him, that I can never cease to thank him for; but this illness made my situation more and more critical, and it accelerated the fulfilment of the contract. I was to renew my promise to him by the death-bed of my father. Alas, alas! I fell senseless to the ground when this announcement was made to me. Jules began to suspect. Already my cold, embarrassed manner towards him since his return had struck him as strange. He began to suspect, I repeat, and the effect that this suspicion had on him, it would be impossible to describe to you. Even now, after so long a time, now that I am accustomed to his ways, and more reconciled to my fate by the side of a noble, though somewhat impetuous man, it makes me tremble to think of those paroxysms, which the idea that I did not love him called forth. They were fearful; he nearly sank under them. During two days his life was in danger. At last the storm passed, my father died; Jules watched over me with the tenderness of a brother, the solicitude of a parent; for that indeed I shall ever be grateful. His suspicion once awakened, he gazed round with penetrating looks to discover the cause of my altered feelings. But your friend

never came to our house; we met in an unfrequented spot, and my father's illness had interrupted these interviews. Altogether I cannot tell if Jules discovered anything. A fearful circumstance rendered all our precautions useless, and cut the knot of our secret connexion, to loose which voluntarily I felt I had no power. A wedding feast, at a neighbouring castle, assembled all the nobility and gentry, and officers quartered near, together; my deep mourning was an excuse for my absence. Jules, though he usually was happiest by my side, could not resist the invitation, and your friend resolved to go, although he was unwell; he feared to raise suspicion by remaining away, when I was left at home. With great difficulty he contrived the first day to make one at a splendid hunt, the second day he could not leave his bed. A physician, who was in the house, pronounced his complaint to be violent fever, and Jules, whose room joined that of the sick man, offered him every little service and kindness which compassion and good feeling prompted; and I cannot but praise him all the more for it, as who can tell, perhaps, his suspicion might have taken the right direction? On the morning of the second day—but let me glance quickly at that terrible time, the memory of which can never pass from my mind—a fit of apoplexy most unexpectedly, but gently, ended the noblest life, and separated us for ever! Now you know all. I enclose the ring. I cannot write more. Farewell!"

The conclusion of the letter made a deep impression on Edward. His dream rose up before his remembrance, the slight indisposition, the sudden death, the fearful nursetender, all arranged themselves in order before his mind, and an awful whole rose out of all these reflections, a terrible suspicion which he tried to throw off. But he could not do so, and when he met the captain and D'Effernay in the evening, and the latter challenged his visitors to a game of billiards, Edward glanced from time to time at his host in a scrutinising manner, and could not but feel that the restless discontent which was visible in his countenance, and the unsteady glare of his eyes, which shunned the fixed look of others, only fitted too well into the shape of the dark thoughts which were crossing

his own mind. Late in the evening, after supper, they played whist in Emily's boudoir. On the morrow, if the weather permitted, they were to conclude their inspection of the surrounding property, and the next day they were to visit the iron foundries, which, although distant from the Castle several miles, formed a very important item in the rent-roll of the estates. The company separated for the night. Edward fell asleep; and the same dream, with the same circumstances, recurred, only with the full consciousness that the sick man was Ferdinand. Edward felt overpowered, a species of horror took possession of his mind, as he found himself now in regular communication with the beings of the invisible world.

The weather favoured D'Effernay's projects. The whole day was passed in the open air. Emily only appeared at meals, and in the evening when they played at cards. Both she and Edward avoided, as if by mutual consent, every word, every look that could awaken the slightest suspicion, or jealous feeling in D'Effernay's mind. She thanked him in her heart for this forbearance, but her thoughts were in another world; she took little heed of what passed around her. Her husband was in an excellent temper; he played the part of host to perfection; and when the two officers were established comfortably by the fire, in the captain's room, smoking together, they could not but do justice to his courteous manners.

"He appears to be a man of general information," remarked Edward.

"He has travelled a great deal, and read a great deal, as I told you when we first met: he is a remarkable man, but one of uncontrolled passions, and desperately jealous."

"Yet he appears very attentive to his wife."

"Undoubtedly he is wildly in love with her; yet he makes her unhappy, and himself too."

"He certainly does not appear happy, there is so much restlessness."

"He can never bear to remain in one place for any length of time together. He is now going to sell the property he only bought last year. There is an instability about him; everything palls on him."

"That is the complaint of many who are rich and well to do in the world."

"Yes; only not in the same degree. I assure you it has often struck me that man must have a bad conscience."

"What an idea!" rejoined Edward, with a forced laugh, for the captain's remark struck him forcibly. "He seems a man of honour."

"Oh, one may be a man of honour, as it is called, and yet have something quite bad enough to reproach yourself with. But I know nothing about it, and would not breathe such a thing except to you. His wife, too, looks so pale and so oppressed."

"But, perhaps, that is her natural complexion and expression."

"Oh, no! no! the year before D'Effernay came from Paris, she was as fresh as a rose. Many people declare that your poor friend loved her. The affair was wrapped in mystery, and I never believed the report, for Hallberg was a steady man, and the whole country knew that Emily had been engaged a long time."

"Hallberg never mentioned the name in his letters," answered Edward, with less candour than usual.

"I thought not. Besides D'Effernay was very much attached to him, and mourned his death."

"Indeed!"

"I assure you the morning that Hallberg was found dead in his bed so unexpectedly, D'Effernay was like one beside himself."

"Very extraordinary. But as we are on the subject, tell me, I pray you, all the circumstances of my poor Ferdinand's illness, and awful sudden death."

"I can tell you all about it, as well as any one, for I was one of the guests at that melancholy wedding. Your friend, and I, and many others were invited. Hallberg had some idea of not going; he was unwell, with violent headache and giddiness. But we persuaded him, and he consented to go with us. The first day he felt tolerably well. We hunted in the open field; we were all on horseback, the day hot. Hallberg felt worse. The second day he had a great deal of fever; he could not stay up. The physician (for fortunately there was one in the company) ordered rest, cooling medicine, neither of which seemed to do him good. The rest of the men dispersed, to amuse themselves in various ways. Only D'Effernay remained at home; he was never very fond of large societies, and

we voted that he was discontented and out of humour because his betrothed bride was not with him. His room was next to the sick man's, to whom he gave all possible care and attention, for poor Hallberg, besides being ill, was in despair at giving so much trouble in a strange house. D'Effernay tried to calm him on this point; he nursed him, amused him with conversation, mixed his medicines, and, in fact, showed more kindness and tenderness, than any of us would have given him credit for. Before I went to bed I visited Hallberg, and found him much better, and more cheerful; the doctor had promised that he should leave his bed next day. So I left him and retired with the rest of the world, rather late, and very tired, to rest. The next morning I was awoke by the fatal tidings. I did not wait to dress, I ran to his room, it was full of people."

"And how, how was the death first discovered?" inquired Edward, in breathless eagerness.

"The servant, who came in to attend on him, thought he was asleep, for he lay in his usual position, his head upon his hand. He went away and waited for some time; but hours passed, and he thought he ought to wake his master to give him his medicine. Then the awful discovery was made. He must have died peacefully, for his countenance was so calm, his limbs undisturbed. A fit of apoplexy had terminated his life, but in the most tranquil manner."

"Incomprehensible," said Edward, with a deep sigh. "Did they take no measures to restore animation?"

"Certainly; all that could be done was done, bleeding, fomentation, friction; the physician superintended, but there was no hope, it was all too late. He must have been dead some hours, for he was already cold and stiff. If there had been a spark of life in him he would have been saved. It was all over; I had lost my good lieutenant, and the regiment one of its finest officers."

He was silent, and appeared lost in thought. Edward, for his part, felt overwhelmed by terrible suspicions and sad memories. After a long pause he recovered himself: "and where was D'Effernay?" he inquired.

"D'Effernay," answered the Captain, rather surprised at the question; "oh! he was not in the Castle when

we made the dreadful discovery; he had gone out for an early walk, and when he came back late, not before noon, he learned the truth, and was like one out of his senses. It seemed so awful to him, because he had been so much, the very day before, with poor Hallberg.

"Aye," answered Edward, whose suspicion were being more and more confirmed every moment. "And did he see the corpse, did he go into the chamber of death?"

"No," replied the Captain; "he assured us it was out of his power to do so; he could not bear the sight; and I believe it. People with such uncontrolled feelings as this D'Effernay, are incapable of performing those duties which others think it necessary and incumbent on them to fulfil."

"And where was Hallberg buried?"

"Not far from the Castle where the mournful event took place. To-morrow, if we go to the iron foundry, we shall be near the spot."

"I am glad of it," cried Edward eagerly, while a host of projects rose up in his mind. "But now, Captain, I will not trespass any longer on your kindness. It is late, and we must be up betimes to-morrow. How far have we to go?"

"Not less than four leagues certainly. D'Effernay has arranged that we shall drive there, and see it all at our leisure; then we shall return in the evening. Good night, Wensleben."

They separated: Edward hurried to his room; his heart overflowed. Sorrow on the one hand, horror and even hatred on the other, agitated him by turns. It was long before he could sleep. For the third time the vision haunted him; but now it was clearer than before; now he saw plainly the features of him who lay in bed, and of him who stood beside the bed—they were those of Hallberg and of D'Effernay.

This third apparition, the exact counterpart of the two former (only more vivid), all that he had gathered from conversations on the subject, and the contents of Emily's letter, left scarcely the shadow of a doubt remaining as to how his friend had left the world.

D'Effernay's jealous and passionate nature seemed to allow of the possibility of such a crime, and it could scarcely be wondered at, if Edward

regarded him with a feeling akin to hatred. Indeed the desire of visiting Hallberg's grave, in order to place the ring in the coffin, could alone reconcile Wensleben to the idea of remaining any longer beneath the roof of a man whom he now considered the murderer of his friend. His mind was a prey to conflicting doubts, detestation for the culprit, and grief for the victim, pointed out one line of conduct, while the difficulty of proving D'Effernay's guilt, and still more, pity and consideration for Emily, determined him at length to let the matter rest, and to leave the murderer, if such he really were, to the retribution which his own conscience and the justice of God would award him. He would seek his friend's grave, and then he would separate from D'Effernay, and never see him more. In the midst of these reflections the servant came to tell him, that the carriage was ready. A shudder passed over his frame as D'Effernay greeted him; but he commanded himself, and they started on their expedition.

Edward spoke but little, and that only when it was necessary, and the conversation was kept up by his two companions; he had made every inquiry, before he set out, respecting the place of his friend's interment, the exact situation of the tomb, the name of the village, and its distance from the main road. On their way home, he requested that D'Effernay would give orders to the coachman to make a round of a mile or two as far as the village of —, with whose rector he was particularly desirous to speak. A momentary cloud gathered on D'Effernay's brow, yet it seemed no more than his usual expression of vexation at any delay or hindrance; and he was so anxious to propitiate his rich visitor, who appeared likely to take the estate off his hands, that he complied with all possible courtesy. The coachman was directed to turn down a by-road, and a very bad one it was. The Captain stood up in the carriage and pointed out the village to him, at some distance off; it lay in a deep ravine at the foot of the mountains.

They arrived in the course of time, and inquired for the clergyman's house, which, as well as the church, was situated on rising ground. The three companions alighted from the carriage, which they left at the bottom of the hill, and walked up together in the di-

rection of the rectory. Edward knocked at the door and was admitted, while the two others sat on a bench outside. He had promised to return speedily, but to D'Effernay's restless spirit, one quarter of an hour appeared interminable.

He turned to the Captain and said, in a tone of impatience, "M. de Wensleben must have a great deal of business with the rector: we have been here an immense time, and he does not seem inclined to make his appearance."

"Oh, I dare say he will come soon. The matter cannot detain him long."

"What on earth can he have to do here?"

"Perhaps you would call it a mere fancy—the enthusiasm of youth."

"It has a name I suppose?"

"Certainly, but—"

"Is it sufficiently important, think you, to make us run the risk of being benighted on such roads as these?"

"Why it is quite early in the day."

"But we have more than two leagues to go. Why will you not speak?—there cannot be any great mystery."

"Well, perhaps not a mystery exactly, but just one of those subjects on which we are usually reserved with others."

"So! so!" rejoined D'Effernay, with a little sneer. "Some love affair; some girl or another who pursues him, that he wants to get rid of."

"Nothing of the kind, I can assure you," replied the Captain drily. "It could scarcely be more innocent. He wishes, in fact, to visit his friend's grave."

The listener's expression was one of scorn and anger. "It is worth the trouble certainly," he exclaimed, with a mocking laugh. "A charming sentimental pilgrimage truly; and pray who is this beloved friend, over whose resting-place he must shed a tear and plant a forget-me-not? He told me he had never been in the neighbourhood before."

"No more he had; neither did he know where poor Hallberg was buried until I told him."

"Hallberg!" echoed the other in a tone that startled the Captain, and caused him to turn and look fixedly in the speaker's face. It was deadly pale, and the Captain observed the effort which D'Effernay made to recover his composure.

"Hallberg!" he repeated again, in a calmer tone, "and was Wensleben a friend of his?"

"His bosom friend from childhood. They were brought up together at the academy. Hallberg left it a year earlier than his friend."

"Indeed!" said D'Effernay, scowling as he spoke, and working himself up into a passion. "And this Lieutenant came here on this account, then, and the purchase of the estates was a mere excuse?"

"I beg your pardon," observed the Captain, in a decided tone of voice; "I have already told you that it was I who informed him of the place where his friend lies buried."

"That may be, but it was owing to his friendship, to the wish to learn something further of his fate, that we are indebted for the visit of this romantic knight-errant."

"That does not appear likely," replied the Captain, who thought it better to avert, if possible, the rising storm of his companion's fury. "Why should he seek for news of Hallberg here, when he comes from the place where he was quartered for a long time, and where all his comrades now are?"

"Well, I don't know," cried D'Effernay, whose passion increased every moment. "Perhaps you have heard what was once gossiped about the neighbourhood, that Hallberg was an admirer of my wife before she married."

"Oh yes, I have heard that report, but never believed it. Hallberg was a prudent, steady man, and every one knew that Mademoiselle Varnier's hand had been promised for some time."

"Yes! yes! but you do not know to what lengths passion and avarice may lead: for Emily was rich. We must not forget that, when we discuss the matter; an elopement with the rich heiress would have been a fine thing for a poor, beggarly Lieutenant."

"Shame! shame! M. D'Effernay. How can you slander the character of that upright young man? If Hallberg were so unhappy as to love Mademoiselle Varnier —"

"That he did! you may believe me so far. I had reason to know it, and I did know it."

"We had better change the conversation altogether, as it has taken so unpleasant a turn. Hallberg is dead; his errors, be they what they may, lie buried with him. His name stands

high with all who knew him. Even you, M. D'Effernay—you were his friend."

"I his friend? I hated him!—I loathed him!" D'Effernay could not proceed; he foamed at the mouth with rage.

"Compose yourself!" said the Captain, rising as he spoke, "you look and speak like a madman."

"A madman! Who says I am mad? Now I see it all—the connexion of the whole—the shameful conspiracy."

"Your conduct is perfectly incomprehensible to me," answered the Captain, with perfect coolness. "Did you not attend Hallberg in his last illness, and give him his medicines with your own hand?"

"I!" stammered D'Effernay. "No! no! no!" he cried, while the Captain's growing suspicions increased every moment, on account of the perturbation which his companion displayed. "I never gave his medicines; whoever says that is a liar."

"I say it!" exclaimed the officer, in a loud tone, for his patience was exhausted. "I say it, because I know that it was so, and I will maintain that fact against any one at any time. If you choose to contradict the evidence of my senses, it is you who are a liar!"

"Ha! you shall give me satisfaction for this insult. Depend upon it, I am not one to be trifled with, as you shall find. You shall retract your words."

"Never! I am ready to defend every word I have uttered here on this spot, at this moment, if you please. You have your pistols in the carriage, you know."

D'Effernay cast a look of hatred on the speaker, and then dashing down the little hill, to the surprise of the servants, he dragged the pistols from the sword-case, and was by the Captain's side in a moment. But the loud voices of the disputants had attracted Edward to the spot, and there he stood on D'Effernay's return; and by his side a venerable old man, who carried a large bunch of keys in his hand.

"In heaven's name, what has happened?" cried Wensleben.

"What are you about to do?" interposed the Rector, in a tone of authority, though his countenance was expressive of horror. "Are you going to commit murder on this sacred spot, close to the precincts of the church?"

"Murder! who speaks of murder?"

cried D'Effernay. "Who can prove it?" and as he spoke, the Captain turned a fierce, penetrating look upon him, beneath which he quailed.

"But, I repeat the question," Edward began once more, "what does all this mean? I left you a short time ago in friendly conversation. I come back and find you both armed—both violently agitated—and M. D'Effernay, at least, speaking incoherently. What do you mean by 'proving it?'—to what do you allude?" At this moment, before any answer could be made, a man came out of the house with a pick-axe and shovel on his shoulder, and advancing towards the Rector, said respectfully, "I am quite ready, sir, if you have the key of the churchyard."

It was now the Captain's turn to look anxious: "What are you going to do, you surely don't intend——?" but, as he spoke, the Rector interrupted him.

"This gentleman is very desirous to see the place where his friend lies buried."

"But these preparations, what do they mean?"

"I will tell you," said Edward, in a voice and tone that betrayed the deepest emotion, "I have a holy duty to perform. I must cause the coffin to be opened."

"How, what?" screamed D'Effernay, once again. "Never—I will never permit such a thing."

"But, sir," the old man spoke, in a tone of calm decision, contrasting wonderfully with the violence of him whom he addressed, "you have no possible right to interfere. If this gentleman wishes it, and I accede to the proposition, no one can prevent us from doing as we would."

"I tell you I will not suffer it," continued D'Effernay, with the same frightful agitation. "Stir at your peril," he cried, turning sharply round upon the grave-digger, and holding a pistol to his head; but the Captain pulled his arm away, to the relief of the frightened peasant.

"M. D'Effernay," he said, "your conduct for the last half-hour has been most unaccountable—most unreasonable."

"Come, come," interposed Edward, "let us say no more on the subject; but let us be going," he addressed the Rector; "we will not detain these gentlemen much longer."

He made a step towards the churchyard, but D'Effernay clutched his arm, and, with an impious oath, "you shall not stir," he said; "that grave shall not be opened."

Edward shook him off, with a look of silent hatred, for now indeed all his doubts were confirmed.

D'Effernay saw that Wensleben was resolved, and a deadly pallor spread itself over his features, and a shudder passed visibly over his frame.

"You are going!" he cried, with every gesture and appearance of insanity. "Go, then;" . . . and he pointed the muzzle of the pistol to his mouth, and before any one could prevent him, he drew the trigger, and fell back a corpse. The spectators were motionless with surprise and horror; the Captain was the first to recover himself in some degree. He bent over the body with the faint hope of detecting some sign of life. The old man turned pale and dizzy with a sense of terror, and he looked as if he would have swooned, had not Edward led him gently into his house, while the two others busied themselves with vain attempts to restore life. The spirit of D'Effernay had gone to its last account!

It was, indeed, an awful moment. Death in its worst shape was before them, and a terrible duty still remained to be performed.

Edward's cheek was blanched; his eye had a fixed look, yet he moved and spoke with a species of mechanical action, which had something almost ghastly in it. Causing the body to be removed into the house, he bade the Captain summon the servants of the deceased, and then motioning with his hand to the awe-struck sexton, he proceeded with him to the churchyard. A few clods of earth alone were removed ere the Captain stood by his friend's side.

Here we must pause. Perhaps it were better altogether to emulate the silence that was maintained then and

afterwards by the two comrades. But the sexton could not be bribed to entire secrecy, and it was a story he loved to tell, with details we gladly omit, of how Wensleben solemnly performed his task—of how no doubt could any longer exist as to the cause of Hallberg's death. Those who love the horrible must draw on their own imaginations to supply what we resolutely withhold.

Edward, we believe, never alluded to D'Effernay's death, and all the awful circumstances attending it, but twice—once, when, with every necessary detail, he and the Captain gave their evidence to the legal authorities; and once, with as few details as possible, when he had an interview with the widow of the murderer, the beloved of the victim. The particulars of this interview he never divulged, for he considered Emily's grief too sacred to be exposed to the prying eyes of the curious and the unfeeling. She left the neighbourhood immediately, leaving her worldly affairs in Wensleben's hands, who soon disposed of the property for her. She returned to her native country, with the resolution of spending the greater part of her wealth in relieving the distresses of others, wisely seeking, in the exercise of piety and benevolence, the only possible alleviation of her own deep and many-sided griefs. For Edward, he was soon pronounced to have recovered entirely, from the shock of these terrible events. Of a courageous and energetic disposition, he pursued the duties of his profession with a firm step, and hid his mighty sorrow deep in the recesses of his heart. To the superficial observer, tears, groans, and lamentations are the only proofs of sorrow; and when they subside, the sorrow is said to have passed away also. Thus the captive, immured within the walls of his prison-house, is as one dead to the outward world, though the gaoler be a daily witness to the vitality of affliction.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER IX.

A SCRAPE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN I reached the quarters of the Etat Major, I found the great courtyard of the "hotel" crowded with soldiers of every rank and arm of the service. Some were newly-joined recruits waiting for the orders to be forwarded to their respective regiments. Some were invalids just issued from the hospital, some were sick and wounded on their way homeward. There were sergeants with billet rolls, and returns, and court-martial sentences. Adjutants with regimental documents, hastening hither and thither. Mounted orderlies too, continually came and went; all was bustle, movement, and confusion. Officers in staff uniforms called out the orders from the different windows, and despatches were sent off here and there with hot haste. The building was the ancient palace of the Dukes of Lorraine, and a splendid fountain of white marble in the centre of the "Cour," still showed the proud armorial bearings of that princely house. Around the sculptured base of this now were seated groups of soldiers; their war-worn looks and piled arms contrasting strangely enough with the great porcelain vases of flowering plants that still decorated the rich "plateau." Chakos, helmets, and great coats were hung upon the orange trees. The heavy boots of the cuirassier, the white leather apron of the "sapeur," were drying along the marble benches of the terrace. The richly traceried veining of gilt iron-work, which separated the court from the garden, was actually covered with belts, swords, bayonets, and horse gear, in every stage and process of cleaning. Within the garden itself, however, all was silent and still. Two sentries, who paced backwards and forwards beneath the "grille," showing that the spot was to be respected by those whose careless gestures and reckless air betrayed how little influence the mere "genius of the place" would exercise over them.

To me, the interest of ~~everything~~

was increasing; and whether I lingered to listen to the raw remarks of the new recruit, in wonder at all he saw, or stopped to hear the campaigning stories of the old soldiers of the army, I never wearied. Few, if any, knew whither they were going; perhaps to the north to join the army of the Sambre; perhaps to the east, to the force upon the Rhine. It might be that they were destined for Italy: none cared! Meanwhile, at every moment, detachments moved off, and their places were filled by fresh arrivals—all dusty and way-worn from the march. Some had scarcely time to eat a hurried morsel, when they were called on to "fall in," and again the word "forward" was given. Such of the infantry as appeared too weary for the march were sent on in great charrettes drawn by six or eight horses, and capable of carrying forty men in each; and of these, there seemed to be no end. No sooner was one detachment away, than another succeeded. Whatever their destination, one thing seemed evident, the urgency that called them was beyond the common. For a while I forgot all about myself in the greater interest of the scene; but then came the thought, that I too should have my share in this onward movement, and now I set out to seek for my young friend, the "Sous-Lieutenant." I had not asked his name, but his regiment I knew to be the 22nd Chasseurs à Cheval. The uniform was light green, and easily enough to be recognised; yet nowhere was it to be seen. There were cuirassiers, and hussars, heavy dragoons, and carabiniers in abundance—everything, in short, but what I sought.

At last I asked of an old quartermaster where the 22nd were quartered, and heard, to my utter dismay, that they had marched that morning at eight o'clock. There were two more squadrons expected to arrive at noon, but the orders were that they were to proceed without further halt.

"And whither to?" asked I.

"To Treves, on the Moselle," said he, and turned away as if he would not be questioned further. It was true that my young friend could not have been much of a patron, yet the loss of him was deeply felt by me. He was to have introduced me to his Colonel, who probably might have obtained the leave I desired at once; and now I knew no one, not one even to advise me how to act. I sat down upon a bench to think, but could resolve on nothing; the very sight of that busy scene had now become a reproach to me. There were the veterans of a hundred battles hastening forward again to the field; there were the young soldiers just flushed with recent victory; even the peasant boys were "eager for the fray;" but I alone was to have no part in the coming glory. The enthusiasm of all around only served to increase and deepen my depression. There was not one there, from the old and war-worn veteran of the ranks to the merest boy, with whom I would not gladly have exchanged fortunes. Some hours passed over in these gloomy reveries, and when I looked up from the stupor my own thoughts had thrown over me, "the Cour" was almost empty. A few sick soldiers waiting for their billets of leave, a few recruits not yet named to any corps, and a stray orderly or two standing beside his horse, were all that remained.

I arose to go away, but in my pre-occupation of mind, instead of turning toward the street, I passed beneath a large arch-way into another court of the building, somewhat smaller, but much richer in decoration and ornament than the outer one. After spending some time admiring the quaint devices and grim heads which peeped out from all the architraves and friezes, my eye was caught by a low, arched door-way, in the middle of which was a small railed window, like the grille of a convent. I approached, and perceived that it led into a garden, by a long, narrow walk of clipped yew, dense and upright as a wall. The trimly-raked gravel, and the smooth surface of the hedge, showed the care bestowed on the grounds to be a wide contrast to the neglect exhibited in the mansion itself; a narrow border of hyacinths and carnations ran along either side of the walk, the gorgeous blossoms appearing in strong relief against the back-ground of dark foliage.

The door, as I leaned against it, gently yielded to the pressure of my arm, and almost without knowing it, I found myself standing within the precincts of the garden. My first impulse, of course, was to retire and close the door again, but somehow, I never knew exactly why, I could not resist the desire to see a little more of a scene so tempting. There was no mark of foot-steps on the gravel, and I thought it likely the garden was empty. On I went, therefore, at first with cautious and uncertain steps; at last, with more confidence, for as I issued from the hedge-walk, and reached an open space beyond, the solitude seemed unbroken. Fruit trees, loaded with their produce, stood in a closely shaven lawn, through which a small stream meandered, its banks planted with daffodills and water-lilies. Some pheasants moved about through the grass, but without alarm at my presence; while a young fawn boldly came over to me, and although in seeming disappointment at not finding an old friend, continued to walk beside me as I went.

The grounds appeared of great extent; paths led off in every direction; and while, in some places, I could perceive the glittering roof and sides of a conservatory, in others, the humble culture of a vegetable garden was to be seen. There was a wondrous fascination in the calm and tranquil solitude around; and coming, as it did, so immediately after the busy bustle of the "soldiering," I soon not only forgot that I was an intruder there, but suffered myself to wander "fancy free," following out the thoughts each object suggested. I believe at that moment, if the choice were given me, I would rather have been the "Adam of that Eden" than the proudest of those generals that ever led a column to victory! Fortunately, or unfortunately—it would not be easy to decide which—the alternative was not open to me. It was while I was still musing, I found myself at the foot of a little eminence, on which stood a tower, whose height and position showed it had been built for the view it afforded over a vast tract of country. Even from where I stood, at its base, I could see over miles and miles of a great plain, with the main roads leading towards the north and eastward. This spot was also the boundary of the grounds, and a portion of the old boulevard of the town formed the defence

against the open country beyond. It was a deep ditch, with sides of sloping sward, crompt neatly, and kept in trimmost order; but, from its depth and width, forming a fence of a formidable kind. I was peering cautiously down into the abyss, when I heard a voice so close to my ear, that I started with surprise. I listened, and perceived that the speaker was directly above me: and leaning over the battlements at the top of the tower.

"You're quite right," cried he, as he adjusted a telescope to his eye, and directed his view towards the plain. He *has* gone wrong! He has taken the Strasbourg road, instead of the northern one."

An exclamation of anger followed these words; and now I saw the telescope passed to another hand, and to my astonishment, that of a lady.

"Was there ever stupidity like that? He saw the map like the others, and yet—Parbleu! it's too bad!"

I could perceive that a female voice made some rejoinder, but not distinguish the words; when the man again spoke—

"No, no; it's all a blunder of that old major; and here am I without an orderly to send after him. Diable! it is provoking."

"Isn't that one of your people at the foot of the tower?" said the lady, as she pointed to where I stood, praying for the earth to open, and close over me; for as he moved his head to look down, I saw the epanulettes of a staff officer.

"Halloa!" cried he, "are you on duty?"

"No, sir; I was——"

Not waiting for me to finish an explanation, he went on—

"Follow that division of cavalry that has taken the Strasbourg road, and tell Major Roquelard that he has gone wrong; he should have turned off to the left at the suburbs. Lose no time, but away at once. You are mounted, of course?"

"No, sir, my horse is at quarters; but I can——"

"No, no; it will be too late," he broke in again. "Take my troop horse, and be off. You'll find him in the stable, to your left."

Then turning to the lady I heard him say—

"It may save Roquelard from an arrest."

I did not wait for more, but hurried off in the direction he had pointed. A short gravel walk brought me in front of a low building, in the cottage style, but which, decorated with emblems of the chase, I guessed to be the stable. Not a groom was to be seen; but the door being unlatched, I entered freely. Four large and handsome horses were feeding at the racks, their glossy coats and long silky manes showing the care bestowed upon them. Which is the trooper? thought I, as I surveyed them all with keen and scrutinizing eye. All my skill in such matters was unable to decide the point; they seemed all alike valuable and handsome—in equally high condition, and exhibiting equal marks of careful treatment. Two were stamped on the haunches with the letters "R. F.;" and these, of course, were cavalry horses. One was a powerful black horse, whose strong quarters and deep chest bespoke great action, while the backward glances of his eye indicated the temper of a "tartar." Making choice of him without an instant's hesitation, I threw on the saddle, adjusted the stirrups to my own length, buckled the bridle, and led him forth. In all my "school experience" I had never seen an animal that pleased me so much; his well-arched neck and slightly-dipped back showed that an Arab cross had mingled with the stronger qualities of the Norman horse. I sprung to my saddle with delight; to be astride such a beast was to kindle up all the enthusiasm of my nature, and as I grasped the reins, and urged him forward, I was half wild with excitement.

Apparently the animal was accustomed to more gentle treatment, for he gave a loud snort, such as a surprised or frightened horse will give, and then bounded forward once or twice, as if to dismount me. This failing, he reared up perfectly straight, pawing madly, and threatening even to fall backwards. I saw that I had, indeed, selected a wicked one; for in every bound and spring, in every curvet and leap, the object was clearly to unseat the rider. At one instant he would crouch, as if to lie down, and then bound up several feet in the air, with a toss up of his haunches that almost sent me over the head. At another he would spring from side to side, writhing and twisting like a fish, till the saddle seemed actually slipping

away from his lithe body. Not only did I resist all these attacks, but vigorously continued to punish with whip and spur the entire time—a proceeding, I could easily see, he was not prepared for. At last, actually maddened with his inability to throw me, and enraged by my continuing to spur him, he broke away, and dashing headlong forward, rushed into the very thickest of the grove. Fortunately for me, the trees were either shrubs or of stunted growth, so that I had only to keep my saddle to escape danger; but suddenly emerging from this, he gained the open sward, and as if his passion became more furious as he indulged it, he threw up his head, and struck out in full gallop. I had but time to see that he was heading for the great fosse of the boulevard, when we were already on its brink. A shout, and a cry of I know not what, came from the tower; but I heard nothing more. Mad as the maddened animal himself, perhaps at that moment just as indifferent to life, I dashed the spurs into his flanks, and over we went, lighting on the green sward as easily as a seagull on a wave. To all seeming, the terrible leap had somewhat sobered him; but on me it had produced the very opposite effect. I felt that I had gained the mastery, and resolved to use it. With unrelenting punishment, then, I rode him forward, taking the country as it lay straight before me. The few fences which divided the great fields were too insignificant to be called leaps, and he took them in the “sling” of his stretching gallop. He was now subdued, yielding to every turn of my wrist, and obeying every motive of my will like an instinct. It may read like a petty victory; but he who has ever experienced the triumph over an enraged and powerful horse, well knows that few sensations are more pleasantly exciting. High as is the excitement of being borne along in full speed, leaving village and spire, glen and river, bridge and mill behind you—now careering up the mountain side, with the fresh breeze upon your brow; now diving into the dark forest, startling the hare from her cover, and sending the wild deer scampering before you—it is still increased by the sense of a victory, by feeling that the mastery is with you, and that each bound of the noble beast beneath you has its impulse in your own heart.

Although the cavalry squadrons I was despatched to overtake had quitted Nancy four hours before, I came up with them in less than an hour, and inquiring for the officer in command, rode up to the head of the division. He was a thin, gaunt-looking, stern-featured man, who listened to my message without changing a muscle.

“Who sent you with this order?” said he.

“A general officer, sir, whose name I don’t know; but who told me to take his own horse, and follow you.”

“Did he tell you to kill the animal, sir,” said he, pointing to the heaving flanks and shaking tail of the exhausted beast.

“He bolted with me at first, major, and having cleared the ditch of the Boulevard, rode away with me.”

“Why its ‘Colonel Mahon’s Arab, ‘Aleppo,’ said another officer; what could have persuaded him to mount an orderly on a beast worth ten thousand francs?”

I thought I’d have fainted, as I heard these words; the whole consequences of my act revealed themselves before me, and I saw arrest, trial, sentence, imprisonment, and heaven knew what afterwards, like a panorama rolling out to my view.

“Tell the colonel, sir,” said the major, “that I have taken the north road, intending to cross over at Beaumont; that the artillery trains have cut up the Metz road so deeply cavalry cannot travel; tell him I thank him much for his politeness in forwarding this despatch to me; and tell him, that I regret the rules of active service should prevent my sending back an escort to place yourself under arrest, for the manner in which you have ridden—you hear, sir?”

I touched my cap in salute.

“Are you certain, sir, that you have my answer correctly?”

“I am, sir.”

“Repeat it, then.”

I mentioned the reply, word for word, as he spoke it.

“No, sir,” said he, as I concluded; “I said for unsoldierlike and cruel treatment to your horse.”

One of his officers whispered something in his ear, and he quietly added—

“I find that I had not used these words, but I ought to have done so; give the message, therefore, as you heard it at first.”

"Mahon will shoot him, to a certainty," muttered one of the captains.

"I'd not blame him," joined another; "that horse saved his life at Quiberon, when he fell in with a patrol; and look at him now!"

The major made a sign for me to retire, and I turned and set out towards Nancy, with the feelings of a convict on the way to his fate.

If I did not feel that these brief records of an humble career were "upon honor," and that the only useful lesson a life so unimportant can teach is, the conflict between opposing influences, I might possibly be disposed to blink the avowal, that, as I rode along towards Nancy, a very great doubt occurred to me as to whether I ought not to desert! It is a very ignoble expression; but it must out. There were not in the French service any of those ignominious punishments which, once undergone, a man is dishonoured for ever, and no more admissible to rank with men of character than if convicted of actual crime; but there were marks of degradation, almost as severe, then in vogue, and which men dreaded with a fear nearly as acute—such, for instance, as being ordered for service at the *Bagne de Brest*, in *Toulon*—the arduous duty of guarding the galley slaves, and which was scarcely a degree above the condition of the condemned themselves. Than such a fate as this, I would willingly have preferred death. It was, then, this thought that suggested desertion; but I soon rejected the unworthy temptation, and held on my way towards Nancy.

Aleppo, if at first wearied by the severe burst, soon rallied, while he showed no traces of his fiery temper, and exhibited few of fatigue; and as I walked along at his side, washing his mouth and nostrils at each fountain I passed, and slackening his saddle-girths, to give him freedom, long before we arrived at the suburbs he had regained all his looks, and much of his spirit.

At last we entered Nancy about nightfall, and, with a failing heart, I found myself at the gate of the Ducal palace. The sentries suffered me to pass unmolested, and entering, I took my way through the court-yard, towards the small gate of the garden, which, as I had left it, was unlatched.

It was strange enough, the nearer I drew towards the eventful moment of my fate, the more resolute and com-

posed my heart became. It is possible, thought I, that in a fit of passion he will send a ball through me, as the officer said. Be it so—the matter is the sooner ended. If, however, he will condescend to listen to my explanation, I may be able to assert my innocence, at least so far as intention went. With this comforting conclusion, I descended at the stable door. Two dragoons in undress were smoking, as they lay at full length upon a bench, and speedily arose as I came up.

"Tell the colonel he's come, Jacques," said one, in a loud voice, and the other retired; while the speaker, turning towards me, took the bridle from my hand, and led the animal in, without vouchsafing a word to me.

"An active beast that," said I, affecting the easiest and coolest indifference. The soldier gave me a look of undisguised amazement, and I continued—

"He has had a bad hand on him, I should say—some one too flurried and too fidgety to give confidence to a hot-tempered horse."

Another stare was all the reply.

"In a little time, and with a little patience, I'd make him as gentle as a lamb."

"I am afraid you'll not have the opportunity," replied he, significantly; "but the colonel, I see, is waiting for you, and you can discuss the matter together."

The other dragoon had just then returned, and made me a sign to follow him. A few paces brought us to the door of a small pavilion, at which a sentry stood, and having motioned to me to pass in, my guide left me. An orderly sergeant at the same instant appeared, and beckoning to me to advance, he drew aside a curtain, and pushing me forward, let the heavy folds close behind me; and now I found myself in a richly-furnished chamber, at the farther end of which an officer was at supper with a young and handsome woman. The profusion of wax lights on the table—the glitter of plate, and glass, and porcelain—the richness of the lady's dress, which seemed like the costume of a ball—were all objects distracting enough, but they could not turn me from the thought of my own condition; and I stood still and motionless, while the officer, a man of about fifty, with dark and stern features, deliberately scanned me from

head to foot. Not a word did he speak, not a gesture did he make, but sat, with his black eyes actually piercing me. I would have given anything for some outbreak of anger, some burst of passion, that would have put an end to this horrible suspense, but none came; and there he remained several minutes, as if contemplating something too new and strange for utterance. "This must have an end," thought I—"here goes;" and so, with my hand in salute, I drew myself full up, and said—

"I carried your orders, sir, and received for answer that Major Roquelard had taken the north road advisedly, as that by Beaumont was cut up by the artillery trains; that he would cross over to the Metz *Chaussée* as soon as possible; that he thanked you for the kindness of your warning, and regretted that the rules of active service precluded his despatching an escort of arrest along with me, for the manner in which I had ridden with the order."

"Anything more?" asked the colonel, in a voice that sounded thick and guttural with passion.

"Nothing more, sir."

"No further remark or observation?"

"None, sir—at least from the major."

"What then—from any other?"

"A captain, sir, whose name I do not know, did say something."

"What was it?"

"I forget the precise words, sir, but their purport was, that Colonel Mahon would certainly shoot me when I got back."

"And you replied?"

"I don't believe I made any reply at the time, sir."

"But you thought, sir—what were your thoughts?"

"I thought it very like what I'd have done myself in a like case, although certain to be sorry for it afterwards."

Whether the emotion had been one for some time previously restrained, or that my last words had provoked it suddenly, I cannot tell, but the lady here burst out into a fit of laughter, but which was as suddenly checked by some sharp observation of the colonel, whose stern features grew sterner and darker every moment.

"There we differ, sir," said he, "for I should not. At the same instant he pushed his plate away, to make

room on the table for a small portfolio, opening which he prepared to write.

"You will bring this paper," continued he, "to the 'Prevot Marshal.' Tomorrow morning you shall be tried by a regimental court-martial, and as your sentence may probably be the galleys and hard labour——"

"I'll save them the trouble," said I, quietly drawing my sword; but scarcely was it clear of the scabbard when a shriek broke from the lady, who possibly knew not the object of my act; at the same instant the colonel bounded across the chamber, and striking me a severe blow upon the arm, dashed the weapon from my hand to the ground.

"You want the 'fusillade'—is that what you want?" cried he, as, in a towering fit of passion, he dragged me forward to the light. I was now standing close to the table; the lady raised her eyes towards me, and at once broke out into a burst of laughter; such hearty, merry laughter, that, even with the fear of death before me, I could almost have joined in it.

"What is it—what do you mean, Laure?" cried the colonel angrily.

"Don't you see it?" said she, still holding her kerchief to her face—"can't you perceive it yourself? He has only one moustache!"

I turned hastily towards the mirror beside me, and there was the fatal fact revealed—one gallant curl disported proudly over the left cheek, while the other was left bare.

"Is the fellow mad—a mountebank?" said the colonel, whose anger was now at its white heat.

"Neither, sir," said I, tearing off my remaining moustache, in shame and passion together. "Among my other misfortunes I have that of being young; and what's worse, I was ashamed of it; but I begin to see my error, and know that a man may be old without gaining either in dignity or temper."

With a stroke of his closed fist upon the table, the colonel made every glass and decanter spring from their places, while he uttered an oath that was only current in the days of that army. "This is beyond belief," cried he. "Come, gredin, you have at least had one piece of good fortune: you've fallen precisely into the hands of one who can deal with you. Your regiment?"

"The Ninth Hussars."

"Your name?"

"Tiernay."

"Tiernay; that's not a French name?"

"Not originally; we were Irish once."

"Irish," said he, in a different tone from what he had hitherto used. Any relative of a certain Comte Maurice de Tiernay, who once served in the Royal Guard?"

"His son, sir."

"What—his son! Ar't certain of this, lad? You remember your mother's name then—what was it?"

"I never knew which was my mother," said I. "Mademoiselle de la Lasterie or——"

He did not suffer me to finish, but throwing his arms around my neck, pressed me to his bosom.

"You are little Maurice, then," said he, "the son of my old and valued comrade! Only think of it, Laure—I was that boy's godfather."

Here was a sudden change in my fortunes; nor was it without a great effort that I could credit the reality of it, as I saw myself seated between the colonel and his fair companion, both of whom overwhelmed me with attention. It turned out that Colonel Mahon had been a fellow-guardsman with my father, for whom he had ever preserved the warmest attachment. One of the few survivors of the "Garde du Corps," he had taken service with the Republic, and was already reputed as one of the most distinguished cavalry officers.

"Strange enough, Maurice," said he to me, "there was something in your look and manner, as you spoke to me there, that recalled your poor father to my memory; and without knowing or suspecting why, I suffered you to bandy words with me, while at another moment I would have ordered you to be ironed and sent to prison."

Of my mother, of whom I wished much to learn something, he would not speak, but adroitly changed the conversation to the subject of my own adventures, and these he made me recount from the beginning. If the lady enjoyed all the absurdities of my chequered fortune with a keen sense of the ridiculous, the colonel apparently could trace in them but so many resemblances to my father's character, and constantly broke out into exclamations of "How like him!" "Just what he would have done

himself!" "His own very words!" and so on.

It was only in a pause of the conversation, as the clock on the mantle-piece struck eleven, that I was aware of the lateness of the hour, and remembered that I should be on the punishment-roll the next morning for absence from quarters.

"Never fret about that, Maurice, I'll return your name as on a special service; and to have the benefit of truth on our side, you shall be named one of my orderlies, with the grade of corporal."

"Why not make him a sous-lieutenant?" said the lady, in a half whisper. "I'm sure he is better worth his epaulettes than any I have seen on your staff."

"Nay, nay," muttered the colonel, "the rules of the service forbid it. He'll win his spurs time enough, or I'm much mistaken."

While I thanked my new and kind patron for his goodness, I could not help saying, that my heart was eagerly set upon the prospect of actual service; and that proud as I should be of his protection, I would rather merit it by my conduct, than owe my advancement to favour.

"Which simply means that you are tired of Nancy, and riding drill, and want to see how men comport themselves where the manoeuvres are not arranged beforehand. Well, so far you are right, boy. I shall, in all likelihood, be stationed here for three or four months, during which you may have advanced a stage or so towards those epaulettes my fair friend desires to see upon your shoulders. You shall, therefore, be sent forward to your own corps. I'll write to the colonel to confirm the rank of corporal; the regiment is at present on the Moselle; and, if I mistake not, will soon be actively employed. Come to me to-morrow before noon, and be prepared to march with the first detachments that are sent forward."

A cordial shake of the hand followed these words; and the lady having also vouchsafed me an equal token of her good will, I took my leave, the happiest fellow that ever betook himself to quarters after hours, and as indifferent to the penalties annexed to the breach of discipline as if the whole code of martial law were a mere fable.

CHAPTER X.

AN ARISTOCRATIC REPUBLICAN.

If the worthy reader would wish to fancy the happiest of all youthful beings, let him imagine what I must have been, as, mounted upon Aleppo, a present from my godfather, with a purse of six shining Louis in my pocket, and a letter to my colonel, I set forth for Metz. I had breakfasted with Colonel Mahon, who, amid much good advice for my future guidance, gave me, half slyly, to understand that the days of Jacobinism had almost run their course, and that a reactionary movement had already set in. The Republic, he added, was as strong, perhaps stronger than ever, but that men had grown weary of mob tyranny, and were, day by day, reverting to the old loyalty, in respect for whatever pretended to culture, good breeding, and superior intelligence. "As in a shipwreck, the crew instinctively turn for counsel and direction to the officers, you will see that France will, notwithstanding all the libertinism of our age, place her confidence in the men who have been the tried and worthy servants of former governments. So far, then, from suffering on account of your gentle blood, Maurice, the time is not distant when it will do you good service; and when every association that links you with family and fortune will be deemed an additional guarantee of your good conduct. I mention these things," continued he, "because your colonel is what they call a 'Grosbleu,' that is, a coarse-minded, inveterate republican, detesting aristocracy and all that belongs to it. Take care, therefore, to give him no just cause for discontent, but be just as steady in maintaining your position as the descendant of a noble house, who has not forgotten what were once the privileges of his rank. Write to me frequently and freely, and I'll take care that you want for nothing, so far as my small means go, to sustain whatever grade you occupy. Your own conduct shall decide whether I ever desire to have any other inheritor than the son of my oldest friend in the world."

Such were his last words to me, as I set forth, in company with a large party, consisting, for the most part, of under officers and employés attached

to the medical staff of the army. It was a very joyous and merry fraternity, and, consisting of ingredients drawn from different pursuits and arms of the service, infinitely amusing from contrast of character and habits. My chief associate amongst them was a young sous-lieutenant of dragoons, whose age, scarcely much above my own, joined to a joyous, reckless temperament, soon pointed him out as the character to suit me: his name was Eugene Santron. In appearance he was slightly formed, and somewhat under-sized, but with handsome features, their animation rendered sparkling by two of the wickedest black eyes that ever glistened and glittered in a human head. I soon saw that, under the mask of affected fraternity and equality, he nourished the most profound contempt for the greater number of associates, who, in truth, were, however "braves gens," the very roughest and least-polished specimens of the polite nation. In all his intercourse with them, Eugene affected the easiest tone of camaraderé and equality, never assuming in the slightest, nor making any pretensions to the least superiority on the score of position or acquirements, but on the whole consoling himself, as it were, by "playing them off" in their several eccentricities, and rendering every trait of their vulgarity and ignorance tributary to his own amusement. Partly from seeing that he made me an exception to this practice, and partly from his perceiving the amusement it afforded me, we drew closer towards each other, and before many days elapsed, had become sworn friends.

There is probably no feature of character so very attractive to a young man as frankness. The most artful of all flatteries is that which addresses itself by candour, and seems at once to select, as it were, by intuition, the object most suited for a confidence. Santron carried me by a *coup de main* of this kind, as taking my arm one evening, as I was strolling along the banks of the Moselle, he said—

"My dear Maurice, it's very easy to see that the society of our excellent friends yonder is just as distasteful to you as to me. One cannot always be

satisfied laughing at their solecisms in breeding and propriety. One grows weary at last of ridiculing their thousand absurdities: and then there comes the terrible retribution in the reflection of what the devil brought me into such company? a question that, however easily answered, grows more and more intolerable the oftener it is asked. To be sure, in my case there was little choice in the matter, for I was not in any way the arbiter of my own fortune. I saw myself converted from a royal page to a printer's devil by a kind old fellow, who saved my life by smearing my face with ink, and covering my scarlet uniform with a filthy blouse; and since that day I have taken the hint, and often found the lesson a good one—the dirtier the safer!

"We were of the old nobility of France, but as the name of our family was the cause of its extinction, I took care to change it. I see you don't clearly comprehend me, and so I'll explain myself better. My father lived unmolested during the earlier days of the revolution, and might so have continued to the end, if a detachment of the Garde Republicaine had not been despatched to our neighbourhood of Sarre Louis, where it was supposed some lurking regard for royalty yet lingered. These fellows neither knew nor cared for the ancient noblesse of the country, and one evening a patrol of them stopped my father as he was taking his evening walk along the ramparts. He would scarcely deign to notice the insolent '*Qui va la!*' of the sentry, a summons *he* at least thought superfluous in a town which had known his ancestry for eight or nine generations. At the repetition of the cry, accompanied by something that sounded ominous, in the sharp click of a gun-lock, he replied haughtily, '*Je suis le Marquis de Saint-Trone.*'"

"There are no more Marquises in France!" was the savage answer.

"My father smiled contemptuously, and briefly said, '*Saint-Trone.*'"

"We have no Saints either," cried another.

"Be it so, my friend," said he, with mingled pity and disgust. "I suppose some designation may at least be left to me, and that I may call myself Trone."

"We are done with thrones long ago," shouted they in chorus, "and we'll finish you also."

"Aye, and they kept their word too. They shot him that same evening, on very little other charge than his own name! If I have retained the old sound of my name, I have given it a more plebeian spelling, which is, perhaps, just as much of an alteration as any man need submit to for a period that will pass away so soon."

"How so, Eugene? you fancy the republic will not endure in France. What, then, can replace it?"

"Anything, everything; for the future all is possible. We have annihilated legitimacy, it is true, just as the Indians destroy a forest, by burning the trees, but the roots remain, and if the soil is incapable of sending up the giant stems as before, it is equally unable to furnish a new and different culture. Monarchy is just as firmly rooted in a Frenchman's heart, but he will have neither patience for its tedious growth, nor can he submit to restore what has cost him so dearly to destroy. The consequences will, therefore, be a long and continued struggle between parties, each imposing upon the nation the form of government that pleases it in turn. Meanwhile you and I, and others like us, must serve whatever is uppermost—the cleverest fellow he who sees the coming change, and prepares to take advantage of it."

"Then are you a royalist?" asked I.

"A royalist! what! stand by a monarch who deserted his aristocracy, and forgot his own order; defend a throne that he had reduced to the condition of a *fauteuil de Bourgeois*?"

"You are then for the Republic?"

"For what robbed me of my inheritance—what degraded me from my rank, and reduced me to a state below that of my own vassals! Is this a cause to uphold?"

"You are satisfied with military glory, perhaps," said I, scarcely knowing what form of faith to attribute to him.

"In an army where my superiors are the very dregs of the people; where the *canaille* have the command, and the chivalry of France is represented by a *sans-culotte*!"

"The cause of the Church——"

A burst of ribald laughter cut me short, and laying his hand on my shoulder he looked me full in the face; while with a struggle to recover his gravity, he said—

"I hope, my dear Maurice, you are

not serious, and that you do not mean this for earnest! Why, my dear boy, don't you talk of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Delphic Oracle, of Alchemy, Astrology—of anything, in short, of which the world, having amused itself, has, at length, grown weary? Can't you see that the Church has passed away, and these good priests have gone the same road as their predecessors. Is any acuteness wanting to show that there is an end of this superstition that has enthralled men's minds for a couple of thousand years? No, no, their game is up, and for ever. These pious men, who despised this world, and yet had no other hold upon the minds of others than by the very craft and subtlety that world taught them. These heavenly souls, whose whole machinations revolved about earthly objects and the successes of this grovelling planet! Fight for *them*! No, *parbleu*; we owe them but little love or affection. Their whole aim in life has been to disgust one with whatever is enjoyable, and the best boon they have conferred upon humanity, that bright thought, of locking up the softest eyes and fairest cheeks of France in cloisters and nunneries! I can forgive our glorious revolution much of its wrong when I think of the Pretre; not but that they could have knocked down the Church without suffering the ruins to crush the Chateau!"

Such, in brief, were the opinions my companion held, and of which I was accustomed to hear specimens every day; at first, with displeasure and repugnance; later on, with more of toleration; and, at last, with a sense of amusement at the singularity of the notions, or the dexterity with which he defended them. The poison of his doctrines were the more insidious, because, mingled with a certain dash of good nature, and a reckless, careless easiness of disposition, always attractive to very young men. His reputation for courage, of which he had given signal proofs, elevated him in my esteem; and, ere long, all my misgivings about him, in regard of certain blemishes, gave way before my admiration of his heroic bearing and a readiness to confront peril, wherever to be found.

I had made him the confidant of my own history, of which I told him everything, save the passages which related to the Père Michel. These I either

entirely glossed over, or touched so lightly as to render unimportant; a dread of ridicule restraining me from any mention of those earlier scenes of my life, which were alone of all those I should have avowed with pride. Perhaps it was from mere accident—perhaps some secret shame to conceal my forlorn and destitute condition may have had its share in the motive; but, for some cause or other, I gave him to understand that my acquaintance with Colonel Mahon had dated back to a much earlier period than a few days before, and, the impression once made, a sense of false shame, led me to support it.

"Mahon can be a good friend to you," said Eugene; "he stands well with all parties. The Convention trust him, the sansculottes are afraid of him, and the few men of family whom the guillotine has left look up to him as one of their staunchest adherents. Depend upon it, therefore, your promotion is safe enough, even if there were not a field open for every man who seeks the path to eminence. The great point, however, is to get service with the army of Italy. These campaigns here are as barren and profitless as the soil they are fought over; but, in the south, Maurice, in the land of dark eyes and tresses, under the blue skies, or beneath the trelliced vines, there are rewards of victory more glorious than a grateful country, as they call it, ever bestowed. Never forget, my boy, that you or I have no Cause! It is to us a matter of indifference what party triumphs, or who is uppermost. The government may change to-morrow, and the day after, and so on for a month long, and yet we remain just as we were. Monarchy, Commonwealth, Democracy—what you will—may rule the hour, but the sous-lieutenant is but the servant who changes his master. Now, in revenge for all this, we have one compensation—which is, to "live for the day." To make the most of that brief hour of sunshine granted us, and to taste of every pleasure—to mingle in every dissipation—and enjoy every excitement that we can. This is my philosophy, Maurice, and just try it."

Such was the companion with whom chance threw me in contact, and I grieve to think how rapidly his influence gained the mastery over me.

CHAPTER XI.

‘THE PASSAGE OF THE RHINE.’

I PARTED from my friend Eugene at Treves, where he remained in garrison, while I was sent forward to Coblenz to join my regiment, at that time forming part of Ney's division.

Were I to adhere in my narrative to the broad current of great events, I should here have to speak of that grand scheme of tactics by which Kleber, advancing from the Lower Rhine, engaged the attention of the Austrian Grand Duke, in order to give time and opportunity for Hoche's passage of the river at Strasbourg, and the commencement of that campaign which had for its object the subjugation of Germany. I have not, however, the pretension to chronicle those passages which history has for ever made memorable, even were my own share in them of a more distinguished character. The insignificance of my station must, therefore, be my apology if I turn from the description of great and eventful incidents to the humble narrative of my own career.

Whatever the contents of Colonel Mahon's letter, they did not plead very favorably for me with Colonel Hacque, my new commanding officer; neither, to all seeming, did my own appearance weigh anything in my favour. Raising his eyes at intervals from the letter to stare at me, he uttered some broken phrases of discontent and displeasure; at last he said—“What's the object of this letter, sir; to what end have you presented it to me?”

“As I am ignorant of its contents, mon Colonel,” said I, calmly, “I can scarcely answer the question.”

“Well, sir, it informs me that you are the son of a certain Count Tiernay, who has long since paid the price of his nobility; and that being an especial protégé of the writer, he takes occasion to present you to me; now I ask again, with what object?”

“I presume, sir, to obtain for me the honour which I now enjoy—to become personally known to you.”

“I know every soldier under my command, sir,” said he, rebukingly, “as you will soon learn if you remain in my regiment. I have no need of recommendatory letters on that score. As to your grade of corporal, it is not

confirmed; time enough when your services shall have shown that you deserve promotion. Parbleu, sir, you'll have to show other claims than your *ci-devant* countship.”

“Colonel Mahon gave me a horse, sir, may I be permitted to retain him as a regimental mount?” asked I, timidly.

“We want horses—what is he like?”

“Three quarters Arab, and splendid in action, sir.”

“Then of course, unfit for service and field manœuvres. Send him to the Etat Major. The Republic will find a fitting mount for *you*; you may retire.”

And I did retire, with a heart almost bursting between anger and disappointment. What a future did this opening present to me! What a realisation this of all my flattering hopes!

THE sudden reverse of fortune, for it was nothing less, did not render me more disposed to make the best of my new condition, nor see in the most pleasing light the rough and rude fraternity among which I was thrown. The Ninth Hussars were reputed to be an excellent service-corps, but, off duty, contained some of the worst ingredients of the army. Play, and its consequence Duelling, filled up every hour not devoted to regimental duty; and low as the tone of manners and morals stood in the service generally, “Hacque's Tapageurs,” as they were called, enjoyed the unflattering distinction of being the leaders. Self-respect was a quality utterly unknown amongst them—none felt ashamed at the disgrace of punishment—and as all knew that, at the approach of the enemy, prison-doors would open, and handcuffs fall off, they affected to think the Salle de Police was a pleasant alternative to the fatigue and worry of duty. These habits not only stripped soldiering of all its chivalry, but robbed freedom itself of all its nobility. These men saw nothing but licentiousness in their newly-won liberty. Their “Equality” was the permission to bring everything down to a base and unworthy standard; their “Fraternity,” the appropriation of what belonged to one richer than themselves.

It would give me little pleasure to recount, and the reader, in all likelihood, as little to hear, the details of my life among such associates. They are the passages of my history most painful to recall, and least worthy of being remembered; nor can I even yet write without shame the confession, how rapidly *their* habits became *my own*. Eugene's teachings had prepared me, in a manner, for their lessons. His scepticism extending to everything and every one, had made me distrustful of all friendship, and suspicious of whatever appeared a kindness. Vulgar association, and daily intimacy with coarsely-minded men, soon finished what he had begun; and in less time than it took me to break my troop-horse to regimental drill, I had been myself "broke in" to every vice and abandoned habit of my companions.

It was not in my nature to do things by halves; and thus I became, and in a brief space too, the most inveterate Tapageur of the whole regiment. There was not a wild prank or plot in which I was not foremost, not a breach of discipline unaccompanied by my name or presence, and more than half the time of our march to meet the enemy, I passed in double irons under the guard of the Provost-marshal.

It was at this pleasant stage of my education that our brigade arrived at Strasbourg, as part of the corps d'armée under the command of General Moreau.

He had just succeeded to the command on the dismissal of Pichegru, and found the army not only dispirited by the defeats of the past campaign, but in a state of rudest indiscipline and disorganization. If left to himself, he would have trusted much to time and circumstances for the reform of abuses that had been the growth of many months long. But Regnier, the second in command, was made of "different stuff;" he was a harsh and stern disciplinarian, who rarely forgave a first, never a second offence, and who deeming the *Salle de Police* as an incumbrance to an army on service, which, besides, required a guard of picked men, that might be better employed elsewhere, usually gave the preference to the shorter sentence of "four paces and a fusillade." Nor was he particular in the classification of those crimes he thus expiated: from the most trivial excess to the wildest scheme of insubordination, all came under the one category.

More than once, as we drew near to Strasbourg, I heard the project of a mutiny discussed, day after day. Some one or other would denounce the "scelerat Regnier," and proclaim his readiness to be the executioner; but the closer we drew to head-quarters, the more hushed and subdued became these mutterings, till at last they ceased altogether; and a dark and foreboding dread succeeded to all our late boastings and denunciations.

This at first surprised and then utterly disgusted me with my companions. Brave as they were before the enemy, had they no courage for their own countrymen? Was all their valour the offspring of security, or could they only be rebellious when the penalty had no terrors for them? Alas! I was very young, and did not then know that men are never strong against the right, and that a bad cause is always a weak one.

It was about the middle of June when we reached Strasbourg, where now about forty thousand troops were assembled. I shall not readily forget the mingled astonishment and disappointment our appearance excited as the regiment entered the town. The Tapageurs, so celebrated for all their terrible excesses and insubordination, were seen to be a fine corps of soldier-like fellows, their horses in high condition, their equipments and arms in the very best order. Neither did our conduct at all tally with the reputation that preceded us. All was orderly and regular in the several billets; the parade was particularly observed; not a man late at the night muster. What was the cause of this sudden and remarkable change? Some said that we were marching against the enemy; but the real explanation lay in the few words of a general order read to us by our colonel the day before we entered the city:—

"The 9th Hussars have obtained the unworthy reputation of being an ill-disciplined and ill-conducted regiment, relying upon their soldierlike qualities in face of the enemy to cover the disgrace of their misconduct in quarters. This is a mistake that must be corrected. All Frenchmen are brave; none can arrogate to themselves any prerogative of valour. If any wish to establish such a belief, a campaign can always attest it. If any profess to think so without such proof, and acting

in conformity with this impression, disobey their orders or infringe regimental discipline, I will have them shot.

“REGNIER,

“*Adjutant-général.*”

This was, at least, a very straightforward and intelligible announcement, and as such my comrades generally acknowledged it. I, however, regarded it as a piece of monstrous and intolerable tyranny, and sought to make converts to my opinion by declaiming about the rights of Frenchmen, the liberty of free discussion, the glorious privilege of equality, and so on; but these arguments sounded faint in presence of the drum-head; and while some slunk away from the circle around me, others significantly hinted that they would accept no part of the danger my doctrines might originate.

However I might have respected my comrades, had they been always the well-disciplined body I now saw them, I confess that this sudden conversion from fear was in nowise to my taste, and rashly confounded their dread of punishment with a base and ignoble fear of death. “And these are the men,” thought I, “who talk of their charging home through the dense squares of Austria—who have hunted the leopard into the sea! and have carried the flag of France over the high Alps!”

A bold rebel, whatever may be the cause against which he revolts, will always be sure of a certain ascendancy. Men are prone to attribute power to pretension, and he who stands foremost in the breach will at least win the suffrages of those whose cause he assumes to defend. In this way it happened that exactly as my comrades fell in my esteem, I was elevated in theirs; and while I took a very depreciating estimate of their courage, they conceived a very exalted opinion of mine.

It was altogether inexplicable to see these men, many of them the bronzed veterans of a dozen campaigns—the wounded and distinguished soldiers in many a hard-fought field, yielding up their opinions and sacrificing their convictions to a raw and untried stripling, who had never yet seen an enemy.

With a certain fluency of speech I possessed also a readiness at picking up information, and arraying the scattered fragments of news into a certain consistence, which greatly imposed upon my comrades. A quick eye for

manœuvres, and a shrewd habit of combining in my own mind the various facts that came before me, made me appear to them a perfect authority on military matters, of which I talked, I shame to say, with all the confidence and presumption of an accomplished general. A few lucky guesses, and a few half-hints, accidentally confirmed, completed all that was wanting; and what says “*Le Jeune Maurice*,” was the inevitable question that followed each piece of flying gossip, or every rumour that rose of a projected movement.

I have seen a good deal of the world since that time, and I am bound to confess, that not a few of the great reputations I have witnessed have stood upon grounds very similar, and not a whit more stable than my own. A bold face, a ready tongue, a promptness to support, with my right hand, whatever my lips were pledged to, and, above all, good luck, made me the king of my company; and although that sovereignty only extended to half a squadron of hussars, it was a whole universe to me.

So stood matters when, on the 23rd of June, orders came for the whole *corps d'armée* to hold itself in readiness for a forward movement. Rations for two days were distributed, and ammunition given out, as if for an attack of some duration. Meanwhile to obviate any suspicion of our intentions, the gates of Strasbourg, on the eastern side, were closed—all egress in that direction forbidden—and couriers and *estafettes* sent off towards the north, as if to provide for the march of our force in that direction. The arrival of various orderly dragoons during the previous night, and on that morning early, told of a great attack in force on Mannheim, about sixty miles lower down the Rhine, and the cannonade of which some avowed that they could hear at that distance. The rumour, therefore, seemed confirmed, that we were ordered to move to the north, to support this assault.

The secret despatch of a few dismounted dragoons and some rifle-men to the banks of the Rhine, however, did not strike me as according with this view, and particularly as I saw that, although all were equipped, and in readiness to move, the order to march was not given, a delay very unlikely to be incurred, if we were destined to act

as the reserve of the force already engaged.

Directly opposite to us, on the right bank of the river, and separated from it by a low flat, of about two miles in extent, stood the fortress of Kehl, at that time garrisoned by a strong Austrian force; the banks of the river, and the wooded islands in the stream, which communicated with the right by bridges, or fordable passes, being also held by the enemy in force.

These we had often seen, by the aid of telescopes, from the towers and spires of Strasbourg; and now I remarked that the general and his staff seemed more than usually intent on observing their movements. This fact, coupled with the not less significant one, that no preparations for a defence of Strasbourg were in progress, convinced me that, instead of moving down the Rhine to the attack on Mannheim, the plan of our general was, to cross the river where we were, and make a dash at the fortress of Kehl. I was soon to receive the confirmation of my suspicion, as the orders came for two squadrons of the 9th to proceed, dismounted, to the bank of the Rhine, and, under shelter of the willows, to conceal themselves there. Taking possession of the various skiffs and fishing boats along the bank, we were distributed in small parties, to one of which, consisting of eight men under the orders of a corporal, I belonged.

About an hour's march brought us to the river side, in a little clump of alder willows, where, moored to a stake, lay a fishing boat with two short oars in her. Lying down beneath the shade, for the afternoon was hot and sultry, some of us smoked, some chatted, and a few dozed away the hours that somehow seemed unusually slow in passing.

There was a certain dogged sullenness about my companions, which proceeded from their belief, that we and all who remained at Strasbourg, were merely left to occupy the enemy's attention, while greater operations were to be carried on elsewhere.

"You see what it is to be a condemned corps," muttered one; "it's little matter what befalls the old 9th, even should they be cut to pieces."

"They didn't think so at Enghien," said another, "when we rode down the Austrian cuirassiers."

"Plain enough," cried a third, "we are to have skirmishers' duty here,

without skirmishers' fortune in having a force to fall back upon."

"Eh! Maurice, is not this very like what you predicted for us?" broke in a fourth ironically.

"I'm of the same mind still," rejoined I coolly, "the General is not thinking of a retreat; he has no intention of deserting a well-garrisoned, well-provisioned fortress. Let the attack on Mannheim have what success it may, Strasbourg will be held still. I overheard Colonel Gnyon remark, that the waters of the Rhine have fallen three feet since the drought set in, and Regnier replied 'that we must lose no time, for there will come rain and floods ere long.' Now what could that mean, but the intention to cross over yonder?"

"Cross the Rhine in face of the fort of Kehl!" broke in the corporal.

"The French army have done bolder things before now!" was my reply, and, whatever the opinion of my comrades, the flattery ranged them on *my* side. Perhaps the corporal felt it beneath his dignity to discuss tactics with an inferior, or perhaps he felt unable to refute the specious pretensions I advanced; in any case he turned away, and either slept, or affected sleep, while I strenuously laboured to convince my companions that my surmise was correct.

I repeated all my former arguments about the decrease in the Rhine, showing that the river was scarcely two-thirds of its habitual breadth, that the nights were now dark, and well suited for a surprise, that the columns which issued from the town took their departure with a pomp and parade far more likely to attract the enemy's attention than escape his notice, and were, therefore, the more likely to be destined for some secret expedition, of which all this display was but the blind. These, and similar facts, I grouped together with a certain ingenuity, which, if it failed to convince, at least silenced my opponents. And now the brief twilight, if so short a struggle between day and darkness deserved the name, passed off, and night suddenly closed around us—a night black and starless, for a heavy mass of lowering cloud seemed to unite with the dense vapour that arose from the river, and the low-lying grounds along side of it. The air was hot and sultry, too, like the precursor of a thunder storm, and the rush of

the stream as it washed among the willows, sounded preternaturally loud in the stillness.

A hazy, indistinct flame, the watch-fire of the enemy, on the island of Es-lar, was the only object visible in the murky darkness. After a while, however, we could detect another fire on a smaller island, a short distance higher up the stream. This, at first dim and uncertain, blazed up after a while, and at length we descried the dark shadows of men as they stood around it.

It was but the day before that I had been looking on a map of the Rhine, and remarked to myself that this small island, little more than a mere rock in the stream, was so situated as to command the bridge between Es-lar and the German bank, and I could not help wondering that the Austrians had never taken the precaution to strengthen it, or at least place a gun there, to enfilade the bridge. Now, to my extreme astonishment, I saw it occupied by the soldiery, who, doubtless, were artillery, as in such a position small arm would prove of slight efficiency. As I reflected over this, wondering within myself if any intimation of our movements could have reached the enemy, I heard along the ground on which I was lying the peculiar tremulous, dull sound communicated by a large body of men marching. The measured tramp could not be mistaken, and as I listened I could perceive that a force was moving towards the river from different quarters. The rambling roll of heavy guns and the clattering noise of cavalry were also easily distinguished, and awaking one of my comrades I called his attention to the sounds.

"Parbleu!" said he, "thou'rt right; they're going to make a dash at the fortress, and there will be hot work ere morning. What say you now, corporal, has Maurice hit it off this time?"

"That's as it may be," growled the other sulkily; "guessing is easy work ever for such as thee! but if he be so clever, let him tell us why are we stationed along the river's bank in small detachments. We have had no orders to observe the enemy, nor to report upon anything that might go forward; nor do I see with what object we were to secure the fishing boats; troops could never be conveyed across the Rhine in skiffs like these!"

"I think that this order was given to prevent any of the fishermen giving

information to the enemy in case of a sudden attack," replied I.

"Mayhap thou wert at the council of war when the plan was decided on," said he, contemptuously. "For a fellow that never saw the smoke of an enemy's gun thou hast a rare audacity in talking of war!"

"Yonder is the best answer to your taunt," said I, as in a little bend of the stream beside us, two boats were seen to pull under the shelter of the tall alders, from which the clank of arms could be plainly heard; and now another larger launch swept past, the dark shadows of a dense crowd of men showing above the gunwale.

"They are embarking, they are certainly embarking," now ran from mouth to mouth. As the troops arrived at the river's bank they were speedily "told off" in separate divisions, of which some were to lead the attack, others to follow, and a third portion to remain as a reserve in the event of a repulse.

The leading boat was manned entirely by volunteers, and I could hear from where I lay the names called aloud as the men stepped out from the ranks. I could hear that the first point of attack was the island of Es-lar. So far there was a confirmation of my own guessing, and I did not hesitate to assume the full credit of my skill from my comrades. In truth, they willingly conceded all or even more than I asked for. Not a stir was heard, not a sight seen, not a movement made of which I was not expected to tell the cause and the import; and knowing that to sustain my influence there was nothing for it but to affect a thorough acquaintance with everything, I answered all their questions boldly and unhesitatingly. I need scarcely observe that the corporal in comparison sunk into downright insignificance. He had already shown himself a false guide, and none asked his opinion further, and I became the ruling genius of the hour. The embarkation now went briskly forward, several light field guns were placed in the boats, and two or three large rafts, capable of containing two companies each, were prepared to be towed across by boats.

Exactly as the heavy hammer of the cathedral struck one, the first boat emerged from the willows, and darting rapidly forward, headed for the middle of the stream; another and another in quick succession followed, and speedily

were lost to us in the gloom ; and now, two four-oared skiffs stood out together, having a raft, with two guns, in tow ; by some mischance, however, they got entangled in a side current, and the raft swerving to one side, swept past the boats, carrying them down the stream along with it. Our attention was not suffered to dwell on this mishap, for at the same moment the flash and rattle of fire-arms told us the battle had begun. Two or three isolated shots were first heard, and then a sharp platoon fire, accompanied by a wild cheer, that we well knew came from our own fellows. One deep mellow boom of a large gun resounded amidst the crash, and a slight streak of flame, higher up the stream, showed that the shot came from the small island I have already spoken of.

"Listen, lads," said I, "that came from the 'Fels Insel.' If they are firing grape yonder, our poor fellows in the boats will suffer sorely from it. By Jove there is a crash!"

As I was speaking a rattling noise like the sound of clattering timber was heard, and with it a sharp, shrill cry of agony, and all was hushed.

"Let's at them, boys; they can't be much above our own number. The island is a mere rock," cried I to my comrades.

"Who commands this party?" said the corporal, "you or I?"

"You, if you lead us against the enemy," said I; "but I'll take it if my comrades will follow me. There goes another shot, lads—yes or no—now is the time to speak."

"We're ready," cried three, springing forward, with one impulse.

At the instant I jumped into the skiff, the others took their places, and then came a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, and a seventh, leaving the corporal alone on the bank.

"Come along, corporal," cried I, "we'll win your epaulettes for you;" but he turned away without a word; and not waiting farther, I pushed out the skiff, and sent her skimming down the stream.

"Pull steady, boys, and silently," said I; "we must gain the middle of the current, and then drop down the river without the least noise. Once beneath the trees, we'll give them a volley, and then the bayonet. Remember, lads, no flinching; it's as well to

die here as be shot by old Regnier to-morrow."

The conflict on the Eslar island was now, to all seeming, at its height. The roll of musketry was incessant, and sheets of flame, from time to time, streaked the darkness above the river.

"Stronger and together, boys—once more—there it is—we are in the current, now; in with you, men, and look to your carbines—see that the priming is safe; every shot soon will be worth a fusilade. Lie still now, and wait for the word to fire."

The spreading foliage of the nut-trees was rustling over our heads as I spoke, and the sharp skiff, borne on the current, glided smoothly on till her bow struck the rock. With high-beating hearts we clambered up the little cliff; and as we reached the top, beheld immediately beneath us, in a slight dip of the ground, several figures around a gun, which they were busy in adjusting. I looked right and left to see that my little party were all assembled, and without waiting for more, gave the order—fire!

We were within pistol range, and the discharge was a deadly one. The terror, however, was not less complete; for all who escaped death fled from the spot, and dashing through the brushwood, made for the shallow part of the stream, between the island and the right bank.

Our prize was a brass eight-pounder, and an ample supply of ammunition. The gun was pointed towards the middle of the stream, where the current being strongest, the boats would necessarily be delayed; and in all likelihood some of our gallant comrades had already experienced its fatal fire. To wheel it right about, and point it on the Eslar bridge, was the work of a couple of minutes; and while three of our little party kept up a steady fire on the retreating enemy, the others loaded the gun and prepared to fire.

Our distance from the Eslar island and bridge, as well as I could judge from the darkness, might be about two hundred and fifty yards; and as we had the advantage of a slight elevation of ground, our position was admirable.

"Wait patiently, lads," said I, restraining, with difficulty, the burning ardour of my men. "Wait patiently, till the retreat has commenced over the bridge. The work is too hot to last

much longer on the island; to fire upon them there, would be to risk our own men as much as the enemy. See what long flashes of flame break forth among the brushwood; and listen to the cheering now. That was a French cheer!-- and there goes another! Look!-- look, the bridge is darkening already! That was a bugle-call, and they are in full retreat. Now, lads--now!"

As I spoke, the gun exploded, and the instant after we heard the crashing rattle of the timber, as the shot struck the bridge, and splintered the wood-work in all directions.

"The range is perfect, lads," cried I. "Load and fire with all speed."

Another shot, followed by a terrific scream from the bridge, told how the

work was doing. Oh! the savage exultation, the fiendish joy of my heart, as I drank in that cry of agony, and called upon my men to load faster.

Six shots were poured in with tremendous precision and effect, and the seventh tore away one of the main supports of the bridge, and down went the densely crowded column into the Rhine; at the same instant, the guns of our launches opened a destructive fire upon the banks, which soon were swept clean of the enemy.

High up on the stream, and for nearly a mile below also, we could see the boats of our army pulling in for shore; the crossing of the Rhine had been effected, and we now prepared to follow.

LINES BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

GLENGARIFFE.

SCENE after scene, like clouds by loose winds blown,
Fades unremembered. Lost in Hope, Love, Fear,
We see, and we behold not;—eye and ear
Take little note of stream, or tree, or stone.

How calm the trance of changeless beauty here!
Heard in the stillness of this twilight place,
What voices murmur back, with lingering tone,
The dreamy days of youth, that left no trace!

This is a woman's magic—one, whose heart,
Waked by the mighty poets, learned their art,
And made the mystery of song her own;
And henceforth will a deeper interest
Than Nature's silent loveliness, invest
Esk's eagle height, GLENA, GLENGARIFFE lone.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. I

LORD GOUGH.

Quisqve maximus eorumque meritis. The noble subject of this sketch would figure more than he does in the annals of war; but he been more of a scribe, and less of a soldier. Considering the distinguished commands which he held, and how long he has been before the world as the bravest of the brave, the reader would scarcely credit the difficulty which we have found in glean- ing from his friends and relatives, any anecdotes of his early life, or details of his particular services, beyond those to be collected from the most ordinary sources of public intelligence.

Lord Gough is the youngest son of the late gallant Lieut.-Colonel Gough, and Letitia, daughter of Thomas Bunbury, of Limerick, a most worthy and respectable gentleman, who for many years represented the county of Carlow. The first settlement in Ireland of the Gough family took place in 1626, when Francis Gough, whose remains repose in his own Cathedral of St. Mary's, Limerick, was appointed to the bishopric of that diocese.

The father of the present nobleman long commanded the Limerick militia, and was present with them when they did good service upon the landing of the French in Ireland. He died in 1836, beloved and honoured by all who knew him, having had the satisfaction of witnessing the rising renown of his gallant son, whose military achievements, we have very little doubt, gave that son more satisfaction for the joy which they sent to the heart of a venerated parent, than for any delight in the contemplation of them of which he himself was conscious. Nor was he the only son by whom parental pride might be gratified—the present nobleman had two brothers in the army, both of whom were creditably distinguished.

Lord Gough was born at the seat of his father, Woodstown, county of Limerick, on the 3rd November, 1779, and was educated at home, under a private tutor. The military passion had, from boyhood, taken possession of him, and he obtained a commission in his father's regiment, the Limerick militia, at the early age of thirteen. His lieutenantcy followed in a few months after, and he was then transferred as lieutenant, to the 119th Regiment of the line, and must already have proved himself as an active, intelligent, and steady officer, as we find him serving as adjutant of that corps at an unprecedentedly early age. Upon the disbandment of that regiment, he was transferred to the 78th High-landers, which he joined at the Cape of Good Hope, and was present at the surrender of the Dutch fleet in Saldanah Bay.

The second battalion of the 78th Regiment having been reduced, he was transferred to the 67th, his present regiment, and having proceeded with it to the West Indies, was present at the attack upon Porto Rico, the brigand war in St. Lucia, and the taking of Surinam.

And now the time approached when our hero was to enter upon a larger field of action, and the soldier's readiness of British troops to be tested in conflict with the inveterate enemy. Spain was in arms; its wrongs had aroused a spirit of patriotic indignation in the hearts of its tranquil and peace-loving population. Great Britain, her enemy, now its ally, had fanned the flame, and her legions and her resources were lavishly proffered in defence of the national independence of the despotic tyrant, whose warlike aggression had provoked this holy war, imagined when he found our armies in the field, that he had taken the English out of their element; that the sea, not the land, was their appropriate field of action; and that, while he prosecuted more extensive views of aggrandisement upon the Continent, his marshals, who had so frequently seen the chivalry of Europe wither before him, would deem it but a little matter to drive the Leopard into the sea.

Nor need it be denied that hitherto the achievements of this extraordinary soldier had not paled with the Asiatic grandeur of his conceptions.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LIX.

Lord Gough.

"Quisquis maximus quoque minimus." The gallant subject of this sketch would figure more than his due in the annals of war, had he been more of a scribe, and less of a soldier. Considering the distinguished commands which he held, and how long he has been before the world as the bravest of the brave, the reader would surely credit the difficulty which we have found in gleanings from his friends and relatives, any anecdotes of his early life, or details of his particular services, beyond those to be collected from the most ordinary sources of public intelligence.

Lord Gough is the youngest son of the late gallant Lieut.-Colonel Gough, and Emma, daughter of Thomas Danbury, of Limerick, a most worthy and respectable gentleman, who for many years represented the county of Carlow. The first settlement in Ireland of the Gough family took place in 1626, when Francis Gough, whose remains repose in his own Cathedral of St. Mary's, Limerick, was appointed to the bishopric of that diocese.

The father of the present nobleman long commanded the Limerick militia, and was present with them when they did good service upon the landing of the French in Ireland. He died in 1836, beloved and honoured by all who knew him, having had the satisfaction of witnessing the rising renown of his gallant son, whose military achievements, we have very little doubt, gave that son more satisfaction for the joy which they sent to the heart of a venerated parent, than for any delight in the contemplation of them of which he himself was conscious. Nor was he the only son, by whom parental pride might be gratified—the present nobleman had two brothers in the army, both of whom were creditably distinguished.

Lord Gough was born at the seat of his father, Woodstown, county of Limerick, on the 3rd November, 1770, and was educated at home, under a private tutor. The military passion had, from boyhood, taken possession of him, and he obtained a commission in his father's regiment, the Limerick militia, at the early age of thirteen. His lieutenantancy followed in a few months after, and he was then transferred, as lieutenant, to the 119th Regiment of the line, and must already have proved himself as an active, intelligent, and steady officer, as we find him serving as adjutant of that corps at an unprecedentedly early age. Upon the disbandment of that regiment, he was transferred to the 78th Highlanders, where he joined at the Cape of Good Hope, and was present at the surrender of the Dutch fleet in Saldanah Bay.

The second battalion of the 78th Regiment having been reduced, he was transferred to the 95th, his present regiment, and having proceeded with it to the West Indies, was present at the attack upon Porto Rico, the brigand war in St. Lucia, and the taking of Surinam.

And now the time approached when our hero was to enter upon a larger field of action, and the valour and steadiness of British troops to be tested in conflict with the fierce and warlike Spaniards. Spain was in arms; its wrongs had aroused a spirit of resistance in the hearts of its tranquil and peace-loving populations. Great efforts had been made by the enemy, now its ally, had fanned the flames, and her legions and her resources were lavishly profused in defence of the national independence. The despotic tyrant, whose wanton aggression had provoked this holy war, imagined, when he found our armies in the field, that he had taken the English out of their element; that the sea, not the land, was their appropriate field of action; and that, while he prosecuted more extensive views of aggrandisement upon the Continent, his marshals, who had so frequently seen the chivalry of Europe wither before him, would deem it but a little matter to drive the Leopard into the sea.

It will be denied that hitherto the achievements of this extraordinary hero have not kept pace with the Osianic grandeur of his conceptions.

combination which had been formed against him had hitherto failed, and every project upon which he had fixed his heart had proved successful. Upon Spain he had pounced as an eagle upon its prey; and no wonder that he looked upon the interference of England, when she came to the rescue of that devoted country, with a lofty and Titanic scorn, as but provoking for herself the doom from which she would vainly deliver others.

But already he had begun to experience misgivings to which his indurated heart had hitherto been a stranger. The Leopard was not driven into the sea. The battles of Roca, Vimeiro, and Corunna had been fought; and the star of Wellesley had begun to ascend; at first, indeed, with a quiet grandeur, but with such measured and regulated steadiness, as indicated clearly, to competent observers, that it was no meteoric effulgence, which comes suddenly, and as suddenly passes away. Had he read the signs of the times aright, he would have foregone every other object, and concentrated all his powers and all his energies upon the destruction of one who was to give a death-blow to his ambition. But he was intoxicated by success, and would not, or could not, see things in their true light;—until that truth had burst upon him in a voice of the order, announcing, at the same time, his political annihilation.

Napoleon had surrounded himself with warriors, who had won for themselves an European reputation, and regarded him as a tutelary god. Wellesley had just begun to train the soldiers of the British army into fit antagonists of the forces to whom they were opposed; and Gough, arrived at man's estate, and already a seasoned soldier, was then before Oporto, in the temporary command of the regiment, the 87th, taking an active part in the brilliant operations by which Scott was dislodged from that important place, and Portugal delivered from the enemy.

The next scene of action was Talavera, where he was severely wounded, and had a horse shot under him. On this occasion the mettle of our troops was severely tried, and they learned to feel a confidence both in themselves and their commander which was the best prelude of future victory. So much did Major Gough, who was wounded, and had a horse shot under him, distinguish himself, that he was recommended for a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy on the field. Before this distinction was conferred, it was doubly earned.

At Barossa his regiment, in which he still held the rank of major, was greatly distinguished. Here, not only were our troops, under Graham, greatly outnumbered by the French, under Victor, but they were hastily drawn up for action, while yet in a state of disorder after a harassing march through a wood, and left alone to contend against overwhelming numbers; the Spaniards having abandoned the heights, which were deemed the key of the position, and which an hesitation of one moment on the part of General Graham would have placed in the hands of the enemy. But he did not hesitate. He instantly anticipated the consequences of attempting a retreat in the face of such a foe, which would have led to the destruction of the whole allied army in that part of Spain.

The 87th, as constituted at that time, had scarcely been regimented at all. They consisted of volunteer drafts from various militia regiments; and had so recently come together, that many of them still wore the uniform of their former corps, and were quite unacquainted with active service in the presence of an enemy. As fast, after their harassing march and countermarch, as they could be extricated from the wood, they were drawn up in line upon the slope of the hill. A dense French column was coming in great force against them; their men were dropping fast; and when Major Gough looked along the line, he saw symptoms of wavering, which, for a moment, made him a little anxious. "Steady, my men," he said, as he rode in their front, "hold yourselves in readiness: see what we'll give these fellows by and by." His words and his gallant bearing produced their effect; and when the enemy came within the proper distance, "Now, my lads," he cried, "pour it into them; FIRE!" The volley was given with deadly effect; and before the smoke had rolled away, Gough, waving his hat over his head, gave the word, "CHARGE!" With a tremendous cheer they sprang upon the enemy, their flanks overlapping the column, which did not await the shock, but fled on every side with precipitation.

"The animating charges of the 87th," writes General Graham, "were most

distinguished." They captured a French eagle, the first taken during the war. It belonged to the 8th regiment of light infantry, and bore a collar of gold round its neck, an honour conferred upon that regiment because it had distinguished itself so as, on a former occasion, to deserve the thanks of Bonaparte in person. "No expression of mine," adds the General, "could do justice to the conduct of the troops throughout. Nothing less than the most unparalleled exertions of every officer, the invincible bravery of every soldier, and the most determined devotion to the honour of his Majesty's arms in all, could have achieved such brilliant success against such a formidable enemy so posted."

These are the occasions where no strategy, and no amount of professional accomplishment, can compensate the absence of personal valour; nor is it possible to over-estimate the value of that quality in the officers who are in command, and to whom the men instinctively look for guidance and example. They may be great men upon paper—in logarithms and mathematics they may have few superiors—but if they have not dash and daring to meet emergencies like these in a proper spirit, the men will catch from them no inspiration. There will be a want of the ardour necessary to accomplish great achievements. Hesitancy and distrust will take the place of confidence and courage, and rout and disgrace will ensue; whereas, had one gallant spirit led the band, difficulties, the most apparently insuperable, would be overcome, and the result would be glorious victory.

We do not know whether Major Gough could, at that time, have stood an examination in those branches of the severer sciences, which are now deemed requisite to qualify for military command. But we do not believe that the most successful of those who may be thus distinguished could, at Barossa, have better performed a soldier's part, or fired the hearts of his men with a nobler ardour, when, against overwhelming numbers, they were contending for the victory they so bravely won. On this occasion he was again recommended for promotion, and shortly after obtained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

At Tarifa his next service was performed. Soult now held the chief command in the south of Spain, and was exceedingly desirous of securing the possession of this little town, as he was at that time negotiating with Morocco for a supply of grain, and its position, being only five leagues distant from Tangiers, would render it impossible for England, with all her naval means, to prevent his receiving the supplies which were absolutely necessary for his subsistence.

This town seemed to have been equally neglected, and its importance overlooked, by the leaders of both armies. When the French entered the south of Spain, it became an easy conquest; but, satisfied with taking possession of it, it was left so feebly garrisoned that the British and Spanish forces found no difficulty in recovering it again. When the expedition under La Pena and General Graham was resolved on, the small force stationed there was withdrawn, for the purpose of acting under these leaders; and when, after the battle of Barossa, that expedition came to an end, General Graham left the place uncovered. But General Colin Campbell, at that time Governor of Gibraltar, saw, at once, that it was too important to be abandoned; and although it was not, strictly speaking, under his command, took upon himself the responsibility of securing it, by sending thither marines from the ships at Gibraltar. Soon after, Major King, of the 82nd, was appointed to the command, and he, in conjunction with the Governor, D. Manuel Dauban, failed not to take active measures of precaution against coming dangers.

Nor was it one moment too soon. The town had been reported indefensible. Not so deemed General Campbell, who was, however, not entitled to exercise any authority over the operations; and Captain Felix Smith, the officer of engineers, who served under Colonel Skerret. To Smith belongs the merit of all the internal arrangements for the defence, which, under many difficulties, were completed with consummate skill, and so contrived as to draw the investing force to that very point where he most wished to find it.

The little town was divided by a river, and ascended from its banks on either side, the fronts of the houses presented to the river being necessarily much taller than those to their rear. These were all loopholed, so as to enable the little garrison to give to any invading force a warm reception from both sides. The entrance of the stream into the town was barred by a tower with a portcullis, before which pallisades were planted across the river's bed; and other precau-

tions were taken, with a view to secure a good retreat in the event of the enemy's succeeding in the capture of the town, which reflect the highest credit on Captain Smith, but not necessary to be more specified, as happily, by the event, they were not required.

All this was accomplished by Smith under discouragements which would have damped the ardour of many other officers, and without any of that sympathy from his chief, Colonel Skerret, which, under his circumstances, was so much required. The truth is, Skerret participated in the impression that the town could not be defended, although, when the moment of action came, he did his duty like a gallant soldier.

Nor was it without good reason that such an opinion was entertained. The walls were old and thin, and incapable of withstanding long the fire of even field artillery. The investing force amounted to eleven thousand men, under brave and skilful leaders, furnished with all means and appliances for a regular siege; against which only two twenty four-pounders and two mortars could be brought to bear in defence of the town, "as," to use the words of the great military historian, General Napier, "the walls and towers of the latter were too weak and narrow to sustain heavy guns." But British hearts were there, which served instead of walls and ramparts.

The fire of the enemy was directed, as Captain Smith had anticipated, against the portcullis and the adjacent wall, which soon crumbled under the heavy shot, and exposed the place both to assault and escalade. "But behind the breach, the depth to the street was above fourteen feet; the space below was covered with iron window-gratings, having every second bar turned up; the houses there, and behind all points liable to escalade, were completely prepared and garrisoned, and the troops were dispersed all round the ramparts, each regiment having its own quarter assigned." The portcullis-tower and the rampart to the left were occupied by Colonel Gough and the 87th. This was foreseen to be the post of danger, and well did this gallant regiment justify the selection that had been made.

Proposals of capitulation having been offered and rejected, the breaching fire was renewed, and the wall broken to the extent of sixty feet. But it was not only the force of the enemy which was to be apprehended. The besieged, who momentarily expected the assault, were indefatigable in clearing away the rubbish, and augmenting their defences behind the breach, when a heavy rain filled the bed of the river, which, swollen into a torrent, swept down from the French camp, bringing with it planks, fascines, gabions, and dead bodies, which, dashing against the palisades, broke them with a shock, "bent the portcullis backward, and, with the surge of the waters, even injured the defences," upon which they had bestowed so much skill and labour. The night was employed in repairing the damage thus done; and when the first light dawned, Colonel Gough was looking intently for the approach of the assailants.

Nor did he long look in vain. A boat, freighted with French grenadiers, was seen to glide rapidly down the stream, without noise or tumult; and when the colonel saw that they did not quit the river to mount the breach, but continued their course, until they reached the portcullis, which they seemed to expect should fly open before them, he was instantly at the head of his men, and drawing his sword, and flinging away his scabbard, he desired the band to strike up "Garryowen." The tune, and the gallant bearing of their leader, sent an electric thrill to the hearts of the soldiers, who rose as one man, "and with a crashing volley, smote the head of the French column. The leading officer, covered with wounds, fell against the portcullis, and gave up his sword, through the bars, to Colonel Gough; the French drummer, a gallant boy, who was beating the charge, dropped lifeless by his officer's side, and the dead and wounded filled the hollow. The remainder of the assailants, breaking out to the right and left, spread along the slopes of ground under the ramparts, and opened a quick and irregular musketry." Then it was that Gough, seeing the repulse complete, ordered the band to strike up "Patrick's Day," which so maddened his men, that all his power over them was required to keep them from breaking bounds, and pursuing the routed enemy. "Bloody wars, colonel," said one of them, who was present when the eagle was taken at Barossa,

"I only want to taich 'em what it is to attack the Aiglers." Well might Skerret say, in his despatch to Major-General Cook, "that the conduct of Colonel Gough and the 87th exceeded all praise."

Such was he when serving as a regimental officer—the life and soul of his men in action. Nor can it be doubted, that, if to Smith was due the merit of the defence, to *his* gallantry on the present occasion, in defending the breach, where he was twice wounded, was owing the speedy termination of the siege. The value of the advantage thus obtained may be gathered from some expressions contained in intercepted despatches of Soult himself, some months afterwards. "The taking of Tarifa will be more hurtful to the English, and to the defenders of Cadiz, than the taking of Alicant, or even Badajos, where I cannot go without first securing my left, and taking Tarifa."

Lord Wellington foretold that the town would not be again attacked; and with good reason, for he was about to change the theatre of war, and to draw to another and a distant quarter the attention of the enemy.

Having secured Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos as a base for his operations, our great commander was enabled to direct his attention to the north of Spain; and Vittoria was the next battle-field on which the subject of this sketch was distinguished. Here his regiment, which he gallantly led, captured the baton of Marshal Jourdan, the only trophy of this kind taken during the war. Lord Wellington sent it to England, to be laid at the feet of the Prince Regent, who, in return, gracefully sent him the baton of a field-marshal of England.

At the battle of the Nivelle, a hard-fought field, he was again severely wounded.

For his services in the Peninsula, he received, from the King of Spain, the honour of knighthood.

At the close of the war, and upon the reduction of the army, he had an interval of repose. He was then appointed to the command of the 22nd regiment, and was stationed in the county of Cork. This was in the interval between 1821 and 1824. Many of our readers will remember the disturbances by which that part of the country was harassed during those years; so that, in truth, his service in a time of peace was little less harassing than during the war. He was appointed a magistrate of the three adjoining counties, Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary; and not only, by his gentle and engaging manners, conciliated the good will of all the gentry with whom he had to act, but, by a system of mingled firmness and mildness, succeeded, to a great extent, in winning the respect and the confidence of even the disorderly peasantry themselves.

The reader who has only seen him, as we have hitherto described him, in the din of arms, and amidst the tumult of battle, would form a very erroneous idea of this gallant soldier, if they regarded him as a mere fire-eater; one whose boiling valour led him ever into the thickest of the strife, and who had no room in his bosom for the gentler emotions. Probably there never lived a man of kindlier domestic qualities, or whose unobtrusive gentleness would more have marked him as fitted to adorn private life, and to spread happiness around the family circle, had not duty summoned him to the field of honour. His mind, too, had been early and constantly impressed by the power of true religion. Family prayer was strictly observed in his household; and never, during the hottest period of his services abroad, did he omit the duty of seeking for aid and protection from that Power "whose he was and whom he served;" nor did he, we believe, ever seek it in vain.

All this was done without any puritanical moroseness, or ostentatious parade of piety. His religion appeared less in his words, or his outward demeanour, than in the internal regulation of his thoughts and affections, and the strict observance of all his duties both to God and to man. Although never unprepared to give a reason for the faith that was in him, he shrank instinctively from the entertainment of "foolish and unlearned questions that engender strife;" as he wisely felt that, in his position, such a course would be worse than unprofitable, and that, if he would recommend the Gospel to the serious attention of others, it should be by the strictness of his life, the healthy and cheerful tone of his mind, and the engaging simplicity of his example. Many, we would fain believe, were moved by what they witnessed, both in his public and his private conduct, to feel the entire compatibility between their duties to their country

and their God; and that none are better fitted to brave the dangers of the service, than those who are best prepared to pass into the presence of their Maker.

As a country gentleman, when he went to sojourn upon his Tipperary estate, he was, in the highest degree, respected. On one occasion, when he was serving as a grand juror, a question arose respecting a memorial which was presented by a farmer residing at Bausagh, in that county, asking for compensation for the loss of his fire-arms, which had been taken from him by some of the midnight disturbers. Some said he was entitled to none, inasmuch as he delivered up his gun while it was yet charged. Others said that he had but the one charge, and that if he had fired upon them, both he and his family would have been murdered. The dispute ran high, each party pertinaciously maintaining his own opinion; when, at length, Sir Hugh arose and said, "Mr. Chairman, I beg pardon for interfering on an occasion like the present, when the regularly resident gentry are so much better able to form a correct judgment than I can be. But if I may presume to give an opinion, I would say, that if I were in that farmer's situation I would have done just what he did; and been, moreover, very much obliged to the midnight gentlemen for letting me off so easily, when such dreadful consequences might have resulted from refusing to comply with their demand. Nor do I think that the man who thus made discretion the better part of valour, would be one whit less brave than the bravest amongst us, on a *proper occasion*, when his courage could be turned to good account." We need not say that the words of the hero of Barossa and Tarifa fell upon the ears of his hearers as words of authority—that there was an instantaneous acquiescence in his opinion; and that the poor farmer got his full compensation, the granting of which before had been very doubtful.

We well remember, when quartered in Dublin, his regular attendance at early service in St. Catherine's Church. His humble and fervent prayer was edifying to all who beheld him, and knew that it was the same who, at the breach or in the field, so nobly led his gallant fellows to victory.

In 1830 he was promoted to the rank of Major General, and in 1837 he was appointed to the staff in India, and as aided the command of the Mysore division. When this offer was made him his first inclination was to decline it: and a letter was actually written to that effect, and would have been despatched to the Horse Guards, but that he was told, by a friend to whom he accidentally communicated his views, to change his mind,—a change which was productive of important results both to himself and to his country.

In 1840 he was selected to take the command of the troops employed in China. It is not within our province at present to dwell upon the causes of that war. Suffice it to say, it was entrusted to one who was sure to conduct it with vigour and humanity. The peaceful and inoffensive people upon whom the thunder burst were altogether unprepared for such warlike operations as they had now to encounter. They had been slumbering in opulence for one thousand years, and could scarcely believe that "the barbarians" were serious, when town after town yielded to the vigour of our arms; and although rout and slaughter were the certain consequences of every conflict with British troops, neither his Imperial Majesty, nor the authorities at Peking, could believe for a moment that there was any real cause for alarm in these distant and inconsiderable successes, or that the insolent invaders would not be instantly annihilated whenever it might please the brother of the Sun to put forth the might and the majesty of the celestial empire.

Already the British commander had proved victorious in eight general engagements: viz., storming the heights above Canton; the action of the 30th of May before Canton; the taking of Amoy; the second capture of Chusan; storming the fortified heights of Chemhai; action at Tsi-kee; capture of Chapoo; attack and capture of Roosung and Shanghai; when no impression having been made upon the enemy which could lead to an honourable peace, he resolved upon a plan of operations which he had long meditated, and by which he hoped, by one bold stroke, to put an end to this miserable war, where, hitherto, there was no advantage in success, and but little glory in victory. We here avail ourselves of a communication kindly made to us by a very observant and intelligent young nobleman, who was, during the operations of the army, present with his regiment in China, and which presents the subject in so clear and just a light, that we could not,

without injustice to the subject of this sketch, withhold it from our readers :—

MEMS OF CHINA.

"The Chinese empire is divided into two nearly equal parts by the great river Yang-Tze-Kiang, which rises in the deserts of Thibet, and discharges itself into the sea at about 32 deg. north latitude. The country lying to the north of this river, *taken as a whole*, produces the usual fruits of a temperate climate, while the portion to the south of it is fertile in tea, sugar, silk, cotton, and other productions of a warmer region. The wants of an enormous population render the quick and easy interchange of the commodities of these two great divisions of the empire of vital importance. The sea, one would have supposed, offered the cheapest and most expeditious mode of transport; but the Chinese are far from expert sailors, although they do sometimes venture on long voyages; and besides, the north-east monsoon renders the whole eastern coast of the empire impracticable for their heavy, unmanageable craft, for six months in the year. In order, therefore, to ensure a constant communication between the two great divisions of the empire, it was necessary to have recourse to artificial means; and perhaps the enterprise and indefatigable industry of this extraordinary people was never exhibited more conspicuously than by the great canal which they constructed to meet the difficulty. The canal commences at the city of Soo-Choo-Foo, in the province of Kiangnan, crosses the Yang-Tze-Kiang at Ching-Kiang-Foo, and ends at the imperial city of Peking. It is capable of floating boats of 200 tons burden, and its length is upwards of 1200 miles. In addition to the main canal, there are several branches running in different directions to the various cities on each side; so that the canal affords, in combination with the natural facilities offered by the rivers, an almost perfect chain of inland navigation. It is reported by the Jesuit missionaries that the journey from Canton to Peking, a distance of 2000 miles, can be made by water, with the exception of thirty miles land-carriage over a chain of mountains. The leaders of the British forces which were sent to invade China in the years 1810, 1811, and '12, were placed in a very peculiar position. They had at their disposal, it is true, a body of men highly disciplined, brave, and furnished with all the implements of modern warfare; but their number was most insignificant; and from the great distance of the scene of their operations from the mother country, and even from the nearest part of the possessions of the East India Company, they could never hope that their available force could exceed five or six thousand men at the utmost. Thus armed, they were to attack a people, unwarlike it is true, unskilled in military science, but still numbering three hundred millions of souls. Our commanders commenced by attacking the principal towns and islands along the coast, which were most easily accessible. These were subdued without difficulty, with small loss in our ranks, and great slaughter among our opponents; but we were as far from peace as ever. The immense body scarcely felt the blow which had been struck at one of its distant extremities; and when the news of one of these disasters reached Peking, it was talked of as an insignificant affair with barbarous pirates, who had, indeed, been momentarily successful, but who would surely be crushed whenever the Emperor should think fit to direct his whole force against them. In vain the officers of the beaten armies represented that these barbarians, though few in number, were able to put to flight thousands of the ill-armed, untrained militia of the country. The national pride refused to believe it; and town after town was taken by the British troops without opening the eyes of the Chinese government to its danger, nor to the great amount of injury and suffering which was being inflicted on its subjects. The war might have gone on in this way for years without producing any satisfactory result; but happily Lord Gough, who commanded the British land forces in the latter part of the war, devised a plan by means of which his small force could be brought to bear upon the whole Chinese nation, and extort a favourable peace from them.

"Lord Gough saw that the great canal was the channel through which the whole internal commerce of the country flowed. He argued, that whoever could obtain the command of it would in a great measure command the means of subsistence of the whole nation. He therefore boldly resolved to take the fleet and army two hundred miles up an unknown river, and seize upon the town of Ching-Kiang-Foo, which commands the intersection of the great canal with the Yang-tze-Kiang river. It is not necessary to detail the difficulties which presented themselves; let it suffice to say, that, after much toil, the fleet and army reached their destination; the town was attacked, gallantly defended by its Tartar garrison, and at length taken, after some bloodshed. The good effect of this measure became immediately apparent. Three weeks after the town fell into our hands, the broad river was covered by an innumerable fleet of boats, which our steamers would not suffer to pass. The corn from the north was stopped on its way southward, as well as sugar and other tropical products, which were being carried to Peking. Three months of this blockade would have starved the whole empire. It is true that our troops proceeded to Nankin after the taking of Ching-Kiang-Foo; but it was scarcely necessary—the government would have been obliged to make peace without it. They showed how earnestly they desired it, by promising to pay twenty-one millions of dollars for it, and more wonderful still, by keeping their promise after the forces of England had been withdrawn.

"It has been asked, why did not Lord Gough strike a blow at Pekin, which is only one hundred miles from the coast, instead of undertaking the dangerous task of ascending an unsurveyed river full of shoals, and rendered doubly hazardous by violent tides and currents. A glance at the map of China will answer the question. The coast, from the city of Ningpo to Hainan Head, is belted by mountains, and deeply indented by bays and inlets, which afford safe anchorage and deep water for the largest ships. It resembles, in this particular, the western coast of Ireland. North of Ningpo, however, the coast presents a very different appearance; it is low, flat, and destitute of harbours, except where the rivers enter the sea, and most of them now as are barred. The water, too, is shallow for miles out to sea, so that in many places large ships cannot even approach within sight of land. When a part of our fleet was sent to the Gulf of Poo, in 1840 or '41, the frigates had to anchor eleven miles out to sea, and it was with difficulty that they reached the shore with one of the small iron steamers drawing only six feet water. It is easy to see, therefore, that it would have been most hazardous to have the fleet in such an exposed situation, during the necessarily undeviating while the troops were carrying on operations on shore. The fleet, too, assisted materially in the operations in the river, its cannon being often brought into play against the forts. If Pekin had been attacked, the sailors could not have given the least help.

Captain, now Admiral Cooley, who commanded a French frigate, which followed our fleet up the river, was heard to say, that no people in the world could have brought down a fleet up it, and got them down again, but the English."

What the ultimate consequences of the impression thus made upon the Chinese Empire may be, it would be impossible as yet to anticipate; but that it must be a good one can scarcely be doubtful. That new lights have dawned upon them, of the disturbance of ignorance and dispelling of error, is most true; but so long before they can operate any important change in the inveterate prejudices of that peculiar people. It is to be hoped that openings will have been made for Christian influences, by which the pure spirit of the Gospel may be diffused into regions hitherto inaccessible to its blessed light; and that the Christian mission, which, in its worst form, provoked the war, may have been by it rendered a conscious precursor and herald of that spirit of peace and love which will make China indeed a celestial empire. Thus would the aspirations of its emperor be justified, and his pure and noble spirit find its highest enjoyment; he would pay honours or emoluments resulting to himself, but in the consciousness of being the providential instrument of spiritual blessings to a population which are even now as the sands of the sea for multitude.

It will interest the Christian reader to see the care which this good and great emperor took, that this harmless people should suffer as little as possible of the miseries of war, while he did his duty as a gallant soldier:—

"The villages in the neighbourhood of our route were apparently deserted by the rebels; but, I am happy to say, in no one instance was a house entered on our line of march, along which no trace was left betokening a movement of troops through a hostile country. Indeed, with the exception of a very few killed in houses where the Chinese troops had refired the preceding day, I did not see amid the slain one individual who was not treated as a soldier; which, as the peasantry were in many instances intermingled with the fugitives, goes far to show the forbearance and discrimination of our men, even in the heat of pursuit."—*Tucker.*

"It affords me great satisfaction to perceive the unusual degree of confidence manifested by the people. It is true a great proportion of the wealthiest inhabitants had left it; but the middling classes and the great body of the shopkeepers remained, and freely brought in poultry and vegetables, so that I was enabled to give the troops a good portion of these necessary comforts, after living for some time on salt provisions. I have done everything in my power to prove that the confidence was not misplaced, and I am most happy to say that the troops, by their orderly and forbearing conduct in the midst of that pernicious liquor, sham-shee, with large stores of which we are surrounded, conducted themselves to my entire satisfaction, and I re-embarked the whole force, with its numerous followers, yesterday morning, without a single instance of inebriety.

"The only injury done at Shanghai was by Chinese robbers, who had commenced their work of depredation before we entered it. I issued a very strong edict, which before we left produced, in a great measure, the desired effect; and I was enabled to induce many of the more respectable Chinese to take charge of large establishments (principally pawnbrokers'), the proprietors of which had fled, with a promise they would protect them from the rabble."—*Despatch dated March 19, 1842, Ningpo.*

"By an extensive, though necessarily rapid, survey of the river, Sir William Parker has nearly ascertained the practicability of moving on Loochoo by this route: but as I consider it

an object of the most vital importance to reach the point of intersection of the imperial canal with the Yang-tse-kiang as early as possible, and to take the strong fortress and important city of Ching-kiang-foo commanding that part, we have deemed it right to forego all other operations for this most important one, after which I shall be anxious at once to move on Nankin. These commanding positions in our possession, as I before stated to your Lordship, both Loochoo and Hangehoo must fall."—*June 24, 1842, Wussung.*

Too much praise cannot be given to the gallant Admiral Sir William Parker for the skill and daring with which he conducted the large fleet under his command up and down the great river Yang-tse-kiang. The navigation and soundings of it were quite unknown to him when he entered its mouth; and the nobleman who was so kind as to furnish the extract in a former page assured the writer of this paper, that when in its centre, where he could not see land on either side, the water was but six feet deep. Of the accidents which were to be guarded against, and the countless dangers which presented themselves, any one of which might have compromised the safety of the whole force, the reader should have been present to form the least idea; as well as of the vigilance, the promptitude, the enterprise, and the determination by which they were surmounted.

All our general's plans were laid so as to secure speedy and decisive victory. And his great stroke, namely, that of proceeding up the river to the point where it was intersected by the imperial canal, and taking possession of the great city, Ching-kiang-foo, by which he placed his thumb, as it were, upon the throat of the Empire, was but an anticipation of the instructions sent out to him by his illustrious master in the art of war, and must have speedily enabled him to dictate peace upon any terms. By the advance upon Nankin, he made assurance doubly sure; by his arrangements before that city he made it manifest that he was prepared for all extremities, and that nothing could withstand the combinations of skill and of bravery by which the assault would be made. But the reader should know the man, his gearleness, his goodness, his humanity, his horror at the shedding of human blood, to understand the satisfaction which he felt when he learned that terms were acceded to on the part of the Chinese authorities, which would put an end to the war. He had witnessed the dreadful slaughter and suicides which the Chinese had inflicted upon themselves and upon each other at Ching-kiang-foo; and we verily believe he rejoiced more to be spared a second contemplation of such horrors, than he did in his greatest victory.

We cannot afford space to enter into the particulars of the treaty which was concluded. The Chinese agreed to pay, in four instalments, twenty-one million of dollars; and upon the payment of the first instalment the troops were withdrawn and Sir Hugh Gough returned to India.

Nor was it to a bed of roses the General was called, upon resigning his command. Sir Charles Napier had just added the kingdom of Scinde to the Company's territories, by a series of victories unparalleled for success and daring in the annals of British warfare; and those who read the signs of the times aright, saw clearly that dangers from the Punjaub impended, although the cloud in that direction was yet scarcely larger than a man's hand.

On the 11th of August, 1843, Sir Hugh was invested with the chief command in India. He was soon again in the field. Of the causes which led to the Maharatta war we cannot now speak at length, and must refer the reader to the general history of India; but of the promptitude, decision, and energy with which the exigencies of the war were met, and the strategy by which the enemy was subdued, the following extract from a general order, issued after the great victories of Mharaghpoor and Punear, by the governor-general, speaks in terms by no means doubtful:—

"The governor-general cordially congratulates his Excellency, the commander-in-chief upon the success of his able combination, by which two victories were obtained on the same day; and the two wings of the army, proceeding from distant points, have now been united under the walls of Guialier."

Of the general features of this well-contested and most bloody action, let the following extract from Sir Hugh's despatch, describing it to the governor-general, suffice:—

"Your Lordship must have witnessed, with the same pride and pleasure that I did, the brilliant advance of these columns under their respective leaders; the European and native

soldiers appearing emulous to prove their loyalty and devotion. And here I must do justice to the gallantry of their opponents, who received the shock without flinching, their guns doing severe execution as we advanced: but nothing could withstand the rush of British soldiers.

"Her Majesty's 39th foot, with their accustomed dash, ably supported by the 56th regiment of native infantry, drove the enemy from their guns in the village, bayonetting the gunners at their posts. Here a most sanguinary conflict ensued; the Maharatta troops, after discharging their match-locks, fought, sword in hand, with the most determined courage.

"General Vallant's brigade, with equal enthusiasm, took Maharaghpoor in reverse, and twenty-eight guns were captured by this combined movement; so desperate was their resistance, that very few of the defenders of the very strong position escaped. During these operations, Brigadier Scott was opposed by a body of the enemy's cavalry on the extreme left, and made some well executed charges with the 10th Light Cavalry, most ably supported by Captain Grant's troop of horse artillery and 1th Lancers, capturing some guns and taking two standards, then threatening the right flank of the enemy."

That an universal conspiracy was at that time in progress throughout the whole of British India, and that thousands and tens of thousands were preparing to take advantage of any accidents or reverses which might enable them to throw off a hated yoke, was not more than might have been expected, when the disastrous mischances of the campaign in Afghanistan had dissolved the charm of British inviolability. The occupation of Scinde was provocative almost as much of indignation as of terror; and the disordered state of the Punjab, in which a military force had existed, which had been trained and disciplined under that compound of the fox and the lion, old Runjeet Singh, threatened such disturbance as was but too likely to call for our interference, and thus embroil us in hostilities of which our enemies on all sides might take advantage. We have no doubt whatever that the stunning blow which the most formidable of our adversaries within the limits of British India received at Maharaghpoor, repressed a rising spirit of insurrection throughout the whole of our territories, prevented a threatened invasion on the part of Akbar Khan and the tribes of Afghanistan, and gave pause to the proceedings both in the Punjab and Scinde, which, had we been defeated in that great battle, might have led to the loss of British India.

But the court of directors did not view matters in this light. They looked at the cost of the war through one end of the telescope, while they saw only through the other the dangers which it averted; and they had recourse, for the first time since they were a company, to the extraordinary measure of recalling Lord Ellenborough, irrespectively of the wishes of his Majesty's government, by whom his high merits were appreciated, and who were only reconciled to this extraordinary act of power by their adoption of Sir Henry Hardinge, who had been selected by the illustrious Duke as the very fittest man to supply his place, and who, to the promptitude and determination which the occasion required, united a prudence and caution which would render him wary of even the appearance of any offensive measures which might wantonly embroil us with any of the native powers.

He, therefore, when he entered upon his high office, had a two-fold duty to perform: he had to watch the movements and detect the designs of an insidious enemy, while yet he did not alarm the fears of the over-circumspect directors. He had to eschew the reproach of provoking war from ambitious desires of territorial aggrandisement, while yet he had to hold himself prepared to repel hostilities, whenever the "*Ire leonum vincla recusantum*" might stimulate the native powers to throw off their disguise, and appear in arms as the assertors of the national independence. How he performed these arduous duties, history will tell; and how he was seconded in their performance by the subject of this sketch, it is now our duty to lay before our readers.

After a series of horrid butcheries, unrivalled for ruthless and sanguinary atrocity, Hecerah Singh grasped the dominion of the Punjab, and for a season attached to himself the restless and turbulent Sikh soldiery, by means of the treasures which he found at Lahore. But these could not last always; and he soon found that he should lose his influence over them if he did not, in the hope of more extensive plunder, direct their attention to foreign objects. His claim was founded upon that of a minor, of whom he assumed the guardian hip, averring that in him was vested the right of succession; which right was disputed by his

uncle, Gholab Singh, who, setting up another puppet as the legitimate son of Runjeet, claimed in his name authority and dominion. It is obvious that, in a country so circumstanced, might must always prevail over right; and it may easily be understood that neither of these hopeful candidates for empire relied so much upon the validity of their title-deeds, as the force of arms by which they might be asserted.

The present crisis Lord Ellenborough had long foreseen; and his opinion was, that until the Punjab was at our complete disposal, there could be no security for the tranquil possession of our more southern and eastern dependencies. How far his judgment would have led him to anticipate aggression on the part of the Sikhs, we are not authorised to say; but, undoubtedly, with his temperament and his very decided views, he was very little likely to give the enemy an opportunity of taking the initiative with advantage. Not so the new governor-general. He knew that he was placed in his present position for the purpose of guarding against the supposed rashness of his predecessor; he knew the outcry to which he should be exposed, if, from anything short of actual necessity, he embroiled the company in another war; and he was, therefore, cautious, not only in avoiding all interference between the contending parties in the Punjab, but even in keeping any formidable demonstration of force upon their frontier, which might excite their jealousy or provoke their resentment. It was therefore that Sir Hugh Gough, who had been on a tour of inspection in the northern provinces, received special directions to abstain from visiting Ludlowah and Ferozepore.

The reader will, we think, admit, that by proceedings such as these the most timid of the directors could not be offended. Sir Henry knew the risk he ran; but he knew also that any precipitancy on his part, while it could not seriously diminish that risk, would expose him to imputations, both at home and abroad, which might give the enemy a still greater advantage. And he relied, with a justifiable confidence, upon Sir Hugh Gough, and the troops under his command.

The nearest positions of our army were at Umballah, 150 miles from Ferozepore, which, by a sudden and unprovoked invasion of the Sikh army from the other side of the Sutlej, on the eleventh of December, 1845, was invested with a force of 108 guns, and an army of fifty thousand men, disposed with a view to the interception of any British force which might be sent to its relief. On the same day, our troops began, by rapid marches, to advance towards the seat of war. The enemy had taken up an entrenched position at the village of Ferozeshah, about ten miles in advance of Ferozepore, and about the same distance from the village of Moodkee. On the 18th, our troops reached the latter, and, on the evening of the same day, repulsed an attack of the Sikh army, and captured seventeen guns. On the 21st, the army moved on Ferozepore, where it was formed into order of battle by the commander-in-chief, who attacked the enemy's entrenched camp, "and on that evening, and the following morning, captured seventy pieces of artillery, taking possession of the enemy's camp, with large quantities of ammunition and warlike stores."*

Upon these signal and brilliant successes, the Sikh army retreated to the other side of the Sutlej, while we took up our position between the fords of that river and Ferozepore.

In the battle of Moodkee, fought by troops famishing and exhausted, Sir Robert Sale and Sir John McCuskill were killed;—a heavy price even for such a victory.

We cannot do more than refer to Sir Harry Smith's brilliant victory at Aliwal, which so materially contributed to forward the views of the governor-general and the commander-in-chief, and the details of which are, we are persuaded, fresh in the minds of most of our readers.

Of the battle of Soobraon, where the enemy was dislodged from his last stronghold on the British side of the Sutlej, the governor-general thus speaks:—

"The governor-general most cordially congratulates the commander-in-chief, and the British army, on their exploit, *one of the most daring ever achieved*, by which, in open day, a triple line of breastworks, flanked by formidable redoubts, bristling with artillery, manned

* Lord Hardinge's despatch.

by thirty-two regular regiments of infantry, was assaulted and carried by the forces under his Excellency's command."

"The governor-general again congratulates the commander-in-chief on the important results obtained by this memorable achievement. The governor-general, in the name of the government and the people of India, offers to his Excellency, the commander-in-chief, and to the general officers, and all the officers, and the troops under their command, his grateful and heartfelt acknowledgments for the services they have performed."

This great victory led to the complete rout of the Sikh forces, the crossing of the Sutlej by our troops, and the peace which we were enabled to dictate before their capital of Lahore; and in which, if we did not show our judgment, we very strikingly evinced our moderation.

It is, we think, abundantly manifest, that the British practised forbearance to the most extreme, before they had recourse to hostilities; that no motives of ambition can be alleged against them for an invasion of the Sikh territory; and that they actually waited to be invaded themselves, before they were stirred up to repel a wanton and most unprovoked attack of the enemy. How this came to pass, by which, in the opinion of many, our Indian empire was compromised, is a question that concerns the governor-general much more than the subject of this sketch, who was necessarily subordinate to the supreme authority, and could only act according to orders. But, in judging Sir Henry Hardinge's policy, we cannot do so, with fairness to him, without considering the very peculiar position in which he was placed. He came out as the successor of one who was withdrawn from the government because of a suspected predilection for military achievement, by which additional territory might be acquired. While, therefore, he was obliged to watch the enemy with one eye, he was constrained to keep the other fixed upon the India Board at home, and take no step which would give his masters in Leadenhall-street reason to suspect that he, too, was actuated by motives of ambition. Therefore it was that our troops were kept so far from the frontier, and that the enemy, finding the Sutlej undefended, burst across with such overwhelming force, and obtained those temporary successes which spread a momentary panic throughout the whole of British India.

But not in vain did he rely upon the vigour of that arm which was commanded by Gough. When the crisis came, and the brave old soldier felt himself at liberty to act, every energy was summoned to the conflict. With exhausted troops, not numbering one half of the enemy, fresh, vigorous, ably commanded, and flushed by success; he not only opposed a barrier to their further progress, but, in a series of actions, dislodged them from their strongholds, and drove them in rout and confusion into their own territories again;—territories which, indeed, they could no longer call their own, as they were soon to be at the mercy of conquerors, who were to dictate terms of peace under the walls of their capital.

In the battles on the Sutlej, our losses were great; but, considering the circumstances in which we engaged, not greater than should have been expected. The victories were such as nothing but skill and bravery the most consummate could have achieved, and they were indispensable for the security of British India.

In the several actions where he commanded, Gough was ever in the thickest of the fight. His presence was actually necessary to cheer and reassure his men; and whenever they caught a glimpse of his beaming countenance, and witnessed his gallant bearing, as he rode along the ranks, or animated the charges, they felt confident of victory. But it was not in the field alone, or under the fire of the enemy, that their hearts kindled to this gallant soldier. In the hospitals, when, after the actions, he visited the wounded, and was surrounded by the dead and dying, his demeanour was such as to touch their hearts with a warmer sentiment of love and admiration than they felt for him even in his hour of victory. "The man to-day who sheds his blood with me, shall be my brother," was the feeling which he evinced, as he talked kindly and encouragingly to the poor soldier on his bed of pain; and the cheek became flushed with pride and gratitude, and the eye kindled with enthusiasm, as the wounded man responded to his kind inquiries, and listened, with a feverish transport, to "the good account which he gave of the enemy." Nor was he wanting, on proper occasions, to drop those words of comfort by which a Christian hope became triumphant over suffering, and the soldier's death, in a good cause,

but the passage to a blessed immortality. But we must suffer one who attended him officially on these occasions to give his own impressions of what passed before his eyes.

“Lord Gough possesses in a very eminent degree the qualities calculated to render him a popular military commander. His tall, noble figure, his gallant bearing, his kind and insinuating tone of voice, racy of the land which gave him birth, the impetuous dash of his temperament, all conspire to invest him with an irresistible charm in the eye of the soldier. The writer of this has had the honour of serving under him during the very eventful and critical campaign of 1845–46 in India, and had frequent opportunities of observing his character. Of his military skill he will not presume to offer an opinion, leaving that to more competent judges; but he can bear his most strenuous testimony to the humanity, kindness, and noble nature of the hero of the Sutlej. Never will the writer forget the scene which was presented in Ferozepore after the bloody battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshah. The entire range of the barracks in that cantonment were crowded with the wounded, many hundreds in number. Death was busy there—many of the wounds being of a character to preclude all hope of recovery. In the immediate vicinity of the hospitals were lines of tents appropriated to the wounded officers. It was part of Lord Gough’s duty to visit these retreats of suffering and pain, and certainly no one could perform the office with more effect. He did not discharge the duty as if it were merely a routine, formal act, incumbent upon him in his capacity of commander-in-chief. Lord Gough evidently felt it to be a labour of love, and went through it accordingly. As he passed slowly through the immense barracks (now converted into hospitals, whose atmosphere was tainted with woe and anguish), the eye of the poor wounded, and too often dying soldier, brightened up when he recognised his beloved chief—‘*Tipperary Joe*’ (his well-known *soubriquet* in India). For every one he had a kind word of condolence and encouragement. To one poor fellow, who had sustained a most awful hacking at the hands of Sikhs, having upon his person some nine or ten sabre wounds, he said, ‘My fine fellow, you have got as much as ought to suffice half-a-dozen men. Never mind, we are going to cross the river, and we’ll pay them off for this. I hope you will be able to come with us.’ The poor fellow, a sergeant of the gallant, invincible 50th Regiment (a corps which suffered more than any other in the battles on the Sutlej, having sustained a loss in killed and wounded of upwards of 600 men, exclusive of about thirty officers) smiled with pleasure at thus being so cordially addressed by the commander-in-chief, and expressed his hope that he would soon be up and at them again. That hope was never realised. In a few days he slept ‘the sleep that knows no waking.’ By acts such as these—by his unmistakable goodness and kindness of heart—Lord Gough was almost idolised by the British soldier. With the Sepoys he was equally an object of veneration and affection. The writer was, notwithstanding the scene of suffering around, much amused with an incident which occurred at the field-hospital after the battle of Soobraon. Lord Gough as usual was there, comforting and encouraging. A poor Sepoy, who had been shot through the mouth, and in consequence almost unable to articulate, signified by gesture that he wished to convey some wish to Lord Gough. His lordship, approaching, wished to know what he could do for him. Most indistinctly and with thick, almost unintelligible utterance, the Sepoy endeavoured to express a hope that he would receive a medal for his services. His lordship, in the kindest and most cordial manner, assured him that he should most certainly be decorated for his gallant conduct. Many acts, evincing the humane, kind, and generous heart of Lord Gough could be easily adduced. A more universally beloved, or in every sense popular commander-in-chief, never led on a British army to victory. It was impossible it could be otherwise. Foremost in every danger, he never spared himself; wherever the fire was hottest—where death reigned most supremely—where the enemy’s guns levelled destruction with most faithful and unerring effect—where British soldiers fell in thickest numbers—there was ‘*Tipperary Joe*,’ guiding the movements of a devoted and an ever victorious, because an invincible army.”

The Punjab was now our own. Peerages to Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough, and the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, were the rewards of the noble daring by which our Indian territories were secured, as we thought permanently, against the insidious attacks of a treacherous enemy. The terms

conceded to the conquered, while they vindicated our supremacy, proved our moderation, and that, provided tranquillity was obtained, and our frontier effectively guarded, our sway would be merely nominal, and the native authorities might remain in the actual possession of a country of which they had proved themselves unworthy, but which they might now govern on principles of wisdom and equity, having felt our power, and the fruitlessness of contending against it.

But the lesson was in vain. Scarcely had Lord Hardinge vacated his high office, when symptoms unequivocal appeared that the Sikhs would again attempt the overthrow of British power; and he had scarcely reached England, when he learned that his old companion in arms had been again called into the field, and that a new series of victories over overwhelming numbers of brave men, most ably officered, was necessary to subjugate the rebellious spirit which again began to actuate and agitate the minds of our Indian subjects.

Of the actions fought by Lord Gough on the renewal of hostilities, we have not space to write at large, and we must leave the details of these splendid achievements of our great general to the analysis and the criticism of the military historian.

Of the battle of Chillianwallah, the plan of which, we are told, obtained the approval and won the admiration of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, we shall only observe, that it was fought under circumstances in which it could not be avoided, and that, if accidents occurred which marred its perfect success, they were such as could not be foreseen, nor could any strategy have provided against them. Had time been afforded, Lord Gough might have maneuvered so as to draw the Sikhs from their very strong position, and give them battle upon more favourable ground. But, as the reader will see, he had good reason to believe, that if he did not at once beat the enemy in his front, he would have to contend against him, augmented prodigiously by the force under Chutter Singh, which, after the fall of Attock, on the Indus, was coming from the west, and the junction of which with Shere Singh's army might be hourly expected. A moment, therefore, was not to be lost.

The following we extract from Lord Gough's despatch after the battle, dated

"Camp of Chillianwallah, January 16, 1849."

"Major Mackeson, your Lordship's political agent with my camp, communicated to me, on the 10th inst., the fall of Attock, and the advance of Sirdar Chutter Singh in order to concentrate his force with the army in my front under Shere Singh, already amounting to from 30,000 to 40,000 men, with sixty-two guns; concluding his letter thus: 'I would urge, in the event of your Lordship finding yourself strong enough, with the army under your command, to strike an effectual blow at the enemy in our front; that blow should be struck with the least possible delay.' Concurring entirely with Major Mackeson, and feeling that I was perfectly competent effectually to overthrow Shere Singh's army, I moved from Loah Tibbiah, at daylight on the 12th, to Dingee, about twelve miles. Having learned from my spies, and from other sources of information, that Shere Singh still held, with his right, the village of Luckne Wallah, with his left at Russoul on the Jhelum, strongly occupying the southern extremity of a low range of difficult hills, intersected by ravines, which extend nearly to that village, I made my arrangements accordingly that evening, and communicated them to the commanders of the several divisions; but to insure correct information as to the nature of the country, which I believe to be excessively difficult, and ill adapted to the advances of a regular army, I determined upon moving to this village, with a view to reconnoitre. On the morning of the 13th the force advanced."

In the following he describes the accident and the disaster which made his success short of what he confidently expected:—

"This last (the right) brigade, I am informed, mistook, for the signal to move in double-quick time, the action of their brave leaders, Brigadier Pennycuik and Lieut.-Colonel Brooke (two officers not surpassed for sound judgment and military daring in this or any other army), who waved their swords over their heads as they cheered on their gallant comrades. This unhappy mistake led to the European outstripping the native corps, which could not keep pace, and arriving, completely blown, at a belt of thicker jungle, where they got into some confusion, and Colonel Brooke, leading the 24th, was killed between the enemy's guns. At this moment a large body of infantry, which supported their guns, opened upon them so destructive a fire, that the brigade was forced to retire, having lost their gallant and lamented leader, Brigadier Pennycuik, and the three other field officers of the 24th, before it gave way; the native regiment, when it came up, also suffering severely."

"The right brigade of cavalry, under Brigadier Pope, was not, I regret to say, so successful. Either by some order, or misapprehension of an order, they got into much confusion, hampered the fine brigade of horse artillery, which, while getting into action against a body of the enemy's cavalry that was coming down upon them, had their horses separated from their guns by the false movements of our cavalry, and, notwithstanding the heroic conduct of the gunners, four of whose guns were disabled to an extent which rendered their withdrawal at the moment impossible. The moment the artillery was extricated, and the cavalry reformed, a few rounds put to flight the enemy that had occasioned this confusion.

"Although the enemy, who defended not only his guns, but his position, with desperation, was driven, in much confusion, and with heavy loss, from every part of the field, and the greater part of his field-artillery was actually captured, the march of the brigades to their flanks to repel parties that had rallied, and the want of numbers, and consequent support to our right flank, aided by the cover of the jungle, and the close of the day, enabled him, upon our further advance in pursuit, to return, and carry off unobserved the greater portion of the guns thus gallantly captured.

"The victory was complete as to the total overthrow of the enemy; and his sense of utter discomfiture and defeat will, I trust, soon be made apparent, unless, indeed, the rumours prevalent this day, of his having been joined by Chutter Singh, prove correct."

Such was the battle of Chillianwallah—a battle which, though accidents frustrated the complete success, succeeded in the great object aimed at, that of giving a serious check to the enemy, and obtaining time for taking such effectual measures as might enable our great commander to annihilate his power. But when the news reached England, never was a military chief so grossly run at, or so foully slandered. The *Times* was the first to storm against him, and endeavour to snuff away his military reputation. He was, indeed, personally brave; but he had no head; his military combinations were faulty; it was unsafe to leave the army any longer in his hands. He was an *Irishman*; and the brutal conductors of that leading journal chuckled over his supposed discomfiture, and the ruin of his military reputation, after a fashion, which would, positively, have been disgraceful to the enemy who had felt his prowess in India.

But this was not all. The Government itself took, or seemed to take, the alarm. The order for his recall was issued, and Sir Charles Napier appointed to succeed him. But the interval between the issue of the order and its arrival was marked by events by which this great man reinstated himself in public opinion, and put all his traducers to shame.

The blow, although a stunning one, at Chillianwallah, did not prevent the troops from the West effecting a junction with Shere Singh, their united armament falling nothing short of sixty thousand fighting men; the Ameer of Cabul, Dost Mahomed, casting off all disguise, and furnishing a contingent of sixteen hundred cavalry, under the command of his son. Indeed we cannot doubt that this was the crisis in our Indian affairs. Had Gough been defeated, or outmanœuvred by this formidable army, all would have been lost. It would have been the signal for an universal uprising, which might have ended, throughout the whole of the Peninsula, in British extermination.

The object of the enemy was, by combined movements, and rapid marches, to get before Lahore; and, could this be accomplished, they had much reason to believe that that capital would speedily fall into their hands. But Gough, with his comparatively small force, was not to be taken at fault. He contrived, by rapid movements and skilful manœuvring, to hold them in check at every point where the passage by the fords of the Chenab might be effected; until they were compelled to give him battle, upon ground sufficiently strong, indeed, and which might have been well maintained against any other troops, but where he, by generalship the most consummate, gained a decisive victory.

The position of the enemy almost surrounded the town of Googerat. His right was protected by a deep, dry nullah, which covered his infantry, in advance of his guns, and ran directly through the position which our army occupied; his left was protected by a wet nullah, running into the Chenab, in the direction of Wuzacrbad. The ground between these nullahs being deemed fit by Lord Gough for military operations, he determined to make his principal attack in that direction. "With my right wing," he writes in his despatch to the governor-general, "I proposed penetrating the centre of the enemy's line, so as to turn the position of their force in rear of the nullah, and thus enable my left to cross it with little loss, and in co-operation with the right, to double upon the centre the wing of the enemy's

force opposed to them." When this was done, as it was done by felicitous attacks and movements in which there was "no mistake," all was accomplished. The enemy was driven from all his strong positions; his guns, and camp, provisions, and ammunition all taken; and he himself driven in rout and confusion to a distance of twelve miles from the field of battle, where, from sheer weariness, we ceased pursuit. This great victory put an end to the war. Well might Lord Gough, in writing to the governor-general, give vent, in the following words, to his feelings of gratitude and exultation:—

"The ranks of the enemy broken, their position carried, their guns, ammunition, camp-equipage, and baggage captured, their flying masses driven before their victorious pursuers from mid-day to dusk, receiving most severe punishment in their flight; and, my lord, with gratitude to a merciful Providence, I have the satisfaction of adding, that, notwithstanding the obstinate resistance of the enemy, this triumphant success, this brilliant victory, has been achieved with comparatively little loss on our side."

The veteran had now done his work in India. He had silenced his calumniators by annihilating the enemy. Honours and rewards of every kind awaited his return home, after he had handed over the command to the hero by whom he was succeeded; and who, notwithstanding the chagrin he must have felt at having nothing to do, at least nothing worthy his reputation and genius, was amongst the foremost to congratulate Lord Gough upon the glorious victory, by which he put his crowning stone upon that triumphal column of military renown which will transmit his name to the latest posterity. Nor was it without a justifiable pride that he said, in his farewell address to his brave companions in arms—"That which Alexander attempted, the British army have accomplished."

"The mere battle day, when every glowing feeling of the soldier and the gentleman is called into action, will ever be encountered nobly where British armies are engaged; but it is in the privations, the difficulties, and endless toils of war, that the trial of an army consists; it is these which denote its metal, and show of what materials it is formed.

"Since the day when, at Rannuggar, the too hasty ardour and enthusiasm of the troops first gave signal of the determined character of the war, and of the fierceness with which a mistaken but brave enemy were bent to oppose the progress of our arms; till now, that a crushing and overwhelming victory has prostrated, at the feet of our ruler and his government, an independent, a proud, and a warlike people, Lord Gough, relying upon British courage and endurance, has never for one moment entertained a doubt of the result, nor yielded, even to adverse chances and circumstances, a lurking fear of the successful issue which true constancy and firmness never fail to attain.

"The commander-in-chief lingers upon the severance of those ties which have bound him to that army, the last which, in the field, it was his duty and his pride to command. Long practice and experience of war, and its trying vicissitudes, have enabled him to form a just estimate of the conduct and merit of the troops now being dispersed; and the ardour, the vigilance, the endurance, the daring and triumphant bravery, and discipline, which have marked their path in the Punjab, will often recur to him in that retirement which he is about to seek, and in which the cares, the earnest exertions, and grave anxieties inseparable from the duties of high military command, will be richly recompensed and rewarded by the sense of duty performed, and the consciousness of unwearied and uncompromising devotion to that sovereign and country which, in common with the British Indian army, it will ever be his boast and his pride to have so successfully served."

To our minds there never appeared in arms an individual who united in himself so many of the qualities which Wordsworth has enumerated in his sublime conception of "the happy Warrior:—

"CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

"Who is the happy warrior? who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought;
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That make the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care :
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives,—
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate :
 Is placable, because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice :
 More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more ; more able to endure
 As more exposed to suffering and distress,—
 Thence also more alive to tenderness."

* * * * *

"Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means, and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire :
 Who comprehends his trust, and in the same
 Keeps faithful, with a singleness of aim ;
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state :
 Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
 Whose powers shed round him, in the common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment, to which heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
 Is happy as a lover ; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,
 And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will is equal to the need."

Go, then, grey-headed warrior, to thy happy retirement ; not more full of
 years than of virtues ; with all

"That should accompany old age,
 Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

May the evening of thy days be as peaceful, as the morning was busy and
 honourable, and the noontide glorious ! May others catch, from thine example,
 how Christian excellence is compatible with military renown ! how the man who
 has learned to govern himself, is ever the best fitted for governing others ! and
 how the sovereign is ever best served by him who is, in the truest sense of the
 word, the servant of his God ! Mayest thou long be spared to the family by
 whom thou art adored, to teach thy children, and thy children's children, how
 to live, and how to die, as best becomes the British soldier !

LATTER-DAY POETS.*

DE VERE—TENNYSON—THE VIRGIN WIDOW.

THERE is a passage in the preface to one of Joanna Baillie's volumes of plays, in which she speaks of the disadvantage which any work of art suffers from being seen at the same time with others; and she requests her readers to interpose some three or four days, at least, between the perusal of any two of her dramas. She is, no doubt, right, and we wish we could act on the principle. Still it is one that, in our "hurry work, weary work" line, will not do. Our readers must pass on, as they best can, through a dozen different articles, and in one article we must, if we can, dispose of some half-dozen poets or poetesses. We do not remember that any of our brotherhood have lately written about Henry Taylor or Alfred Tennyson in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. We, ourselves, who are now deputed to execute justice on them, certainly have not; and we are very much in the temper of the critic in Sterne, who, so that he was pleased, did not much care for the whys and the wherefores. Here, then, are some three or four books before us, which we have read with pleasure, and which we cannot lay by without saying a few kindly words in season. And first comes a poem in prose, of which hereafter we must give an account somewhat more formal. It is Aubrey de Vere's "Travels in Greece," a book exceedingly pleasant, and from which more may be learned of what it most imports us to know, than from any book we could name. The state of society in Greece is singularly like that in Ireland; and more lessons of real use to the politician may be learned from this book than any one could suspect. We, of course, speak of society as it exists among the lower and the middle classes of both countries. What makes us class it with poems is, its exceeding beauty of description, in which everything comes to the eye; and still more, the perfectness of the narrative, which

almost reminds us of the graceful simplicity of the Odyssey. De Vere is one of the great poets of our time. In his descriptions, the beauty of single words—a landscape expressed often in a word—is the most exquisite thing we know in language; but for this the reader must study the book for himself. All we can do at present is to plunder De Vere of an adventure, which is one of the best, and best told stories we have ever read:—

"A short time before leaving Constantinople I enjoyed a piece of good fortune which I believe has fallen to the lot of few men. Often as I passed by the garden walls of some rich Pacha, I felt, as every one who visits Constantinople feels, no small desire to penetrate into that mysterious region, his harem, and see something more than the mere exterior of Turkish life. 'The traveller landing at Stamboul complains,' I used to say to myself, 'of the contrast between its external aspect and the interior of the city; but the real interior, that is, the inside of the houses, the guarded retreats of those veiled forms which one passes in gilded caiques—of these he sees nothing.' Fortune favoured my aspirations. I happened to make acquaintance with a young Frenchman, lively, spirited, and confident, who had sojourned at Constantinople for a considerable time, and who bore there the character of prophet, magician, and I know not what beside.

"One day this youth called on me, and mentioned that a chance had befallen him which he should be glad to turn to account, particularly if sure of not making too intimate an acquaintance with the Bosphorus in the attempt. A certain wealthy Turk had applied to him for assistance under very trying domestic circumstances. His favourite wife had lost a precious ring, which had doubtless been stolen either by one of his other wives, under the influence of jealousy, or by a female slave. Would the magician pay a visit to his house, recover the ring, and expose the delinquent? 'Now,' said he, 'if I once get within the walls, I shall be sure to force my way into the female apartments on some pretence. If I find the ring, all is well; but if not, this Turk will discover that I have been making a fool of him. However,

* De Vere's "Greece;" "Fides Laici;" Lee's "Empire of Music;" Tennyson's "In Memoriam;" and Taylor's "Virgin Widow."

as he is a favourite at court, and cannot but know in what flattering estimation I am held there, he will probably treat me with the distinction I deserve. In fine, I will try it. Will you come, too? you can help me in my incantations, which will serve as an excuse.' The proposal was too tempting to be rejected, and at the hour agreed on we set off in such state as we could command (in the East, state is essential to respect), jogging over the rough streets in one of those hearse-like carriages without springs, which bring one's bones upon terms of far too intimate a mutual acquaintance.

"We reached at last a gate, which promised little; but ere long we found ourselves in one of those 'high-walled gardens, green and old,' which are among the glories of the East. Passing between rows of orange and lemon-trees, we reached the house, where we were received by a goodly retinue of slaves, and conducted, accompanied by our dragoman, through a long suite of apartments. In the last of them stood a tall, handsome, and rather youthful man, in splendid attire, who welcomed us with a grave courtesy. We took our seats, and were presented in due form with long pipes, and with coffee, to me far more acceptable. After a sufficient interval of time had passed for the most meditative and abstracted of men to remember his purpose, our host, reminded of what he had apparently forgotten by my companion's conjuring robes, an electrical machine, and other instruments of incantation, which the slaves carried from our carriage, civilly inquired when we intended to commence operations. 'What operations?' demanded my companion, with much apparent unconcern. 'The discovery of the ring.' 'Whenever his highness pleased, and it suited the female part of his household to make their appearance,' was the answer.

"At this startling proposition even the Oriental sedateness of our majestic host gave way, and he allowed his astonishment and displeasure to become visible. 'Who ever heard,' he demanded, 'of the wives of a true believer being shown to a stranger, and that stranger an Infidel and a Frank?' As much astonished in our turn, we demanded, 'When a magician had ever been heard of, who could discover a stolen treasure without being confronted either with the person who had lost or the person who had appropriated it?' For at least two hours, though relieved by intervals of silence, the battle was carried on with much occasional vehemence on his part, and on ours with an assumption of perfect indifference. Our host at last, perceiving that our obstinacy was equal to the decrees of fate, retired, as we were informed, to consult his mother on the subject. In a few minutes he returned, and assured us that our proposition was ridiculous; upon which we rose with much dignified displeasure, and moved toward the door, stating that our beads had been made little of. A grave-looking man

who belonged to the household of our host, and occupied apparently a sort of semi-ecclesiastical position, now interposed, and after some consultation it was agreed that as we were not mere men, but prophets, and infidel saints, an exception might be made in our favour without violation of the Mussulman law; not, indeed, to the extent of allowing us to profane the inner sanctuary of the harem with our presence, but so far as to admit us into an apartment adjoining it, where the women would be summoned to attend us.

"Accordingly, we passed through a long suite of rooms, and at last found ourselves in a chamber lofty and large, fanned by a breeze from the Bosphorus, over which its lattices were suspended, skirted by a low divan, covered with carpets and cushions, and 'invested with purpureal gleams,' by the splendid hangings, through which the light feebly strove. Among a confused heap of crimson pillows and orange drapery, at the remote end of the apartment, sat, or rather reclined, the mother of our reluctant host. I could observe only that she was aged, and lay there as still as if she had belonged to the vegetable, not the human world. Usually, she was half-veiled by the smoke of her long pipe; but when its wreaths chanced to float aside, or grow thin, her dark eyes were fixed upon us with an expression half indifferent and half averse.

"Presently a murmur of light feet was heard in an adjoining chamber; on it moved along the floor of the gallery, and in trooped the company of wives and female slaves. They laughed softly and musically as they entered, but seemed frightened also; and at once raising their shawls, and drawing down their veils, they glided simultaneously into a semicircle, and stood there with hands folded on their breasts. I sat opposite to them drinking coffee, and smoking, or pretending to smoke, a pipe eight feet long: at one side stood the Mollah, and some male members of the household: at the other stood the handsome husband, apparently but little contented with the course matters had taken; and my friend, the magician, moved about among the implements of his art, clad in a black gown, spangled with flame-coloured devices, strange enough to strike a bold heart with awe. Beyond the semicircle stood two children, a boy and a girl, holding in their hands twisted rods of barley-sugar about a yard long each, which they sucked assiduously the whole time of our visit. There they stood, mute, and still as statues, with dark eyes fixed, now on us, and now on the extremity of their sugar wands.

"My companion commenced operations by displaying a number of conjuring tricks, intended to impress all present with the loftiest opinion of his powers, and stopped every now and then to make his dragoman explain that it would prove in vain to endeavour to deceive a being endowed with such gifts. To

these expositions the women apparently paid but little attention; but the conjuring feats delighted them, and again and again they laughed, until, literally, the head of each dropped on her neighbour's shoulder. After a time the husband, who alone had never appeared the least entertained, interposed, and asked the conjuror whether he had yet discovered the guilty party? With the utmost coolness my friend replied, 'Certainly not; how could he, while his highness's wives continued veiled?' This new demand created new confusion and a long debate; I thought, however, that the women seemed rather to advocate our cause. The husband, the Molah, and the mother again consulted, and in another moment the veils had dropped, and the beauty of many an eastern nation stood before us revealed.

"Four of these unveiled Orientals were, as we were informed, wives, and six were slaves. The former were beautiful indeed, though beautiful in different degrees, and in various styles of beauty: of the latter, two only. They were all of them tall, slender, and dark-eyed, 'shadowing high beauty in their airy brows,' and uniting a mystical with a luxurious expression, like that of Sibyls who had been feasting with Cleopatra. There was something to me strange, as well as lovely, in their aspect—as strange as their condition, which seems a state half-way between marriage and widowhood. They see no man except their husband; and a visit from him (except in the case of the favourite), is a rare and marvellous occurrence, like an eclipse of the sun. Their bearing toward each other was that of sisters; in their movements I remarked an extraordinary sympathy, which was the more striking on account of their rapid transitions from the extreme of alarm to child-like wonder, and again to boundless mirth.

"The favourite wife was a Circassian, and a fairer vision it would not be easy to see. Intellectual in expression she could hardly be called; yet she was full of dignity, as well as of pliant grace and of sweetness. Her large black eyes, beaming with a soft and stealthy radiance, seemed as if they would have yielded light in the darkness; and the heavy waves of her hair, which, in the excitement of the tumultuous scene, she carelessly flung over her shoulders, gleamed like a mirror. Her complexion was the most exquisite I have ever seen; its smooth and pearly purity being tinged with a colour, unlike that of flower or of fruit, of bud, or of berry, but which reminded me of the vivid and delicate tints which sometimes streak the inside of a shell. Though tall, she seemed as light as if she had been an embodied cloud, hovering over the rich carpets, like a child that does not feel the weight of its body; and though stately in the intervals of rest, her mirth was a sort of rapture. She, too, had that peculiar luxuriance of aspect, in no degree opposed to modesty, which belongs to the

East: around her lips was wreathed, in their stillness, an expression at once pleasurable and pathetic, which seemed ever ready to break forth into a smile; her hands seemed to leave with regret whatever they had rested on, and in parting, to leave something behind; and, in all her soft and witching beauty, she reminded me of Browning's lines:—

"No swan-soft woman, rubbed in lucid oils,
The gift of an enamoured god more fair."

"As feat succeeded to feat, and enchantment to enchantment, all remnant of reserve was discarded, and no trace remained of that commingled alarm and pleased expectation which had characterised those beaming countenances, when first they emerged from their veils. Those fair women floated around us, and tossed their hands in the air, wholly forgetting that their husband was by. Still, however, we had made but little progress in our inquiry; and when the magician informed them that they had better not to try to conceal anything from him, their only answer was a look that said, 'You came here to give us pleasure, not to cross-question us.' Resolved to use more formidable weapons, he began to arrange an electrical machine, when the Molah, after glancing at it two or three times, approached, and asked him whether that instrument also was supernatural. The quick-witted Frenchman replied at once, 'By no means; it is a mere scientific toy.' Then, turning to me, he added, in a low voice, 'He has seen it before—probably he has travelled.' In a few minutes the women were ranged in a ring, and linked hand in hand. He then informed them, through our interpreter, that if a discovery was not immediately made, each person should receive, at the same moment, a blow from an invisible hand; that the second time the admonition would be yet severer; and that the third time, if his warning was still despised, the culprit would drop down dead. This announcement was heard with much gravity, but no confession followed it. The shock was given, and the lovely circle was speedily dislinked, 'with shrieks and laughter.' Again the shock was given, and with the same effect; but this time the laughter was more subdued. Before making his last essay, the magician addressed them in a long speech, telling them that he had already discovered the secret, that if the culprit confessed, he would make intercession for her; but that if she did not, she must take the consequences. Still no confession was made. For the first time my confident friend looked downcast. 'It will not do,' he said to me; 'the ring cannot be recovered—they know nothing about it—probably it was lost. We cannot fulfil our engagement; and, indeed, I wish,' he added, 'that we were well out of all this.'

"I confess I wished the same, especially when I glanced at the master of the household, who stood apart, gloomy as a thunder-

cloud, and with the look of a man who thinks himself in a decidedly false position. The Easterns do not understand a jest, especially in a harem; and not being addicted to irony (that great safety-valve for enthusiasm), they pass rapidly from immovability to very significant and sometimes disagreeable action. Speaking little, they deliver their souls by acting. I should have been glad to hear our host talk, even though in a stormy voice; on the whole, however, I trusted much to the self-possession and address of my associate. Nor was I deceived. 'Do as you see me do,' he said to me and the dragoman; and then, immediately after giving the third shock, which was as ineffectual as those that preceded it, he advanced to our grim host with a face radiant with satisfaction, and congratulated him vehemently. 'You are a happy man,' he said. 'Your household has not a flaw in it. Fortunate it was that you sent for the wise man: I have discovered the matter.' 'What have you discovered?' 'The fate of the ring. It has never been stolen: if it had, I would have restored it to you. Fear nothing; your household is trustworthy and virtuous. I know where the ring is; but I should deceive you if I bade you hope ever to find it again. This is a great mystery, and the happy consummation surpasses even my hopes. Adieu. The matter has turned out just as you see. You were born under a lucky star. Happy is the man whose household is trustworthy, and who, when his faith is tried, finds a faithful counsellor. I forbid you, henceforth and for ever, to distrust any one of your wives.' "

Well, how do you like this, gentle reader? In the spirit of Miss Baillie's preface, it would, perhaps, be a pleasant thing to dwell upon it for some three or four days before taking up anything else; but such is not the condition of life—not of our's, a reviewer's life; or of yours, who have resigned yourselves to our guidance for a little while. Away, then, with *De Vere*!—forget him if you can, and let us see who next comes. What is this? "*Fides Laici*"—a poem—in verse too, and in something of the verse of Dryden—bringing him to the ear and to the mind—with some touches of Crabbe; and something of the author's own, different from, and perhaps better than anything in either. The writer loves the Church of England, and is scandalised with her dissensions. Listen to the opening of the poem:—

"Come, let us then awhile the scene survey,
Where hot dispute frosts out its little day;
And see what causes vex the quiet state
Of England's Church, with wrangling harsh debate.
There are who seem to think that Church a theme
Fit only for some fond enthusiast's dream:—

As though Religion were a thing of Art,
Where each might play a sentimental part.
Thus in God's temple sense they gratify,
With all that soothes the ear and charms the eye;
Music, and flowers, and altar-cloths inlaid
With holy symbols by fair fingers made:
The fretted roof with gewgaw gilding gleams,
And softened light through tinted windows streams;
While tapers burning in the face of day
With import deep mysterious truth convey.
Devotion surely is a sickly plant
The aid of such appliances to want;
Nor feels that soul its own tremendous stake
Which of religion can a plaything make.
But more than this: we must adopt the tone
Of bygone days, abandoning our own,
As though it were a sacrilegious crime
To use a word or term of modern time;
And Christians dared not utter prayer or praise,
Except in some old mediæval phrase.

"Sometimes the evil they admit—but say,
'The Rubric orders, and we must obey—
The Church ordains—the Canons are her voice—
Our law her mandates—and we have no choice—
It is a point of conscience.' Oh! beware,
A morbid conscience is a dangerous snare.

"Suppose, for some quaint oddity of dress,
I cite the usage under good Queen Bess;
Or in slashed doublet clothed, with ribands gay,
Point to the gallants of King Charles's day;
If I should walk the street thus strangely clad,
Could I complain if people called me mad?
Yet surely to defend my tailor's creed,
I might like you ancestral *habits* plead.
As Time rolls onward in its silent course,
New customs rise, and statutes lose their force;
Without express repeal a law may die,
And long disuse can void authority."

The subterfuges by which an escape is made from the doctrines of Christianity, in the novel devices of "Development" and "Reserve," as if Christianity had any esoteric doctrines, are exceedingly well exposed; but we prefer giving the close of the poem:—

"See! where the Southern Cross is hung on high,
That mystic symbol glitters in the sky;
And beckons men across the pathless sea,
Lighted by that resplendent galaxy.
And not in vain! I see a pilgrim host
Go forth to seek New Zealand's island coast,
And found an Empire which perhaps will last
When England's name and glory shall be past.
It is not Mammon's voice nor lust of sway
That sends that band of wanderers away;
But zeal to spread through earth the Word of Heaven,
Through her to whom that Word was first divinely
given:
A noble deed! and Faith prophetic cries
That God will bless the holy enterprise.

"Bright is the hope we cherish, when at length
For her great task the Church is gathering strength;
And unborn millions of a foreign clime,
May yet hereafter live to bless the time,
Which some, faint-hearted, deem with ruin rife,
Because around us roars the din of strife.
Such fears are treason—and themselves create
The dangers which they only seem to state;
Patience and Faith their sure reward receive,
And happiest they, who firmest can believe
That God knows how His promise to fulfil,
And all things but conspire to work His sovereign
will."

In the same serious spirit with this poem, is the next volume which we

open—"Wills's Moral and Religious Epistles."* One of the most beautiful is addressed, in a calm and elevated tone, which reminds us of Milton's "Sonnet to a virtuous Young Lady," to one who, we learn from other verses of the same writer, has been since removed from earth:—

"Lone is the path, apart from worldly ways,
Where walk salvation's wise in prayer and praise :
Rejected, like their Master, by the crowd,
Spurned by the sensual, slighted by the proud—
Condemned to bear the world's vindictive sneer,
That faith would silence what it will not hear ;
Still led by hope that passeth earthly show,
The faith which ends not in this world below.
Lone—but, how blast !—extending far and wide,
The ways of error lead on every side
To Death's broad portal, end of sin and strife ;
But this—this only is the way to life."

The poem on this lady's death is of singular beauty. We can give but a sentence :—

"O, friend, I stood beside thee at thy tomb,
Filled with a thousand bleeding memories ;
Thine image rose upon my thoughts, and filled
My spirit with sad love. I thought, dear friend,
That in the strife of thy long-suffering
I had not mourned enough for one so loved.
I then wept fully. But a thought returned,
As though an angel clothed in shining raiment
Stood by the opening tomb, and said—'Weep not,
For *she* is not in dust, but far away,
Even with the deathless, where no pains can come—
Beyond the reach of sorrows.' Then I looked
On those who stood with solemn aspect round,
And knew we were the dead in sin, not thou !

"Thou art not of the dead : or if so named,
The tomb grows holy when we think of thee.
No more than cavern of decay from which
The bosom shrinks appalled—but holy—holy
The sacred portal of the realm beyond,
Where they who follow thee are found with God."

"The Empire of Music, and other Poems," by Alfred Lee, is a volume of very considerable promise. We wish we had room for an extract.

The next volume is Tennyson's "In Memoriam," greatly the most beautiful and best of his works that we have seen. It is a series of elegiac thoughts on the death of a son of Hallam the historian, who was his chosen friend, and to whom his sister was betrothed. The death occurred in 1833. What interval past between it and Tennyson's writing all, or any of these poems, we are not told. There is scarce a reason for selecting one rather than another of these ; all are beautiful—all are consolatory ; though we think that some of the truer topics of consolation are more happily dwelt on in the poem of Mr. Wills, which

we quoted in a former part of this paper :—

"A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home,

"He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight ;

"So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber, and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

"Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care ;

"So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee,
And this poor flower of poetry
Which little cared for fades not yet.

"But since it pleased a vanish'd eye
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying there at least may die."

"When I contemplate all alone,
The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown ;

"I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy bliss ;

"Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine ;
For now the day was drawing on,
When thou should'st link thy life with one
Of mine own house, and boys of thine

"Had bubbled 'Uncle' on my knee ;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cyprus of her orange flower,
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

"I seem to meet their least desire,
To clasp their cheeks, to call them mine.
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

"I see myself an honour'd guest,
Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest ;

"While now thy prosperous labour fills
The lips of men with honest praise,
And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

"With promise of a morn as fair ;
And all the train of bounteous hours
Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair ;

"Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
Her lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought,
Thy spirit should fall from off the globe ;

"What time mine own might also flee,
As link'd with thine in love and fate,
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait
To the other shore, involved in thee,

"Arrive at last the blessed goal,
And he that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand,
And take us as a single soul.

"What reed was that on which I leant ?
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
The old bitterness again, and break
The low beginnings of content."

* "Moral and Religious Epistles." By the Rev. James Wills. Dublin : Curry & Co. 1848.

The intended marriage of the deceased with a sister of the poet is often alluded to :—

"Oh! what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good;
To her perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend?
* * *

"With weary steps I loiter on,
Though always under alter'd skies;
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.

"No joy the blowing season gives—
The herald melodies of spring;
But in the songs I love to sing
A doubtful gleam of solace lives."

The following Christmas carol, as it may be called, is a fine thing :—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light.
The Year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The Year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of God.

"Ring out the shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

But of all the volumes of poetry which we have lately seen, the "*Virgin Widow*" most demands attentive perusal. It will reward a careful study. A new work by the author of "*Philip Von Artevelde*," even though it did not purport to be of a character new to our literature, is one having more than common claims to notice.

We do not incline, with our author, to class his work with the earlier English drama. In the plays of our earlier dramatists—call them comedies, or

what you please—a story is told very much for the purpose of telling a story. There is no ulterior purpose of imparting truth under fiction; nothing more or other is thought of, than making out, as the author best can, with the materials that chance may present, an evening's entertainment. Nothing that can produce effect, which is within the compass of the author's powers, is neglected. If there be a general truth to nature in the groundwork of the character, the author is satisfied with this basis of reality, and then exaggerates it beyond all measure and all proportion, relying on the confidence that has been established between himself and his audience. Even a general truth to nature is dispensed with, whenever from any cause—as, for instance, the hero being taken from romance, or having some fixed brand of character stamped on him by traditional history—the hearer's sympathy may be reckoned on. The improbable—the outrageous—is preferred, as any one will acknowledge who looks at any volume of these old plays, and does not confine his attention to selected scenes.

Selected scenes mislead us, from the fact that the language of that earlier day was less formal than that of the century which followed; and whatever is expressed in natural language seems, at first view, to have, from that very fact, some foundation in truth. But we think a little fair reading of the works themselves will satisfy most readers that the passions and feelings represented in them are exaggerated, fantastical, silly; and that to class with them, considered as works of art, the present drama, would be greatly to underrate its fair claims. On the other hand, the lavish profusion of imagery everywhere found in those old plays, the variety of incident, the fearlessness with which all subjects, even the most revolting, are treated, give us impressions of the genius of these old giants of this irregular literature of Elizabeth's day, which nothing produced in our own time at all approaches.

But it is by his own work, and not by its relation to that of others, that an author must be judged; and we shall endeavour to assist our readers by an analysis of Mr. Taylor's play.

The scene is in Sicily; the time is not very definitely fixed; but as we have tournaments, and pilgrimages to the Holy Land, we may refer it to such

MANAGER.
"I think, my lord,
We pleased you in it.

RUGGIERO.
"Oh, you did, you did;
Yet still with reservations; and might I speak
My untaught mind to you that know your art,
I should beseech you not to stare, and gasp,
And quiver, that the infection of the sense
May make our flesh to creep! for as the hand
By tickling of our skin may make us laugh
More than the wit of Plautus, so these tricks
May make us shudder. But true art is this,
To set aside your sorrowful pantomime,
Pass by the senses, leave the flesh at rest,
And working by the witcheries of words
Felt in the fulness of their import, call
Men's spirits from the deep; that pain may thus
Be glorified, and passion, flashing out
Like noiseless lightning in a summer's night,
Show Nature in her bounds from peak to chasm,
Awful, but not terrific.

MANAGER.
"True, my lord:
My very words; 'tis what I always told them.
Now, Fulco, speak thy speech.

BRUNO.
"A word, my lord;
The Maddelena's mate is here without,
And craves to see you.

SILISCO.
"Call him in. Your pardon.
[To the players.]
One moment and we'll hear you.

RUGGIERO.
"Tis a speech
That by a language of familiar lowness
Enhances what of more heroic vein
Is next to follow. But one fault it hath:
It sits too close to life's realities,
In truth to Nature missing truth to Art;
For Art commends not counterparts and copies,
But from our life a nobler life would shape,
Bodies celestial from terrestrial rascals,
And teach us, not jejunely what we are,
But what we may be when the Parian block
Yields to the hand of Phidias."

The vessel which the marquis has hired from the Jews is waiting for sailing-orders. The crew is impatient; and we have a conversation between the captain, mate, and boatswain, which shews that their cupidity has been awakened—"When we reach Rhodes," says Spadone, the captain, "we shall take such a treasure of jewels and ingots aboard, as the good ship never lodged before." Spadone now sends for sailing-orders, and the Jews make their appearance.

Areteina is the mistress of Spadone, and is to meet him at the catacombs under the western suburb of Palermo.

ARETEINA.
"He loves my singing, but he loves not me.
How should he? knowing me so nicely link'd
With this Spadone. To have 'Alion was sad,
But for the love of such a kuave as this,
To fall, was falling doubly;—not as Eve
Lur'd by the fruit, but by the Serpent's self.
Yet is the Serpent not so very wise,
To think that, having fallen, I am his
For ever, and must evermore misdoom
His venom to be nectar. No, could I pierce
The plot that now he hatches—sure I am

There's perfi'dy design'd—the last were this
That I should see of these detested caves,
Or of this wretch and his barbarities.

Enter SPADONE.
SPADONE.
"According to thy wont—blear-ey'd, I see. What
hath sprung the leak now?

ARETEINA.
"Were I to tell thee I should find no pity; so I
may keep my counsel.

SPADONE.
"Pity! As great a pity to see a woman weep, as
to see a goose go barefoot. 'Tis their nature. But,
hark you, my girl; if gold can make thee merry,
thou shalt not moulder long. When I come back
from Rhodes . . .

ARETEINA.
"Yes. Shalt thou bring much gold with thee?

SPADONE.
"Treasure upon treasure! heap upon heap! Here,
in this very cave, thou shalt see it; and what is more,
thou shalt have it in thy keeping. For when I shall
have seen it safe with thee, it will be needful I should
make away for Calabria, and whistle off a month or
two till I shall see how things be taken.

ARETEINA.
"But whence will this treasure come?

SPADONE.
"When the Maddelena shall be seen in the offing,
hie thee hither. Wait not till she comes into port,
for that may chance to be a tedious time; and if
they should tell thee that we have gone to the bottom,
heed not that; for thou shalt find me here notwith-
standing.

ARETEINA.
"But tell me, whence is the treasure?

SPADONE.
"For the gold, it comes out of the bowels of the
earth. The diamonds were digg'd up in the farther
Ind. Touching the pearls, thou shalt ask of an
oyster; and in respect of the jewels, a toad could tell
thee somewhat. Hark! I hear the Mate hellowing
for me through the caverns like a calf that hath lost
its dam. Fare thee well!

ARETEINA.
"Here then we meet when thou returns't. Farewell.
[Exit SPADONE.]
And for the gold thou bringest, whence it comes
Thou know'st not better than I know myself.
It is Silisco's gold. Whither it goes,
Thou know'st not better—nor so well. In trust
For him I'll take it. Falsehood to the false
Is woman's truth, and fair fidelity."

[Exit.]

The next scene exhibits Silisco and Ruggiero on the sea-coast, near Palermo. They see Silisco's vessel, the Maddalena, departing, and the Zita coming into port. In the Zita are Rosalba and Fiordeliza.

Ruggiero describes them, before they land, to Silisco, who, it would appear, had not seen them before.

SILISCO.
"First for the island Countess.

RUGGIERO.
"First for her.
In the soft fulness of a rounded grace,
Noble of stature, with an inward life
Of secret joy sedate, Rosalba stands,
As seeing and not knowing she is seen,
Like a majestic child without a want.
She speaks not often, but her presence speaks,
And is itself an eloquence, which withdrawn,
It seems as though some strain of music ceas'd
That fill'd till then the palpitating air

With sweet pulsations. When she speaks, indeed,
 'Tis like some one voice eminent in the choir,
 Heard from the midst of many harmonies
 With thrilling singleness, yet clear accord.
 So heard, so seen, she moves upon the earth,
 Unknowing that the joy she ministers
 Is aught but Nature's sunshine.

SILISCO.

"Call you this
 The picture of a woman or a Saint?
 When Cimabue next shall figure forth
 The hierarchies of heaven, will give him this
 To copy from. But said you, then, the other
 Was fairer still than all this?"

RUGGIERO.

"I may have said it;
 I should have said, she's fairer in my eyes.
 Yet must my eyes be something worse than blind,
 And see the thing that is not, if the hand
 Of Nature was not lavish of delights
 When she was fashion'd. But it were not well
 To blazon her too much; for mounted thus
 In your esteem, she might not hold her place,
 But fall the farther for the fancied rise.
 For she has faults, Silisco, she has faults;
 And when you see them you may think them worse
 Than I, who know, or think I know, their scope.
 She gives her moods the mastery, and flush'd
 With quickenings of a wild and wayward wit,
 Flits like a firefly in a tangled wood,
 Restless, capricious, careless, hard to catch,
 Though beautiful to look at.

SILISCO.

"By my faith
 She's a wild growth, to judge her by her fruits,
 For she torments you vilely. Prudent friend,
 Rosalba being what you say, why fix
 Your heart on Fiordeliza?"

RUGGIERO.

"Wherefore? why?
 When hearts are told by number, weight, and
 measure,
 I'll render you a reason for my love.
 Till then, I say it was my luck to love her;
 Ill luck or good, I know not yet. For you,
 I would it were your luck to love Rosalba,
 So you might wed her. But the rumour is
 That she is brought from Proclida to be given
 To old Count Ugo.

SILISCO.

"Good old man, he's welcome.
 A simpler hearted creature never liv'd
 To put on spectacles and see the world
 Grow wise and honest, and I wish him joy.
 And I will take example by him, too,
 And marry when I'm seventy; and till then
 I'll live as heretofore, and take delight
 In God's creation revel'd in at large,
 And not this work or that."

They land; and Ruggiero's painting
 is felt to be cold and colourless, when
 the original is seen. Some conversa-
 tion takes place, but Silisco knows not
 what he says.

The second act shows Silisco's ruin.
 His vessel sinks as it is coming into
 port. The three Jews, knowing his
 land to be mortgaged to Ugo, issue
 writs against his person. He seeks to
 conceal himself, and uses, for this pur-
 poses, a secret passage between his
 garden and the catacombs. The ves-
 sel had been scuttled by her officers,
 and Spadone conceals the stolen trea-
 sure in the catacombs. Aretina has
 met him here in pursuance of their
 agreement; he leaves her, at the same

time showing her a ring: when he has
 gone, we have a few words from Aretina,
 and the scene concludes with the
 following incident:—

ARETINA.

"O monstrous crime! Ruthless, remorseless wretch!
 And so besotted as to think my love
 Would hold thro' all! A gurgling, sobbing sound
 Is in my ears—a booming overhead!
 My blood runs cold. Oh, I shall faint! and here!
 And should the light go out . . . I hear a step . . .

(Enter SILISCO.)

Who's there? Who are you?

[Utters a sharp cry.

SILISCO.

"Nay, but who art thou?
 I swear 'tis Aretina—cold as stone!
 What dost thou here?—Nay, courage—come, look up;
 A friendly arm is round thee—know'st not me?"

ARETINA.

Oh yes, my lord, I know you—(sings by Heaven,
 For I have that to tell you . . .)
 SPADONE, (who had re-entered unobserved, and stands
 her from behind.)

"Which thy throat
 Shall utter through a bloody new-made mouth,
 [ARETINA shrieks and flies.
 And now, my lord, for you!

SILISCO.

"A woman's blood,
 Dastard! is all that thou shalt shed to-day.
 [They fight. SPADONE falls.
 Slain is he? No, I think not—but he swears.
 Where's that unhappy girl? Fled forth the caves?
 Well doth this caltiff merit to be left
 To meet his fate. But should he wake to life
 And find himself in darkness left to die
 Unshriven and unassail'd! Most horrible!
 Gerbetta's house is on the beach hard by;
 I'll take him there. the worthy doctor's skill
 May call him from his trance, and he may thus
 Repent and live, or be absolv'd and die."
 [Exit, bearing out SPADONE,

About the time this scene is taking
 place in the catacombs, we have Spa-
 done's mate and boatswain waiting
 for him at the shore. Ruggiero saves
 a drowning sailor, and learns the vil-
 lany by which the vessel has been de-
 stroyed, and pursues the mate and
 boatswain.

The third act shows us the gardens
 of Ubaldo's palace. Rosalba, for a
 lady engaged to be married to another,
 gives at least sufficient encouragement
 to Silisco, in her promise to delay her
 marriage till All Saints' Day, in order
 to have him, if he can, break down her
 father's obstinate determination; nay,
 from the opening of this third act, he
 would almost seem an accepted lover:—

Gardens of UBALDO'S Palace—ROSALBA and
 FIORDELIZA.

FIORDELIZA.

"Rosalba, nay, Rosalba.

ROSALBA.

"Am I not patient?

FIORDELIZA.

"Well, I think you are; but I would have you
 cheerful. Look at me. Has not my lover vanished,
 too?"

ROSALBA.

" True, Fiordeliza; sorrow is wont to be vilely selfish, and I am forgetting your trouble in mine own. Yet if I were not driven to marry another, methinks I also could be cheerful.

FIORDELIZA (*sings*).

I.

" Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
Soon would I fly away,
And never more think of my love,
Or not for a year and a day;
If I had the wings of a dove.

II.

" I would press the air to my breast,
I would love the changeful sky,
In the murmuring leaves I would set up my rest,
And bid the world good-bye;
If I had the wings of a dove."

ROSALBA.

" Is yon my father? Alas! I fear the very sight of him now?

FIORDELIZA.

" Were I a nursing mother I should fear it, lest it should sour my milk.

ROSALBA.

" He is always in the same story—that Silisco never will be seen again, and that Count Ugo cannot wait.

FIORDELIZA.

" Well, as to the story, there is this truth in it—that the rich Silisco will not be seen, and that Ugo will never again be as young as he is now. Indeed, your father may have some cause to fear lest his purpose to marry be crossed by that last humour which happens to men at his time of life, of going to the grave at one jump.

ROSALBA.

" Fie, Fiordeliza; it makes me sad, not merry, to hear you talk so lightly. Count Ugo, though he hath not, nor has he d, the gifts and faculties which you set store by, was ever a just, courteous, and bountiful man, of good life and conversation, with a gentle and generous heart, and, peradventure, as much understanding as innocence has occasion for.

FIORDELIZA.

" Oh! I grant him that; but nevertheless the good old golden pippin is ripe, and may drop while the gardenèr is getting the ladder.

(*Sings*)

I.

" The last year's leaf, its time is brief
Upon the heechen spray;
The green bud springs, the young bird sings,
Old leaf, make room for May;
Begone, fly away,
Make room for May.

II.

" Oh, green bud, smile on me awhile,
Oh, young bird, let me stay—
What joy have we, old leaf, in thee?
Make room, make room, for May!
Begone, fly away,
Make room for May."

The marriage is hurried on, Rosalba being misled into believing the infidelity of Silisco.

The next scene of this act is a conversation between Ruggiero and Silisco. It is scarcely susceptible of abridgement, and if it were, abridgement would not answer our purpose, as our object is to show how the dramatist makes the story relate itself in action. Not one line can for this purpose be omitted without loss; and in our own study of the play we have felt, at each successive perusal, the importance of even

single words, which at a first reading had escaped our attention. The triumph of the poet is that of having succeeded in the production of a consummate work of art. Of this none can judge who will not contemplate it from many positions before the proper point of view is obtained. What may be written by ourselves or others on the subject we feel to be nothing, unless we get our readers to study the work for themselves. The Argument of "Paradise Lost" might as well be substituted for the poem, as the plot of the story which the dramatist brings before the eye in scenes successively disclosing his secret, be supposed to give any notion whatever of what he has done:—

A Farmstead on the Lands of Malespina, in the Neighbourhood of the Castle.

Enter SILISCO and RUGGIERO.

RUGGIERO.

" We chased them that night and the next day, gaining on them by little and little; but as evening fell, there came into the horizon a cloud no bigger than your hand, and in an instant the storm swooped upon them like a bird of prey, and they went to destruction before our eyes, thief and booty together.

SILISCO.

" Best friend and holdest, how fared you, I pray?

RUGGIERO.

" The storm spared us, but we were sorely tormented by hunger and thirst that night; and when we landed next morning at Vetri, in Calabria, my strength was clean spent, and a fever was upon me that laid me low for many a day. When that left me, I found my way back with all speed, and learning from Monna the direction of your flight, I sped hither. Such is my history.

SILISCO.

" Of mine remains

But little to recount. Spadone, or, If he was dead, Spadone's corpse, I left In old Geribetto's cottage on the beach; Nor waiting his return (for he was forth), Back to the Catacombs I sped, and search'd Each cranny, but could nowhere find, my friend, The luckless Aretina. In the caves I dwelt by day. The night I chiefly spent In my own gardens.

RUGGIERO.

In your gardens?

SILISCO.

" Yes;

Behind the statue of Proserpina
There is a cavern fring'd with pensile plants,
By which, well-known to me in boyhood, opens
A passage to the Catacombs. Thro' this,
When first I heard that writs were out against me,
I, like a land-crab, into the earth had dropp'd,
And afterwards thro' this I issued thence
When darkness and the owls possess'd the world.
Ere long, impatient of my dreary life,
I meditated flight: and strange you'll deem
The choice I made of whither to betake me.
But having not, since childhood, seen my lands,
A humour seiz'd me to revisit them;
And seeing I was here as little known
As elsewhere I could be, and peradventure
Should be less look'd for, hither did I come.
I found Count Ugo's people in possession,
The sometime mortgagee, the owner now.

RUGGIERO.

" Why hither? it can bring you little joy
To look upon the lands that you have lost.

SILISCO.

"To look upon the days that I have lost,
Ruggiero, brings me less; and here I thought
To get behind them; for my childhood here
Lies round me. But it may not be. By Heavens!
That very childhood bitterly upbraid
The manhood vain that did but travesty,
With empty and unseasonable mirth,
Its joys and lightness. From each brake and bower
Where thoughtless sports had lawful time and place,
The manly child rebukes the childish man;
And more reproof and bitter do I read
In many a peasant's face, whose leaden looks
My host the farmer construes to my shame.
Injustice, nay, if tyranny more dark
Than that of courts, have laid their brutal hands
On those that claim'd my tolerance. Want and vice
An injury and outrage fill'd my lands.
What I, who saw it not, my substance threw
To feed the fraudulent and tempt the weak
Ruggiero, with what glittering words so'er
We smear the selfishness of waste, and count
Our careless tossings bounty. This is sure,
Man sinks not by a more manly vice
Than is that vice of prodigality—
Man finds not more dishonour than in debt.

RUGGIERO.

"Farewell my function! I perceive that now
You need no more a monitor. To me,
Who, when the past was present, sigh'd to see it,
The present brings its joy. One work is wrought;
A verity hath born its last of pains.
And, issuing from this gorge, the tract you tread,
Though it be ne'er so poorly and shorn,
Shall be, I augur in the sunshine.

SILISCO.

"No;
Not in the sunshine; that may never be;
Upon my path the sun shall shine no more.
It is not poverty will darken it—
In many another point I erred, but not
In coming wealth to me was little worth;
Nor self-reproach—for this, though sharp, will work
Its own purgation; nor the world's contempt,
Which with a light and friendly disregard
I soon could conquer. But one hope there was
That in the darkness and the frosty air
Burnt brighter still and brighter, which is now
Set, not to rise again. In this I own
Needful severity; for this apart
My joyfulness of nature had escaped
The hands of justice and all worldly ill
Had left me unchastised.

RUGGIERO.

"Rosalia false!

SILISCO.

"No, say not so—she means not to be false.
No—falseness could no more have place in her
Than could the cankerworm in Paradise.
She promis'd, it is true, till All Saints' Eve
To hold herself in freedom untroubled;
'Tis likewise true, or publicly proclaim'd,
Count Ugo is to marry her to-morrow.
But doubtless she has deem'd herself released
By my desertion. Since that fatal night
She knows of me no more than that I vanish'd;
For how could I, a beggar, plead to her,
An heiress, her past promise? With what aim?
Since should she wait the term, the issue still
Must be obedience to her father's behest,
And what can now move him?

RUGGIERO.

"I know not what.

But what we know not of may haply be,
And this I know,—what rules the true of heart
Is plighted faith, not circumstance. To-morrow?
I think it may be done—Rosalia's legs
Will carry me if legs of mortal steel
Can span the distance in the time—and so
My presence and my protest shall precede
This woeful wedding—Yes, ere noon to-morrow,
Before Rosalia face to face I'll stand,
And, be it at the altar's foot, oppose
Her prior promise to her marriage vow.
Leandro, ho! my horse.

"At least there's truth
But be gentle to Rosalia."

[*Exeunt.*]

Ruggiero is too late: the wedding is already celebrated. A masked ball, given by the king, follows among the wedding festivities:—

RUGGIERO.

"Too late—too late! Yet shall the truth be heard!
Though what is irremediable be done,
Let what is just be spoken. To that ball
Shall come a dreary and unwelcome guest."

Ruggiero, with his scourge and lamp, moves about, personating Conscience, searching out sins, and chastising the hearts of sinners.

The voice of Conscience disturbs the poor bride, who has married an old man, in violation of her promise to a young one; and the old man does not escape unwhipped, for, in addition to his sin of being in the way of the young people, he, it seems, had vowed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, at the time of his former wife's death, and this he will now fulfil.

The next act opens with a scene at the royal palace of Palermo. We learn from a conversation between Ubaldo and the chief justiciary, that the king's passion for the doctor's daughter has risen into actual frenzy. She has not been seen since the night of the marriage. Ruggiero is suspected of having carried her away; and colourable charges touching matters of account, and malversations, are got up against him by the king, in the hope of thus extorting from him, by fear, the secret of her place of concealment. "The king," says the chief justice to Ubaldo, "as you say, my lord, must be clean lunatic, to make this ado about a doctor's daughter, seeing that he might disport himself at his pleasure with a hundred doctors' daughters, not to say a hundred ladies of greater estimation and nobility."

Ubaldo does not altogether agree with the king's interpretation of Ruggiero's conduct, and thinks that "the cock is most likely to be found where the hen-bird hath her nest;" and he tells the justiciary "that Fiordeliza hath lately gone to sojourn for a season with his daughter, who lives like a nun since her marriage, and hath chosen for her nunnery the convent of Malespina,

which fell to Count Ugo in satisfaction of the debt due to him from the former lord of it, that castaway Silisco." Where Silisco has gone no one knows; but Rosalba knows that, from about the time of his disappearance from Palermo, there has been lodging at the farm near the castle "a person of a light, lofty, and graceful appearance, courteous and winning of demeanour," who answers to Silisco in everything, except that he was not gay, but pensive and retiring. We thus see in what direction Rosalba's thoughts and hopes are tending. The mysterious visitor is regarded by the farmers and farm-servants, as a conjuror. On the night of his coming strange sounds are heard in the air; and, soon after the sounds were heard, he came knocking at the door! Surely no one but a conjuror was ever known to come flying through the air in that way. And besides that, he is a magnificent man to look at; and orders this, and orders that, as though the powers of the air were at his bidding. He cures agues, and old women with warts come to be charmed. The priest is in alarm. It were better, he says, to die and be saved, than be healed and be damned; and he will have none of the conjuror's cures. The falconer at the castle has his scruples as to Christian ailments; but one of his birds has not taken her food for three days, and as she has no soul to trouble her, he thinks she may safely take any cure she can come by; and sends to consult the ladies on this point of casuistry. Fiordeliza, weary of the solitude of the place, affects, or fancies herself sick, and sends for the conjuror. The conjuror proves to be Ruggiero. In a short soliloquy before their meeting, we find Fiordeliza's heart relenting towards her former lover; but in their conversation she betrays her jealousy of Lisana, and is offended at Ruggiero's refusal to explain the mystery of that lady's disappearance, and his relation to her.

Fiordeliza has spoken harshly; and he replies:—

RUGGIERO.

"No need of this;

Of vehement disavowal there's no need
To undeceive me, had I thought you kind.
I have but to reveal the past.

FIORDELIZA.

"What past?

Speak out your quarrel with the past; and I
Will tell you of my quarrel with the present.
I was kind once, unless my memory errs,
And if I seem'd to change without a cause,

What since has follow'd shows that cause enough
There might have been; for aught I know there was.
How read you then the history of the past
To make me seem too harsh?

RUGGIERO.

"How read I it?

I read it but as they that run may read;
A tale of no uncouth kind.
The love whose dawn beheld its earliest glow
Reflected, as it rose to perfect day,
Saw the bright colouring of the vaporous cloud
Grow pale and disappear. My springing love,
So long as it was pleasant, light, and free,
Was prosperous; but it pass'd too soon to passion.
I could not make a plaything of my love;
I could not match it with your sportive moods,
'Till garlands should be conjur'd into chains;
I could not lightly agitate and fan
The airier motions of an amorous fancy,
And by a skill in blowing hot and cold,
And changeful dalliance, quicken you with doubts,
And keep you in the dark till you should kindle.
I was not ignorant that arts like these
Avail, when bare simplicity of love
Falls flat; but be they strong or weak, these means
Were none of mine; and though my heart should
break,
(As humbly I believe it will not,) still
More willingly would I suffer by such arts
Than practise them.

FIORDELIZA.

"Have I then practis'd arts?

One art I know—to judge men by their acts,
And not their seemings. I should not be loth
Some faults to own, Ruggiero, did I know
That he to whom I own'd them would own his.
But there should be a justice in confession.
Yours is the greater fault; confess you first.

RUGGIERO.

"Most fully, frankly, freely, from the heart
Will I pour out confessions. I am proud,
Inflexible, undutiful, self-will'd,
In anger violent, of a moody mind,
And latterly morose; what further?—sad,
Severe, vindictive.

FIORDELIZA.

"How confession loves

To fight with shadows, whilst the substance flies.
You have not said that in a slippery hour
You stain'd a maiden's honour and your own.

RUGGIERO.

"That which I have not said, I have not done.

FIORDELIZA.

"Where is Lisana?

RUGGIERO.

"Wheresoe'er she be,
Her innocence is with her.

FIORDELIZA.

"But where is she?

RUGGIERO.

"Secrets that are my own you may command.
This is another's.

As he leaves the castle, he is taken by the provost and marshalsmen, who have tracked him to Fiordeliza's residence.

At the opening of the fifth act, we meet Silisco, who had not been heard of since Rosalba's marriage:—

The Station of St. Elmo in the Forest—SILISCO in pilgrim's weeds.

SILISCO.

"Full many from the Holy Land return
Less holy than they went. My pilgrimage,
In gratitude and earthly love begun,
To heavenly, let me hope, shall lead at last;
For 'twas not ended when I westward turn'd

Nor was I more in Palestine, methinks,
A pilgrim and a stranger in the land
Than here in Sicily I feel myself.
Hark! there are voices! travellers, no doubt.
This shelter then will not be all mine own.
Why should it be? So churlish am I grown
That nothing pleases me but solitude,
She that for shadows keeps an open house,
And entertains the future as I the past.
Yes—there are voices—from which side I know not;
And through the mist is nothing to be seen
But apparitions thin—the ghosts of trees."

While he is still speaking, the provost and marshals enter with their prisoner. We learn, from a conversation between them, the secret, which Ruggiero has hitherto kept. He has hidden Lisana in the Convent of San Paolo, of which his aunt is abbess. Her noviciate will not have expired till St. Michael's Eve, when she is to take the veil, and be thus safe from the king's courtship. Silisco rescues Ruggiero from his captors by a stratagem; and Ruggiero proposes that they shall live like wild hunters in the woods, till St. Michael's Eve.

"Have with you—there's no roof-tree that I love
Like the live roof-tree of the forest lone."

The next scene is in the palace of Palermo. The talk is of the homage Rosalba is to perform for her lands.

A Room of State in the King's Palace at Palermo—

ROSALBA, FIORELIZA, and an Usher.

USHER.

"Madame, his good Lordship, your father, bids me say he is seeking the King, and will presently bring you word what day is fixed for your investiture."
[Exit.]

ROSALBA.

"This is the chamber. When I see again
The tapestry and old chairs, a very dream
Seems the past year, from which, awakening now,
My childhood seems the sole reality."

FIORELIZA.

"Yet, if I err not, when we last were here
Your childhood was the dream; the life you then
Were wakening to seem'd very sweetly real.
Do you remember? 'twas the second time
You met Silisco."

ROSALBA.

"Three long days had past
(Long though delightful, for they seem'd with thoughts
As Maydays seem with flowers), since I had first
Beheld him, standing in the sunset lights,
Beside a wreck, half-buried in the sand,
Upon the western shore. I see him now
A radiant creature with the sunset glow
Upon his face, that mingled with a glow,
Yet sunnier from within. When next we met
'Twas here, as you have said; and then his mien
Was lighter, with an outward brightness clad,
For all the court was present; yet I saw
The other ardour through."

The king has discovered that Lisana is in the Convent of San Paolo. She has been seen attending Aretina, who is

dying. The king, on hearing this, exclaims:—

THE KING.

"Go to Haggai, the old Jew, and bid him come to me instantly. Provide me a habit of a Franciscan friar, and meet me here an hour after sunset."

We next behold Lisana taking the veil, and are told of Aretina's death:—

RUGGIERO.

"Is Aretina dead?"

SILISCO.

"Died in my arms but now, meek penitent!
With love and joy upon her lips—so sweet
'Twas as the dying of a summer's day;
And blessed I was the chance which brought me here
In time to make her happier in her death."

RUGGIERO.

"What was it you could do?"

SILISCO.

"Her mind, poor girl,
Was burden'd with two secrets—one, the love
She bore me in our earlier joyous days,
Which 'twas a solace to disclose in death;
The other of strange import, on her tongue
To tell me when we jostled in the cave,
And base Spadone stabbed her from behind,
'Twas this—that that same treasure which was
brought
From Rhodes on board the luckless Maddalena—
That treasure which we deem'd Calabrian seas
Had swallow'd with the boatswain and the mate—
What time you chas'd them, riding on the storm,
And saw them founder—that that treasure still
Is extant upon earth, lodg'd in that cave."

The next scene exhibits the Pass of Smarrimento, in the mountains, near the Convent of San Paolo, and hiding among the shadows of the rocks are our three Israelitish friends. They have supplied the king with money for an adventure, indicated when he had heard of Lisana's whereabouts, and they seem to have the same notion of lending money as is expressed by a more respectable authority in an early part of the play:—

"Give thou to no man, if thou wish him well,
That he may not in borrowing interest take,
Else thou shalt but befriend his faults, allied
Against his better, with his baser half."

We have Haggai reasoning in the same way; and the great value of these prudential aphorisms is, as Benjamin Franklin long ago observed, that they give a man a formal excuse for doing on any occasion whatever he likes:—

HAGGAI.

"Briefly, the King sent for me secretly this morning, to borrow ten thousand ducats, and for a small consideration I learnt from Master Nilda, that it was wanted for the spoiling of a maiden which prepareth herself to be a nun, and that the King should disguise himself as a friar, and go forth this night to seek her at the Convent of San Paolo, and should take the money with him. Monstrous! that such store of gold should be lavished in the trafficking with a convent and the loosening of the girdle of a maid! Well! he shall shortly pass this way, and then shall we take

back, to be used in an honest and profitable employment, that gold which, to serve a filthy and villainous attempt, I was, as it were, almost constrained to give.

SHALLUM.

"Haggi! Thou would'st not rob the King.

HAGGAI.

"Ye!, mine own father, if it were to save him from sin.

SHALLUM.

"The whole country should be aroused to discover who were the robbers which had robbed the King.

HAGGAI.

"Thou errest. To disclose the robbery were to betray himself. He will return discomfited from his enterprise, and hide his countenance from the shame thereof. Come, be of a good courage, and get thee ready. Look up, Shallum! make a cheerful noise to the God of Jacob. When it came into my heart to think this thing, and I considered that the gold which passed from me at noon should return to me ere the second watch, I was as a man that rejoiceth in his own; yea, I skipped like a ram."

The king enters, and is attacked by the Jews; Silisco, still in his pilgrim's dress, comes up in time to rescue the king, and in the scuffle Haggi is slain.

The next scene is in the audience-chamber at Palermo. It is St. Michael's festival. The king demands if any one has a suit, that now is his time to speak. The pilgrim, who has rescued him from the Jews, steps forward. Before he can speak, he is interrupted by the king, who does not wish that he should distinctly state the nature of the service he has lately rendered him, but who acknowledges obligations which none other can estimate aright, and then confers on him the property of the three Jews, which had become forfeited.

Rosalba now enters to do homage for Count Ugo's lands. Ugo's will is first read. He leaves his goods to his wife while unwedded; should she wed, they were left to a pilgrim named Buonauro.

The pilgrim is Silisco, who from the day of the marriage had accompanied the Count in his pilgrimage.

We cannot find room for the whole scene, but Rosalba's words must be given:—

ROSALBA.

"So strangely fast

Events have come upon me, that my head
Is half-bewild'rd; but my heart is clear;
And lost indeed to sense, and love, and life,
That heart must be or e'er it could deny
That it is all your own."

A characteristic dialogue between Ruggiero and Fiordeliza follows. The king interrupts:—

THE KING.

"Surely now

You will not so untoward be to try
His patience longer. Think how many a year
His suit hath linger'd."

FIORDELIZA.

"Well, sir, if your Grace

Hath less of patience left in looking on
Than I, that bear the burthen, then, I think,
It may be, for your ease and for mine own,
I shall be tutor'd to say, 'Yes'—in time.
The scarecrow, sir, was married to the maypole
In time; but, bless me! 'twas a tedious courtship

RUGGIERO.

"On your own time and humour will I wait
As heretofore.

FIORDELIZA.

"Then, dear Ruggiero, Yes.

For 'tis my humour that the time be now.

SILISCO.

"Then shall this glorious NOW be crown'd the Queen
Of all the hours in all the ages past,
Since the first morning's rosy finger touch'd
The bowers of Eden. Grace defend my heart
That now it bound not back to what it was
In days of old, forgetting all that since,
Has tried and tamed it! No, Rosalba, no—
Albeit you waves be bright as on the day
When, dancing to the shore from Proclia,
Thy brought me a new joy, yet fear me not—
The joy falls now upon a heart prepar'd
By many a trouble, many a trial past,
And striking root, shall flourish and stand fast."

Our extracts have not been selected with any view of presenting to our readers the best passages in the drama. There are in it no very prominent or separable passages, and the beauty of this work is not in its parts, but as a whole. It is scarce possible to think of the effect of any one scene detached from the rest. No one passage stands very distinctly forward; and while the characters of the *dramatis personæ* are distinguished from each other by very marked traits, yet there is little aid borrowed from soliloquy or narrative. The conventional artifices by which the dramatist makes the audience acquainted with what it is difficult to represent as acted, and which, therefore, is generally told in some heavy narration, are here wholly avoided, and this renders it necessary to watch every turn in the dialogue, lest something of interest or of character should escape attention. To the more formal drama the work is what the novel is to the romance. The style is perfectly graceful, reminding us of the conversations in Miss Baillie's comedies. In Mr. Taylor there is, however, more ease and less of mannerism; but in both there is the same good sense and good feeling, and the same total absence of glitter, which even in Sheridan becomes wearisome, and makes too severe a demand on the attention. Mr. Taylor's style is as pure, something less rounded, perhaps, and less studied than that of Miss Edgeworth. It often reminds us of a writer, some of whose works are inscribed to

Mr. Taylor—the author of “*Essays written in the Intervals of Business.*” In that writer, the happiness of particular words strikes us more often than in Henry Taylor; but we are far from sure that this, while it increases the momentary effect, is a merit. Is it fanciful in us to think that in these occasional felicities of language which separate, as it were, a word from those around it—a paragraph from its context—we see the imagination playing with its subject, rather than the whole mind engaged?

“I marked

That mid the chequer-work of light and shade,
With curious choice he pluck’d no other flowers
But those on which the moonlight fell.”

Still, to criticise in this spirit works which have given us great delight, disputing or dispelling beauty after beauty, will not do; and we must remember that an author who thus seems to play with his subject, may, in fact, be but seeking to communicate truths which would otherwise have little chance of access to his hearer’s mind, in a less obtrusive character than that of a teacher of indisputable proportions. Whatever is original in speculation, must be presented as if it were doubtful, or an author will seem to claim the right of an instructor, instead of appearing to be one engaged on an inquiry in common with the hearer whom he seeks to interest. We are, however, straying from our subject, and are dwelling on points which concern the essayist rather than the dramatist, for, as faults or as merits, they can scarce exist, except in passages where the author speaks in his own person, and not in that of an imaginary character.

We are told by our author that he feels the scenes in modern fiction to be often painfully harrowing. In many of these cases it can be plainly shown

that the limits of Art are transcended. In the ancient tragedy, there was always reason for the suffering. It was not pain for the sake of excitement, or exhibited for the sake of showing the skill of the poet or the actor, but it was the measure of divine wrath, or of superhuman endurance. It was the suffering of a god or a demigod. The scene was cast in the heroic ages. There is a story told by Herodotus, and commented on by Schlegel, which is calculated to illustrate the view which the Greeks took of such things. Miletus had been destroyed by the Persians. In Herodotus’s account of its destruction, we are given the language of the oracle concerning it:—

Καὶ τότε δὴ Μίλητον, κακῶν ἐργάσαντο ἔργον,
Πολλοὶ δὴ πρὶν ἐν αὐτῇ καὶ ἀγλαὰ ἔργα γέ-
νηται·
καὶ δ’ ἄλοχον πολλοὶ τῶνδε νύφες ἀναστή-
την· ὅς τις αὖτε Διὶ πατρὶ ἔλκεται μέλει.†

The words of the oracle were fulfilled. The men were slain by the “long-haired” Persians—the women were treated as slaves. As to the temple and the shrine at Didymi, it ceased to be tended by the Milesians, which perhaps satisfies the meaning of the words of the oracle; but so far from being tended by others, it was burnt and pillaged. The poet Phrynichus composed a drama upon “the capture of Miletus. When it was acted at Athens, the whole theatre burst into tears; but the poet was fined a thousand drachmæ for renewing the memory of their domestic misfortunes, and orders were given that no one should thenceforward act that drama.”

The example of the ancients, then, so far from supporting the writers who seek to produce effect by excitement, is, when examined, entirely in the other way. To calm the perturbation of the passions seems, in any interpretation we

* We have reviewed, in former volumes, this writer’s “*Claims of Labour,*” see DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XXV., and his “*Henry II.*” DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XXIII. We take shame to ourselves for not having before now called our readers’ attention to the essays on slavery in the second volume of his “*Friends in Council,*” and to the illustrations of that most important and most perplexing chapter on the history of the human race given in his “*Conquerors of the New World.*” Of these books—the last, most probably, in connection with the American historian Prescott—we must soon find or make an opportunity of communicating with our readers.

† “And thou Miletus, contrived of wicked deeds,
Though shalt become a banquet and rich spoils to many;
Thy wives shall wash the feet of many long-haired,
And others shall have the care of our temple at Didymi.”

can give to the language of the most subtle of the ancient critics, to have been, if not the absolute purpose of the dramatic poet, yet the presupposed condition on which alone it was possible for the mind to receive the lessons of wisdom which it was the business of the drama to give. This, however, we must leave for the present undiscussed.

Among the volumes which we had thought of bringing before our readers' notice is one of exceeding beauty—"Annesley and other Poems"—by Anna Harriet Drury. "Annesley" was sent to us on its first publication, but by some accident the volume was mislaid, and has almost by accident again met our eye, when we were looking at the books which we have been just speaking of. We have room but for the opening of the poem, but even in the passages we have selected from Tennyson and Henry Taylor there is nothing more touchingly beautiful:—

"He was the favoured friend of early days;
My generous rival for scholastic praise;
My pure example in the paths of right,
In all superior—save in boyish might.
Pale, weak of frame, a slight and studious youth,
His eye all intellect, his lip all truth,
Marked for his genius, for his learning crowned,
He shunned the sports for which we were renowned.

I was his champion then, though but in name—
What but respect and love could Annesley claim?
He was to me, what I remember still—
The guide, the magnet of my wayward will.—
Had I ne'er left his side!—but manhood's toils
Drove me to gather wealth in Eastern spoils,
And Annesley, when his college honours ceased,
Merged a bright genius in a parish priest.—

"It ceased at last: the passion, and the strife;
And I retreated from my Eastern life,
Laden with wealth, and seared before my time,
Returned repining to my native clime.
My end of being gained, my labour o'er,
I had no more to gain, yet sighed for more.
The world was mine, with all the world can be;
I tried it all, and found it, vanity!
Restless from spot to spot I wandered on,
Seeking for peace on earth, and finding none,
Till to the village where my footsteps sent,
Where the brief manhood of my friend was spent:
There, like a wellspring to its ancient track,
Came the checked tide of old affection back.
I reached his Church: I paced the silent aisle,
Till fancy heard his voice, and caught his smile:
Till mixing things that are with things that seem,
Our separation but appeared a dream,
And when again I sought the open air,
I almost started not to find him there."

Annesley's story is told to his old friend by a venerable man whom he meets in the churchyard. It is a romance of domestic life, which it would not be fair to tell in any but the author's words, and for this we have not space.

We have seldom been more pleased than with the poem of "Annesley."

A.

ANDREW CARSON'S MONEY; A STORY OF GOLD.

THE night of a bitter winter day had come; frost, and hail, and snow carried a sense of new desolation to the cold hearths of the moneyless, whilst the wealthy only drew the closer to their bright fires, and experienced stronger feelings of comfort.

In a small back apartment of a mean house, in one of the poorest quarters of Edinburgh, a young man sat with a pen in his fingers, endeavouring to write, though the blue tint of his nails shewed that the blood was almost frozen in his hands. There was no fire in the room; the old iron grate was rusty and damp, as if a fire had not blazed in it for years; the hail dashed against the fractured panes of the window; the young man was poorly and scantily dressed, and he was very thin, and bilious to all appearance; his sallow yellow face and hollow eyes told of disease, misery, and the absence of hope.

His hand shook with cold, as, by the light of the meanest and cheapest of candles, he slowly traced line after line, with the vain thought of making money by his writings. In his boyish days he had entered the ranks of literature, with the hopes of fame to lead him on, but disappointment after disappointment, and miserable circumstances of poverty and suffering had been his fate: now the vision of fame had become dim in his sick soul—he was writing with the hope of gaining money, any trifle, by his pen.

Of all the ways of acquiring money to which the millions bend their best energies, that of literature is the most forlorn. The artificers of necessities and luxuries, for the animal existence, have the world as their customers; but those who labour for the mind have but a limited few, and therefore the supply of mental work is infinitely greater than the demand, and thousands of the unknown and struggling, even though possessed of much genius, must sink before the famous few who monopolise the literary market, and so the young writer is overlooked. He may be starving, but his manuscripts will be returned to him; the emoluments of

literature are all flowing in other channels; he is one added to the thousands too many in the writing world; his efforts may bring him misery and madness, but not money.

The door of the room opened, and a woman entered; and advancing near the little table on which the young man was writing, she fixed her eyes on him with a look in which anger, and the extreme wretchedness which merges on insanity, were mingled. She seemed nearly fifty; her features had some remaining traces of former regularity and beauty, but her whole countenance now was a volume filled with the most squalid suffering and evil passions; her cheeks and eyes were hollow, as if she had reached the extreme of old age; she was emaciated to a woeful degree; her dress was poor, dirty, and tattered, and worn without any attempt at proper arrangement.

"Writing! writing! writing! Thank God, Andrew Carson, the pen will soon drop from your fingers with starvation."

The woman said this in a half-screaming, but weak and broken-down voice.

"Mother, let me have some peace," said the young writer, turning his face away, so that he might not see her red glaring eyes fixed on him.

"Ay, Andrew Carson, I say thank God that the force of hunger will soon now make you drop that cursed writing. Thank God, if there is the God that my father used to talk about in the long nights in the bonnie highland glen, where it's like a dream of lang syne that I ever lived."

She pressed her hands on her breast, as if some recollections of an overpowering nature were in her soul.

"The last rag in your trunk has gone to the pawn; you have neither shirt, nor coat, nor covering now, except what you've on. Write—write—if you can, without eating; to-morrow you'll have neither meat nor drink here, nor aught now to get money on."

"Mother, I am in daily expectation of receiving something for my writing now; the post this evening may bring me some good news."

He said this with hesitation, and there was little of hope in the expression of his face.

"Good news! good news about your writing! that's the good news 'ill never come; never, you good-for-nothing scribbler!"

She screamed forth the last words in a voice of frenzy. Her tone was a mixture of Scotch and Irish accents. She had resided for some years of her earlier life in Ireland.

As the young writer looked at her and listened to her, the pen shook in his hand.

"Go out, and work, and make money. Ay, the working people can live on the best, whilst you, with that pen in your fingers, are starving yourself and me."

"Mother, I am not strong enough for labour, and my tastes are strongly, very strongly, for literature."

"Not strong enough! you're twenty past. It's twenty long years since the cursed night I brought you into the world."

The young writer gazed keenly on his mother, for he was afraid she was under the influence of intoxication, as was too often the case; but he did not know how she could have obtained money, as he knew there was not a farthing in the house. The woman seemed to divine the meaning of his looks—

"I'm not drunk, don't think it," she cried; "it's the hunger and the sorrow that's in my head."

"Well, mother, perhaps this evening's post may have some good intelligence."

"What did the morning's post bring? There, there—don't I see it—them's the bonnie hopes of yours."

She pointed to the table, where lay a couple of returned manuscripts. Andrew glanced towards the parcel, and made a strong effort to suppress the deep sigh which heaved his breast.

"Ay, there it is—there's a bundle of that stuff ye spend your nights and days writing; taking the flesh off your bones, and making that face of yours so black and yellow; it's your father's face, too—ay—well it's like him now, indeed—the ruffian. I wish I had never seen him, nor you, nor this world."

"My father," said Andrew, and a feeling of interest overspread his bloodless face. "You have told me little of him. Why do you speak of him so harshly?"

"Go and work, and make money, I say. I tell you I must get money; right or wrong, I must get it; there's no living longer, and enduring what I've endured. I dream of being rich; I waken every morning from visions where my hands are filled with money; that wakening turns my head, when I know and see there is not a halfpenny in the house, and when I see you, my son, sitting there, working like a fool with pen and brain, but without the power to earn a penny for me. Go out and work with your hands, I say again, and let me get money—do anything, if it brings money. There is the old woman over the way, who has a working son; his mother may bless God that he is a shoemaker and not a poet; she is the happy woman, so cozily covered with warm flannel and stuff (his weary weather, and her mutton, and her tea, and her money jingling in her pocket for ever; that's what a working son can do—a shoemaker can do that.)"

At this some noise in the kitchen called Mrs. Carson away, to the great relief of Andrew. He rose, and closed the door gently after her. He seated himself again, and took up his pen, but his head fell listlessly on his hand; he felt as if his mother's words were yet echoing in his ears. From his earliest infancy he had regarded her with fear and wonder, more than love.

Mrs. Carson was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, who was suspected by his brethren in the ministry of entertaining peculiar views of religion on some points, and also of being at intervals rather unsound in his mind. He bestowed, however, a superior education on his only daughter, and instructed her carefully himself until his death, which occurred when she was not more than fourteen. As her father left her little if any support, she was under the necessity of going to reside with relations in Ireland, who moved in a rather humble rank. Of her subsequent history little was known to Andrew; she always maintained silence regarding his father, and seemed angry when he ventured to question her. Andrew was born in Ireland, and resided there until about his eighth year, when his mother returned to Scotland.

It was from his mother Andrew had gained all the little education that had been bestowed on him. That education was most capriciously imparted, and in its extent only went the length

of teaching him to read, partially; for whatever further advances he had made, he was indebted to his own self-culture. At times his mother would make some efforts to impress on him the advantages of education: she would talk of poetry, and repeat specimens of the poets which her memory had retained from the period of her girlhood in her father's house; but oftener the language of bitterness, violence, and execration was on her lips. With the never-ceasing complaints of want—want of position, want of friends, but, most of all, want of money—sounding in his ears, Andrew grew up a poet. The unsettled and aimless mind of his mother, shadowed as it was with perpetual blackness, prevented her from calmly and wisely striving to place her son in some position by which he could have aided in supporting himself and her. As a child, Andrew was shy and solitary, caring little for the society of children of his own years, and taking refuge from the never-ceasing violence of his mother's temper in the privacy of his own poor bed-room, with some old book which he had contrived to borrow, or with his pen, for he was a writer of verses from an early age.

Andrew was small-sized, sickly, emaciated, and feeble in frame; his mind had much of the hereditary weakness visible in his mother; his imagination and his passions were strong, and easily excited to such a pitch as to overwhelm for the moment his reason. With a little-exercised and somewhat defective judgment; with no knowledge of the world; with few books; with a want of that tact possessed by some intellects, of knowing and turning to account the tendencies of the age in literature, it was hardly to be expected that Andrew would soon succeed as a poet, though his imagination was powerful, and there was pathos and even occasional sublimity in his poetry. For five long years he had been toiling and striving without any success whatever in his vocation, in the way of realising either fame or emolument.

Now, as he sat with his eyes fixed on the two returned manuscripts on his table, his torturing memory passed in review before him the many times his hopes had been equally lost. He was only twenty years of age, yet he had endured so many disappointments! He shook and trembled with a convulsive agony as he recalled poem after poem,

odes, sonnets, epics, dramas—he had tried everything; he had built so many glorious expectations on each as, night after night, shivering with cold and faint with sickness, he had persisted in gathering from his mind, and arranging laboriously, the brightest and most powerful of his poetical fancies, and hoped, and was often almost sure, they would spread broadly, and be felt deeply in the world. But there they had all returned to him—there they lay, unknown, unheard of—they were only so much waste paper.

As each manuscript had found its way back to him, he had received every one with an increasing bitterness and despair, which gradually wrought his brain almost to a state of mental malady. By constitution he was nervous and melancholy: the utmost of the world's success would hardly have made him happy; he had no internal strength to cope with disappointment—no sanguine hopes pointing to a brighter future: he was overwhelmed with present failures. One moment he doubted sorely the power of his own genius; and the thought was like death to him, for without fame—without raising himself a name and a position above the common masses—he felt he could not live. Again, he would lay the whole blame on the undiscerning publishers to whom his poetry had been sent; he would anathematise them all with the fierce bitterness of a soul which was, alas! unsubdued in many respects by the softening and humbling influences of the religion of Christ. He had not the calm reflection which might have told him that, young, uneducated, utterly unlearned in the world and in books as he was, his writings must of necessity have a kind of inferiority to the works of those possessed of more advantages. He had no deep, sober principles or thoughts; his thoughts were feelings which bore him on their whirlwind course to the depths of agony, and to the brink of the grave, for his health was evidently seriously impaired by the indulgence of long-continued emotions of misery.

He took up one of the rejected manuscripts in his hand: it was a legendary poem, modelled something after the style of Byron, though the young author would have violently denied the resemblance. He thought of the pains he had bestowed on it—of the amount

of thought and dreams—the sick languid headaches, the pained breast, the weary mind it had so often occasioned him; then he saw the marks of tears on it—the gush of tears which had come, as if to extinguish the fire of madness which had kindled in his brain. When he saw that manuscript returned to him, the marks of the tears were there staining the outside page. He looked fixedly on that manuscript, and his thin face became darker, and more expressive of all that is hopeless in human sorrow; the bright light of success shone as if so far away from him now—away at an endless distance, which neither his strength of body or mind could ever carry him over.

At that moment the sharp rapid knock of the postman sounded in his ears. His heart leaped up, and then suddenly sank with suffocating fear, for the dark mood of despair was on him—could it be another returned manuscript? He had only one now in the hands of a publisher; the one on which he had expended all his powers—the one to which he trusted most: it was a tragedy. He had dreamed the preceding night that it had been accepted; he had dreamed it had brought him showers of gold; he had been for a moment happy beyond the bounds of human happiness, though he had awoke with a sense of horror on his mind he knew not why. The publisher to whom he had sent his tragedy was to present it to the manager of one of the London theatres. Had it been taken, performed, successful?—a dream of glory, as if heaven had opened on him, bewildered his senses.

The door was rudely pushed open; his mother entered and flung the manuscript of the returned tragedy on the table.

“There—there’s another of them!” she cried; rage choked her voice for a moment.

Andrew was stunned. Despair seemed to have frozen him all at once into a statue. He mechanically took up the packet, and opening it, he read the cold, polite, brief note which told of the rejection of his play both by theatres and publishers.

“Idiot—fool—scribbling fool!”

The unfortunate poet’s mother sank into a chair, as if unable to support the force of her anger.

“Fool!—scribbling madman! will ye never give over?”

Andrew made no answer; but every one of his mother’s furious words sank into his brain, adding to the force of his unutterable misery.

“Will ye go now, and take to some other trade, will ye?—will ye, I say?”

Andrew’s lips moved for a moment, but no sound came from them.

“Will ye go out, and make money, I say, at some sensible work? Make money for me, will you? I’ll force you out to make money at some work by which there’s money to be made; not the like of that idiot writing of yours, curse it. Answer me, and tell me you’ll go out and work for money now?”

She seized his arm, and shook it violently; but still he made no response.

“You will not speak. Listen, then—listen to me, I say; I’ll tell it all now: you’ll hear what you never heard before. I did not tell you before, because I pitied you—because I thought you would work for me, and earn money; but you will not promise it. Now, then, listen. You are the very child of money—brought into existence by the influence of money; you would never have been in being had it not been for money. I always told you I was married to your father; I told you a falsehood—he bound me to him by the ties of money only.”

A violent shudder passed over Andrew’s frame at this intelligence, but still he said nothing.

“You shall hear it all—I shall tell you particularly the whole story. It was not for nothing you were always afraid of being called a bastard. It’s an ugly word, but it belongs to you—ay, ay, ye always trembled at that word since ye were able to go and play among the children in the street. They called ye that seven years ago—ten years ago, when we came here first, and you used to come crying to me, for you could not bear it, you said. I denied it then—I told you I was married to your father; I told you a lie: I told you that, because I thought you would grow up and work for me, and get me money. You won’t do it; you will only write—write all day and all night, too, though I’ve begged you to quit it. You have me here starving. What signifies the beggarly annuity your father left to me, and you, his child? It’s all spent long before it comes, and here we are with nothing, not a crust, in the house,

and it's two months till next paying-time.

"Listen—I'll tell you the whole story of your birth; maybe that will put you from writing for a while, if you have the spirit you used to have when they told you what you were."

She shook his arm again, without receiving any answer; his head had fallen on his hands, and he remained fixed in one position. His mother's eyes glared on him with a look in which madness was visible, together with a tigress-like expression of ferocity which rarely appears on the face of a mother, or of any human being, where insanity does not exist. When she spoke, however, her words were collected, and her manner was impressive and even dignified; the look of maniac anger gradually wore away from her face, and in every sentence she uttered there were proofs that something of power had naturally existed in her fallen and clouded mind.

"Want of money was the earliest thing I remember to feel," she said, as she seated herself, with something more of composure in her manner. "There was never any money in my father's house. I wondered at first where it could all go; I watched and reflected, and used all means of finding out the mystery. At last I knew it—my father drank; in the privacy of his room, when no eye was on him, he drank, drunk. He paid strict enough attention to my education. I read with him much; he had stores of books. I read the Bible with him, too; often he spent long evenings expounding it to me. But I saw the hollowness of it all—he hardly believed himself; he doubted—doubted all, whilst he would fain have made me a believer. I saw it well: I heard him rave of it in a fever, into which drink had thrown him. All was dark to him, he said, when he was near dying; but he had taught his child to believe; he had done his best to make her believe. He did not know my heart; I was his own child; I longed for sensual things; my heart burned with a wish for money, but it all went for drink. Had I but been able then to procure food and clothes as others of my rank did, the burning wish for money that consumed my heart then and now might never have been kindled, and I might have been rich as those often become who have never wished for riches. Yes,

the eagerness of my wishes has always driven money far away from me; that cursed gold and silver, it flows on them who have never worshipped it—never longed for it till their brain turned; and it will not come to such as me, whose whole life has been a desire for it. Well, my father died, and I was left without a penny; all the furniture went to pay the spirit-merchant. I went to Ireland; I lived with relations who were poor and ignorant: I heard the cry of want of money there too. A father and mother and seven children, and me, the penniless orphan: we all wanted money—all cried for it. At last my cry was answered in a black way; I saw the sight of money at last; a purse heaped, overflowing with money, was put into my hands. My brain got giddy at the sight; sin and virtue became all one to me at the sight. Gold, gold!—my father would hardly ever give me one poor shilling; the people with whom I lived hardly ever had a shilling among them. I became the mistress of a rich man—a married man; his wife and children were living there before my eyes—a profligate man; his sins were the talk of the countryside. I hated him; he was old, deformed, revolting; but he chained me to him by money. Then I enjoyed money for a while; I kept that purse in my hand; I laid it down so as my eyes would rest on it perpetually. I dressed; I squandered sum after sum; the rich man who kept me had many other expenses; his money became scantier; we quarrelled; another offered me more money—I went to him."

A deep groan shook the whole frame of the unfortunate young poet at this statement—a groan which in its intensity might have separated soul and body.

"Let me go—let me go!" he cried, raising himself for a moment, and then sinking back again in his chair in a passive state.

His mother seemed a little softened by his agitation, though she made no comment on it, but continued her narrative as if no interruption had taken place.

"Money took me to a new master; he was richer than the first; he bound my heart to him by the profusion of his money. He was old and withered, but his gold and silver reflected so brightly on his face, I came to think

him handsome; he was your father; you were born; after your birth I think I even loved him. I urged him to marry me; he listened; he even promised—yes, marriage and money—money—they were almost in my very grasp. I was sure—sure—when he went to England to arrange some business, he said; he wrote fondly for a while; I lived in an elysium; money and an honourable marriage were my own. I had not one doubt; but he ceased to write to me—all at once he ceased; had it been a gradual drawing off, my brain would not have reeled as it did. At last, when fear and anxiety had almost thrown me into a fever, a letter came. It announced in a few words that your father was married to a young, virtuous, and wealthy lady; he had settled a small annuity on me for life, and never wished to see or hear from me again. A violent illness seized me then; it was a kind of burning fever. All things around me seemed to dazzle, and assume the form of gold and silver; I struggled and writhed to grasp the illusion; they were forced to tie my hands—to bind me down in my bed. I recovered at last, but I had grown all at once old, withered, stricken in mind and body by that sickness. For a long time—for years—I lived as if in a lingering dream; I had no keen perceptions of life; my wishes had little energy; my thoughts were confused and wandering; even the love of money and the want of money failed to stir me into any kind of action. I have something of the same kind of feeling still," she said, raising her hand to her head. "The burning fever into which I was thrown when your father's love vanished from me, is often here even yet, though its duration is brief; but it is sufficient to make me incapable of any exertion by which I could make money. I have trusted to you; I have hoped that you might be the means of raising me from my poverty; I have long hoped to see the gold and silver of your earning. I did not say much at first, when I saw you turning a poet; I had heard that poetry was the sure high-road to poverty, but I said little then. I was hardly able to judge and know rightly what you should do when you commenced writing in your boyhood; but my head is a little cooler now; the scorching fire of the money your father tempted me with, and then withdrew, is quenched a little by years.

Now at last I see that you are wasting your time and health with that pen; you have not made one shilling—one single sixpence for me, yet, with that pen of yours; your health is going fast; I see the colour of the grave on your thin cheeks. Now I command you to throw away your pen, and make money for me at any trade, no matter how low or mean."

As she spoke, there was a look approaching to dignity in her wasted face, and her tones were clear and commanding—the vulgar Irishism and Scoticism of dialect which, on common occasions, disfigured her conversation, had disappeared, and it was evident that her intellect had at one period been cultivated, and superior to the ordinary class of minds.

Andrew rose without saying one syllable in answer to his mother's communication; he threw his manuscripts and the sheets which he had written into a desk; he locked it with a nervous, trembling hand, and then turned to leave the room. His face was of the most ghastly paleness; his eyes were calm and fixed; he seemed sick at heart by the disclosure he had heard; his lips trembled and shook with agitation.

"Where are you going, Andrew? It's a bitter night."

"Mother, it is good enough for me—for a —"

He could not speak the hated word which rose to his lips; he had an early horror of that word; he had dreaded that his was a dishonourable birth: even in his boyish days he had feared it; his mother had often asserted to the contrary, but now she had dispelled the belief in which he had rested.

He opened the door hastily, and passed out into the storm, which was rushing against the windows.

A feeling of pity for him—a feeling of a mother's affection and solicitude, was stirred in Mrs. Carson's soul, as she listened to his departing footsteps, and then went and seated herself beside the embers of a dying fire in the kitchen. It was a small, cold, miserably furnished kitchen; the desolation of the severe season met no counterbalancing power there; no cheering appearances of food, or fire, or any comforts were there. But the complaining spirit which cried and sighed perpetually was for once silent within Mrs. Carson's mind; something—per-

haps the death-like aspect of her son, or a voice from her long stifled conscience—was telling her how ill she had fulfilled the duties of a mother. She felt remorse for the reproaches she had heaped on him before he had gone out in the storm.

She waited to hear his knock at the door; she longed for his returning steps; she felt that she would receive him with more of kindness than she had for a length of time displayed to him; she kept picturing to herself perpetually his thin face and emaciated figure, and a fear of his early death seized on her for the first time; she had been so engrossed by her own selfish wants, that she had scarcely remarked the failing health of her son. She started with horror at the probabilities which her naturally powerful fancy suggested. She resolved to call in medical aid immediately, for she was sure now that Andrew's constitution was sinking fast. But how would she pay for medical aid?—she had not one farthing to procure advice. At this thought the yearning, burning desire for money which had so long made a part of her existence came back with full force; she sat revolving scheme after scheme, plan after plan, of how she could procure it. Hours passed away, but still she sat alone, silently cowering over the cinders of the fire.

At length she started up, fully awake to a sense of wonder and dread at Andrew's long absence. She heard the sound of distant clocks striking twelve. It was unusual for Andrew to be out so late, for he had uniformly kept himself aloof from evil companions. The high poetical spirit within him, a spirit which utterly engrossed him, had kept him from the haunts of vice. His mother went to the door, and opening it, gazed on the narrow, mean street. The storm had passed away; the street was white with hail and snow; the moon shone clearly down between the tall but dilapidated houses of which the street or lane was composed; various riotous-looking people were passing by; and from a neighbouring house the brisk strains of a violin came, together with the sound of voices and laughter. The house had a bad reputation in the neighbourhood, but Mrs. Carson never for an instant suspected her son was there. She looked anxiously along the street, and at every

passing form she gazed earnestly, but none resembled her son.

For a long time she stood waiting and watching for the appearance of Andrew, but he did not come. At last, sinking with cold and weariness, and with a host of phantom fears rising up in her bewildered brain, and almost dragging her mind down into the gulf of utter madness, on the brink of which she had so long been, Mrs. Carson returned to the kitchen. As she looked on the last ember dying out on the hearth, a feeling of frenzy shook her frame. Andrew would soon return, shivering with cold, and she had no fire to warm him—no money to purchase fire. She thought of the wealthy—of their bright fires—and bitter envy and longing for riches gnawed her very heart and life. A broken deal chair was in a corner of the kitchen; she seized it, and after some efforts succeeded in wrenching off a piece, which she placed on the dying ember, and busied herself for some time in fanning; then she gathered every remaining fragment of coals from the recess at one side of the fire-place, in which they were usually kept, and with the pains and patience which poverty so sorely teaches, she employed herself in making some appearance of a fire. Had she been in her usual mood, she would have sat anathematising her son for his absence at such an hour; but now every moment, as she sat awaiting his return, her heart became more kindly disposed towards him, and an uneasy feeling of remorse for her past life was each instant gaining strength amidst the variety of strange spectral thoughts and fancies which flitted through her diseased mind. At some moments she fancied she saw her father seated opposite to her on the hearth, and heard him reading from the Bible, as he did so often in her girlish days: then again he was away in the privacy of his own room, and she was watching him through a crevice of the door, and she saw him open the cabinet he kept there, and take out liquor, ardent spirits, and he drank long and deep draughts, until gradually he sank down on his bed in the silent, moveless state of intoxication which had so long imposed on her, for she had once believed that her father was subject to fits of a peculiar kind. She groaned and shuddered as this vision was impressed on her; she saw the spirit of evil which had de-

stroyed her father attaching it-elf next to her own fate, and leading her into the depths of guilt, and she trembled for her son. Had he now fallen in sin?—was some evil action detaining him to such an hour? He was naturally inclined to good, she knew—strangely good and pure had his life been, considering he was her child, and reared so carelessly as she had reared him; but now he had been urged to despair by her endless cry for money, and perhaps he was at that very instant engaged in some robbery, by which he would be able to bring money to his mother.

So completely enslaved had her mind become to a lust for money, that the thought of his gaining wealth by any means was for some time delightful to her; she looked on their great poverty, and she felt, in her darkened judgment, that they had something of a right to take forcibly a portion of the super-abundant money of the rich. Her eyes glared with eagerness for the sight of her son returning with money, even though that money was stolen; the habitual mood of her mind prevailed rapidly over the impressions of returning goodness and affection which for a brief period had awoke within her.

In the midst of the return of her overwhelming desire for money, Andrew's knock came to the door. The eager inquiry whether he had brought any money with him was bursting from her lips the moment she opened the door and beheld him, but she was checked by the sight of two strangers who accompanied him. Andrew bade the men follow him, and walked rapidly to the kitchen; the tones of his voice were so changed and hollow that his mother hardly recognised him to be her son.

He requested the men to be seated, telling them that when the noise on the street would be quiet and the people dispersed they would get that for which they had come. At that moment a drunken broil on the street had drawn some watchmen to the neighbourhood.

He bade his mother follow him, and proceeded hastily to his own room. By the aid of a match he lit the miserable candle by which, some hours previously, he had been writing.

"Mother, here is money—gold—here—your hand." He pressed some gold coins into her hand.

"Gold! gold, gold indeed!"

gasped his mother, the intensity of her joy repressing for the instant all extravagant demonstrations of it.

"Go, go away to the kitchen; in about five or ten minutes let the men come here, and they will get what I have sold them."

"Money! money at last; gold—gold!" cried his mother, altogether unconscious of what her son was saying, and only awake to the blessed sense of having at last obtained money.

"Away, I say; go to the kitchen. I have no time to lose."

"Money! blessings, blessings on you and God—money!" She seemed still in ignorance of Andrew's request that she would withdraw.

"Away, I say, I must be alone; away to the kitchen, and leave me alone; but let the men come here in a few minutes and take what they have purchased."

He spoke with a strange energy. She obeyed him at last, and left the room: she remembered afterwards that his face was like that of a dead man when he addressed her.

She returned to the kitchen. The two men were seated where she had left them, and were conversing together: their strong Irish accent told at once their country. Mrs. Carson paid no attention to them; she neither spoke to them nor looked at them; she held tightly clasped in her hand the few gold coins her son had given her; she walked about like one half-distracted, addressing audible thanksgiving to God one instant, and the next felicitating herself in an insane manner on having at last obtained some money. The two men commented on her strange manners, and agreed that she was mad, stating their opinions aloud to each other, but she did not hear them.

The noise and quarrelling on the street continued for some time, and the men manifested no impatience whilst it lasted. All became quiet after a time; the desertion and silence of night seemed at last to have settled down on the street. The two men then manifested a strong wish to finish the business on which they had come.

"I say, whereabouts is it—where's the snatch, my good woman?" said one of the men, addressing Mrs. Carson.

She looked on him and his companion with amazement mingled with something of fear, for the aspects of both were expressive of low ruffianism.

"She's mad, don't you see," said the one who had not addressed her.

The other cursed deeply, saying that as they had given part payment, they would get their errand, or their money back again.

At this a gleam of recollection crossed Mrs. Carson's mind, and she informed them that her son had mentioned about something they had purchased, which was in his room. She thought at the instant that perhaps he had disposed of one of his manuscripts at last, though she wondered at the appearance of the purchasers of such an article.

"That's it," cried the men; "shew us the way to the room fast; it's all quiet now."

Anxious to get rid of the men, Mrs. Carson proceeded hastily to her son's room, followed closely by the men. The first object she saw, on opening the door, was Andrew leaning on his desk; the little desk stood on the table, and Andrew's head and breast were lying on it, as if he was asleep. There was something in his fixed attitude which struck an unpleasant feeling to his mother's heart.

"Andrew," she said, "Andrew, the men are here."

All was silent. No murmur of sleep or life came from Andrew. His mother ran to his side and grasped his arm; there was no sound, no motion. She raised his head with one hand whilst at the same time she glanced on an open letter, on which a few lines were scrawled in a large hurried hand. Every word and letter seemed to dilate before her eyes, as in a brief instant of time she read the following:—

"Mother, I have taken poison. I have sold my body to a doctor for dissection; the money I gave you is part of the price. You have upbraided me for never making money; I have sold all I possess—my body, and given you money. You have told me of the stain on my birth; I cannot live and write after that; all the poetical fame in this world would not wash away such a stain. Your bitter words, my bitter fate, I can bear no longer; I go to the other world; God will pardon me. Yes, yes, from the bright moon and stars this night there came down a voice, saying, God would take me up to

happiness amidst his own bright worlds. Give my body to the men who are waiting for it, and so let every trace of Andrew Carson vanish from your earth."

With a lightning rapidity Mrs. Carson scanned each word; and not until she had read it all did a scream of prolonged and utter agony, such as is rarely heard even in this world, of grief burst from her lips; and with a gesture of frenzied violence she flung the money she had kept closely grasped in her hand at the men. One of them stooped to gather it up, and the other ran towards Andrew, and raised his inanimate body a little from its recumbent position. He was quite dead, however; a bottle, marked "Prussic Acid," was in his hand. The two men, having recovered the money, hurried away, telling Mrs. Carson they would send immediate medical aid, to see if anything could be done for the unfortunate young man. Mrs. Carson did not hear them; a frenzied paroxysm seized her, and she lay on the floor screaming in the wild tones of madness, and utterly incapable of any exertion. She saw the money she had received with such rapture carried away from before her eyes, but she felt nothing—money had become terrible to her at last.

Her cries attracted a watchman from the street. A doctor was soon on the spot; but Andrew Carson was no more connected with flesh, and blood, and human life; he was away, beyond recall, in the spirit-world.

An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of temporary insanity returned, as is usual in such cases of suicide. The young poet was buried and soon forgotten.

Mrs. Carson lingered for some weeks; her disease assumed something of the form of violent brain-fever; in her ravings she fancied perpetually that she was immersed in streams of fluid burning gold and silver. They were forcing her to drink draughts of that scorching gold, she would cry—all was burning gold and silver—all drink, all food, all air, and light, and space around her. At the very last she recovered her senses partially, and calling, with a feeble but calm voice, on her only beloved child, Andrew, she died.

THOUGHTS IN THE WOODLANDS.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

Carrigbawn, July 20, 1850.

THIS is a glorious summer day, dear Anthony. The mists of morning have rolled away from the hill-tops, and the sun shines down, hot and dazzling, in the still, fervid noon. Not a cloud floats to chequer the azure with its whiteness, or the earth with its shadow. Nature is teeming with its wondrous riches. The corn scarce waves its loaded head; the sheared meadows are bleaching in the sun; the white blossoms of the potato are fading, while the green leaves of the turnip and the mangold-wurzel relieve the eye with their freshness. All around is the promise of abundance; and the heart feels, in the words of our own poet, M'Carthy—

"The summer is come! The summer is come!
With its flowers and its branches green;
Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,
And the sunlight struggles between."

Is not all this enough to make the soul glad and thankful? Doubtless it is. And yet with me the intensity of a summer noontide ever brings a sentiment of pensive contemplation, that if not sadness, is nearly allied to it. I am not philosopher enough to account for this feeling; I can only attest the fact. It may be a divine appointment, that in moments when the heart is filled with the material beauty of the lovely world, a feeling, as of satiety, creeps upon it; a monition that everything of earth is fleeting and transitory; a conviction that "all that's bright must fade;" a fear that the blight or the storm may wither or devastate the teeming fields and the burthened garden, and that the rank stench of pestilence may succeed the sweet odours of herb and flower: or, haply it may be that the body is relaxed and enervated, and the spirits dissipated by the heats of summer, which, in the sharp cold of a clear and frosty winter day, are braced and buoyant. But be this as it may, I am disposed to consider the feeling as neither unwise nor unhealthy. If it be well, in the hour of gloom and sorrow, that the soul should rebound with the hope of brighter days in store, it is surely not unsalutary that, in moments of plenitude and prosperity, thoughts of change and trial should chasten and moderate the exuberance of our pleasure; and so, by a gracious dispensation of Him who ordereth all things aright, induce, under all circumstances, an equable and moderated frame of mind. I love not altogether the ethics either of the laughing or the crying philosopher; but I deem him most wise, as well as most happy, who can temper his joy with sobriety, and chase away his tears with a smile.

Thinking somewhat as I have endeavoured to detail to you, I strayed this morning up the hill-side that rises behind my sylvan retreat, and sought shelter from light and heat in the wood that clothes it to the summit. There is no place so suited for meditation as the dark shadows of the woodlands—no hour more fitting in such a place than the noon of summer. The change from the sultry blaze of the sun, and the boundless prospect of life and nature, to the cool, silent, shady denseness of the dark and tangled wood, acts with a sudden revulsion of feeling on the spirits, and disposes the mind to the not unpleasing, though melancholy, contemplation of the unseen realities of man's state and nature. And so it was that thoughts of life,—its trials, its tribulations, its uncertainty,—the memory of the past—the prospect of the future—crowded on my mind. I cannot better express the train of my musings, than in the eloquent estimate of life given by one who had well known its sins, its sorrows, and its trials, and yet who was enabled to extricate himself from its allurements and follies, to repose on those high and heavenly hopes which have never failed man in his extremity. You must pardon me for giving you a long quotation in Latin, without marring its power and pithiness by translation. Thus writes St. Augustine, in his commentary on St. James, iv. 14, "For what is your life":—*"Hæc est vita dubia, vita coeca, vita serumnosa, quam humores tumidant,*

dolores extenuant, ardores exsiccant, æra morbidant, escæ inflant, jejunia macerant, joci dissolunt, tristitiæ consumunt, sollicitudo concreat, securitas hebetat, divitiæ jactitant, paupertas dejicit, juvenus expollit, senectus incurrat, infirmitas frangit, mæror deprimit, et post hæc omnia mors interimit, universis gaudiis finem imponit."

This is a sad, yet a most true picture of human life ; still, amidst all its tribulations and trials, there is "a light shining in darkness"—the conviction that they were sent for a wise and loving purpose, by Him who is Wisdom and Love. This it is that has inspired dying martyrs with songs of exultation, and "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has perfected praise," which, in the beautiful language of one of the ancient fathers of the church, "gives a joy in affliction which is like a song in the night."

The gloomier reflections which at first occupied my mind were suddenly arrested by a simple incident, which turned my musing into a cheerier course. Deep in the shadiest recesses of the grove some wood-pigeons had made their nest, and their soft and plaintive cooing proclaimed the presence of that mysterious and holy feeling which permeates life, in all its gradations and forms, from the lowliest of God's creatures. And so I traced it upwards reverently to its adorable source, where it is no longer an attribute, but an essence ; and then my spirit was awed and admonished, and my querulous thoughts were rebuked, for I felt all must be wisely ordered, when ordered by DIVINE LOVE ; that He who has ordained that the bruised herb shall yield a balm, and the broken flower an odour, has, by the same loving economy, decreed that trial shall sanctify the soul, though sin may convert the medicine into poison.

And so, dear Anthony, I mused and meditated, till at length I sallied forth into the bright sunshine, in harmony with all that was good and beautiful around me, and cast my meditations into rhyme, which I place at your service. I owe you some apology for this very egotistical introduction to so trifling a composition ; but the only one which I believe can be truly offered, in such a case, is, that when one discourses of mental impressions, he can only do so experimentally from his own knowledge, and must inevitably speak of self, whether the form of speech be personal or impersonal.

Ever yours, in mirth or melancholy,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

Into the greenwood
When the sun's shining,
I rove where the branches
Thickest are twining—
Pondering with tearful eye,
Breathing the hootless sigh
For joys and friends gone by,
In vain repining.

Marking where leaflets
To the winds quiver,
The green and the scar ones
Fall in the river ;
Down on that dark stream's flow
Eddying about they go,
Swiftly some, others slow,
Onward for ever.

* "Carmen in nocturnis lætitia in tribulatione."

Then I remember
 Dear ones departed,
 The old in their ripe years,
 The young still green-hearted.
 Sure and unsparingly
 Death shakes Life's loaded tree,
 And hearts that fondest be
 Rudely are parted.

When through the still boughs
 Sunbeams are straying,
 I watch on the green bank
 The golden light playing.
 But when the breezes wake,
 Then the lithe branches shake,
 And shades the sunshine break
 In dark o'erlaying.

Then o'er my heart comes
 The mem'ry returning
 Of joys that, like sunlight,
 Make bright our life's morning:
 Till storms rise fitfully,
 And o'er life's sunny sky,
 Like gloomy shadows, fly
 Sorrow and Mourning.

Deep in the covert
 The young blackbird dwelling,
 Pours out the melody
 In her heart swelling.
 Ah! me, I think of one,
 In happy days now gone,
 Who sang with gladsome tone
 Sweet beyond telling.

Sleep in their dark beds
 Most I loved dearest,
 Cold and estranged now
 Are some once nearest.
 Yet happier far for me
 Th' unalloyed memory
 Of those true dead, who see
 Now all hearts clearest.

VIII.

In a vain shadow
 Man's ever straying,
 Error and passion
 His judgment betraying.
 But Time is draining fast
 Life's sands, and *then* at last
 Truth's light shall search the past,
 All things displaying.

ix.

Hark ! through the still air
 Comes a low cooing
 Soft on the soothed ear—
 The woodpigeons wooing.
 Where branches overhead
 Leafy sprays densest spread,
 Love finds a fitting bed,
 Far from eye's viewing.

And on my spirit
 Placidly stealing,
 Thoughts, like balm, comfort
 The heart's troubled feeling ;
 How, in life's darkest hour,
 Where shadows gloomiest lour,
 Love ! with its holy pow'r,
 Brings peace and healing.

Life hath no sorrow
 But Love will share it—
 No load so heavy lies
 That Love can't bear it.
 Love lightens every doom,
 Love brightens every gloom,
 Love cheers us to the tomb,
 Death's self will spare it.

All have our crosses.
 Who hath decreed them ?
 He that is Love himself—
 He knows we need them.
 God wills that man be tried,
 Thus souls are purified,
 God's Son for men hath died,
 His cross hath freed them.

xii.

Manfully bear we then
 All trials given,
 Thankful for life and food
 Morning and even.
 Let each, with strong control,
 In patience keep his soul,
 Still speeding towards the goal
 Whose gate is heaven.

Out of the greenwood,
 While the sun's shining,
 From where the branches
 Thickest are twining,
 Come I forth cheerfully,
 Breathing no sinful sigh
 O'er joys or friends gone by,
 In vain repining,

HORACE TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

TENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK.

[HAD Horace not told us, as he does, that this epistle was pencilled in the open air, in the solitudes of his country retirement, the fact might have been inferred from the fresh and bracing tone by which it is pervaded. Nowhere do the simple tastes, the fine heart, the vigorous sense of the poet, present themselves in a more pleasing aspect, than in this defence of his rustic tastes against the town-loving propensities of his friend. Of Fuscus Aristius, beyond the fact that he was worthy of being esteemed by Horace in the foremost rank of his friends, nothing of moment is known. He may have had a disposition to be over-careful for the things of this world, which is gently glanced at and rebuked in the following epistle; but that he was sound at heart, Horace's estimate of him, and the simple description in another place—*mihi carus*—sufficiently demonstrate. It was to him, too, that Horace addressed the noble ode—“*Integer vite scelerisque purus*,” &c., which we thus inadequately essay to transmute into English:—

Fuscus, the man of upright life, and pure,
Needeth nor javelin, nor bow of Moor,
Nor arrows tipp'd with venom, deadly sure,
Loading his quiver;
Whether o'er Afric's whirling sands he rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes glides,
That storied river.

For, as I stray'd along the Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,
Lo! all at once a wolf before me stood,
Then turned and fled:
Creature so hugo did warlike Dania ne'er
Engender in her forests' wildest lair;
Not Juba's land, parch'd nurse of lions, e'er
Such monster bred.

Place me where no life-laden summer breeze
Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mong the trees,
Where clouds and blighting tempests ever freeze,
From year to year;
Place me where neighbouring sunbeams fiercely broil
A weary waste of scorched and homeless soil,
Still will my Lalage's sweet voice and smile
'To me be dear!]

To Fuscus, our most city-loving friend,
We, lovers of the country, greeting send—
We, whom in this most diverse views divide,
Though well-nigh twins in everything beside,
True mental brothers we—what one denies
The other questions; and in self-same wise
Are we in fancies one; in tastes, in loves,
As any pair of year-long mated doves.
You keep the nest; I love the country brooks,
The moss-grown rocks, and shady woodland nooks.
And why? Because I live and am a king,
The moment I can far behind me fling
What you extol with rapture to the skies;
And, like the slave that from the temple flies,
Because on sweet-cakes he is daily fed,
So I, a simple soul, lack simple bread,
With honey'd dainties pall'd and surfeited.

If it be proper, as it ever was,
 To live in consonance with nature's laws ;
 Or if we'd seek a spot, whereon to raise
 A home to shelter our declining days,
 What place so fitting as the country? Where
 Comes nipping winter with a kindlier air?
 Where find we breezes balmy to cool
 The fiery dog-days, when the sun's at full?
 Or where is envious care less apt to creep,
 And scare the blessings of heart-easing sleep?
 Is floor mosaic, gemm'd with malachite,
 One half so fragrant or one half so bright
 As the sweet herbage? Or the stream town-fad,
 That frets to burst its cements of lead,
 More pure than that which shoots and gleams along,
 Murmuring its low and lulling undersong?
 Nay, nay, your veriest townsman loves to shade
 With sylvan green his stately colonnade;
 And his is deemed the finest house which yields
 The finest prospect of the open fields.
 Turn Nature, neck-and-shoulders, out of door,
 She'll find her way to where she was before;
 And imperceptibly in time subdue
 Wealth's sickly fancies, and her tastes untrue.

The man that's wholly skillless to descry
 The common purple from the Tyrian dye,
 Will take no surer harm, nor one that more
 Strikes to his marrow in its inmost core,
 Than he who knows not with instinctive sense
 To sever truth from falsehood and pretence.
 Whoe'er hath wildly wantoned in success,
 Him will adversity the more depress.
 What's dearly prized we grudgingly forego.
 Shun mighty aims; the lowliest roof may know
 A life that more of heartfelt comfort brings,
 Than kings have tasted, or the friends of kings.

Once on a time a stag, at antlers' point,
 Expelled a horse he'd worsted, from the joint
 Enjoyment of the pasture both had cropp'd:
 Still, when he ventured near it, rudely stopped,
 The steed called in man's aid, and took the bit:
 Thus backed, he charged the stag, and conquer'd it.
 But woe the while! nor rider, bit, nor rein
 Could he shake off, and be himself again.
 So he, who, fearing poverty, hath sold
 His freedom, better than uncounted gold,
 Will bear a master and a master's laws,
 And be a slave unto the end, because
 He will not learn, what fits him most to know,
 How far, discreetly used, small means will go,
 Whene'er our mind's at war with our estate,
 Like an ill shoe, it trips us if too great;
 Too small, it pinches. Thou art wisely bent
 To live, Aristius, with thy lot content;
 Nor wilt thou fail to chide in me the itch,
 Should it infect me, to be greatly rich;
 For hoarded wealth is either slave or lord,
 And should itself be pulled, not pull the cord.

These near Vacuna's crumbling fane I've penned,
 Blest, save in this, in lacking thee, my friend.

SUMMER PASTIME.

Do you ask how I'd amuse me
 When the long bright summer comes,
 And welcome leisure woos me
 To shun life's crowded homes;
 To shun the sultry city,
 Whose dense, oppressive air
 Might make one weep with pity
 For those who must be there.

I'll tell you then—I would not
 To foreign countries roam,
 As though my fancy could not
 Find occupance at home;
 Nor to home-haunts of fashion
 Would I, least of all, repair,
 For guilt, and pride, and passion,
 Have summer-quarters there.

Far, far from watering-places
 Of note and name I'd keep,
 For there would vapid faces
 Still throng me in my sleep;
 Then contact with the foolish,
 The arrogant, the vain,
 The meaningless—the mulish,
 Would sicken heart and brain.

No—I'd seek some shore of ocean
 Where nothing comes to mar
 The ever-fresh commotion
 Of sea and land at war;
 Save the gentle evening only
 As it steals along the deep,
 So spirit-like and lonely,
 To still the waves to sleep.

There long hours I'd spend in viewing
 The elemental strife,
 My soul the while subduing
 With the littleness of life;
 Of life, with all its paltry plans,
 Its conflicts and its cares—
 The feebleness of all that's man's—
 The might that's God's and theirs!

And when eve came I'd listen
 To the stilling of that war,
 Till o'er my head should glisten
 The first pure silver star;
 Then, wandering homeward slowly,
 I'd learn my heart the tune
 Which the dreaming billows lowly,
 Were murmuring to the moon!

R. C.

SIRR'S CEYLON.*

OUR colonies, we believe, never before presented so many topics of interest as they now afford—never was it more desirable that these should be well considered, and the home-public enabled to form an enlightened opinion upon some of the great questions connected with them; as, for example, the commercial value of these national offsets, the pending difficulties of their government, and the advantages which they respectively offer for emigration. Impressed with this view, we are much disposed to welcome any work which promises to contribute even a little honest aid towards so important an object, and therefore gladly take up the two tempting volumes now before us.

Of all the daughter-lands of England, none is so fair, and hardly one so precious to us, as that isle of palms, Ceylon. The beauty of this dependency is more generally known than its political importance; we shall therefore commence by adverting to the latter subject. It is well understood by all who have to do with India, that the tenure of our empire there cannot be yet regarded as safe or certain. Very many are the imperfections of our rule, both in regard to fiscal arrangements and to the administration of justice; and were we in these, and in some other matters of equal moment, altogether blameless, we should still be exposed to the malignant influence of that hatred which every nation feels against a foreign yoke. Our power hangs, as Warren Hastings observed, by a thread so fine, that the touch of chance may break, or the breath of opinion dissolve it; and should this disastrous contingency ever take place, Ceylon would be not only the most favourable point whence to attempt the regaining of our lost domi-

nion, but might, together with Bombay and the Mauritius, at once, and in any case, secure to us the commerce of the Malabar and the Coromandel coasts, as well as the command of the Indian seas. That its value in these respects was appreciated by the Portuguese, is attested by the well-known saying of one of their kings: "Let all India be lost so that Ceylon is saved." These considerations may suffice to show the paramount importance of our holding this oriental possession, which, we may add, is likely very soon to become the great depot of our commerce, and the centre of our steam-navigation in the East, connecting us with China, with that vast archipelago which, through the devoted energies of one whom, alas, no services can save from slander,† is now opening to receive us, with, perhaps, the far-off empire of Japan, with Australia, with the countries around the Persian Gulf, with Egypt, and, by the double courses of the Euphrates‡ and the Red Sea, with the Mediterranean. A railway, some fifty miles long, made from a little below Antioch, on the Orontes, may henceforth, as we have in a former number suggested, facilitate communication with the Mediterranean, and Ceylon would then become the connecting point between Asia, Australia, Africa, and Europe.

It is not, however, for its prospective advantages alone that we are to prize Ceylon. The wealth of its resources, although they are but imperfectly developed, renders its present commerce of the utmost importance, while it offers to some classes of our redundant population a hopeful field for emigration. It is mainly with the purpose of exhibiting its capabilities in the last-mentioned respects, that Mr. Sirr has brought out his work; and

* "Ceylon and the Cingalese." By Henry Charles Sirr, M.A., Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Shoberl. 1850.

† This was written before the late discussion in the House of Commons on the subject of Borneo, and Mr. Dunscombe's able and manly vindication of Sir James Brooke.

‡ We hope soon to notice Colonel Chesney's comprehensive and very beautiful work on the countries about the Euphrates, embracing subjects which were at all times interesting, and which Mr. Layard's researches have of late made popular.

before we proceed to show how well he has performed the task, we must endeavour to make our readers a little better acquainted with the island itself.

The primary steps towards a knowledge of a country are, first, an acquaintance with its geographical bearings, and next, with its geological formations. After glancing at these characteristics of Ceylon, we may, with the aid of the work before us, touch upon its history, its resources, and the advantages which it offers to settlers, together with some of the many traits of popular interest or amusement which are connected with it.

Ceylon is, in size, about one-sixth less than Ireland; in form resembling the section of a divided pear, having the larger end toward the south. It lies between $5^{\circ} 56'$ and $9^{\circ} 50'$ north latitude, and between 80° and 82° east longitude. Its extreme length is about 276 miles, and greatest breadth 103. Its superficial area is 24,000 square miles, with a population of about a million and-a-half, which, for what we may consider the most fertile country in the world, is little better than desolation. The island is, on the north-east, separated from the mainland by the Gulf of Mannar, and the Indian Ocean washes its other shores.

In regard to its geology, primitive rock is the main constituent of the island; the only recent formations are limestone and sandstone, which are only found in a particular neighbourhood, that of Jaffanapatam. "The varieties of primitive rock are innumerable, but the species are ill-defined and few. Granite is the most dominant species, while dornolite, quartz, and hornblend are less frequently to be met with." Iron and manganese are the only metallic ores. Nitrate of lime and nitre are not uncommon. Salt lakes exist to a large extent in the district called Nugampattoo; and the salt monopoly brings into the government a yearly revenue of £42,000. "If," adds Mr. Sirr, "this portion of the government property were superintended, and conducted upon scientific principles, there can be little doubt that the revenue would be twice, if not three times the present amount."

"All the soils of the island appear to have originated from decomposed granite rock,

gneiss, or clay-iron stone, and in the majority of cases quartz is the largest, and frequently nearly the sole ingredient. It is very remarkable that the natural soils of Lanka-diva do not contain more than between one and three per cent. of vegetable substance, which may be attributed to the rapid decomposition occasioned by a high degree of temperature and heavy falls of rain.

"The most abundant crops are produced in the dark-brown loam, which is formed from decomposed granite and gneiss, or in reddish loam, which is formed from kabook stone, or clay-iron stone. The soils which have been found to produce inferior crops are those in which a large proportion of quartz is contained. The soil derived from clay-iron stone is of a reddish brown colour, and has the property of retaining water for a very long time, to which may be attributed its productive quality. To the practical and scientific agriculturists, Lanka-diva affords abundant opportunity for experiment and investigation, where the soil is in a state of nature, and unimproved by the intermixture of any description of manure."—V. i., p. 142.

Ceylon is well supplied with spring and river water, and from the magnificent remains of tanks and artificial lakes, it is evident that the ancient inhabitants knew how to avail themselves of the advantages of irrigation. It is much to be regretted that no effectual effort has yet been made to repair those gigantic tanks, and re-adapt them to their useful objects. The consequence is, that large tracts, which might be paddy-fields, are now neglected. Sir Thomas Maitland, Sir Robert Brownrigg, and Sir Robert W. Horton—all active governors—had caused inquiries to be made with a view to the restoration of the tanks, and they all arrive at the same conclusion, that the undertaking should be carried out by government. But they never advanced beyond good intentions, and the tanks, to our reproach, remain in ruins. We are happy to learn that Sir Emerson Tennent, the present Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, whose energy and distinguished talents are well known, has directed his attention to this subject, and we may hope that he will be enabled to overcome the difficulties which proved so repulsive to his predecessors. The importance of this question may be estimated from the fact, that while in the high-lands, where the appliances for irrigation are attainable, the farmer grows two, and often three crops every year from the same field, in the low grounds, where he is depending on the

rainy season, he can only hope to have one.

The origin of the name of Ceylon is, like that of most other countries, only to be guessed. In its earliest annals we find it called "Selan," or "Sielan Diva"—that is, the island of Sielan—a very near approximation to the present name. In the Hindoo records, and by the Cingalese of the present day, it is called "Lanka-Diva," or the island of Lanka. Whatever be the origin of the name of Ceylon, it seems strange that the natives call themselves by a name which has no apparent connexion with it—"Singalese," or, as it is now more often written, "Cingalese." There are two pedigrees for this title, and the more intelligible of the twain is that which traces it to the Sings or Rajpoots of India, by whom the island was conquered and the people named. The other assigns to them a half celestial, half ignoble origin. It states that some Chinese vessels being wrecked on the coast of Ceylon, the crews were saved, and finding the island fertile, settled there. That shortly afterwards the Malabars sent thither their exiles, by them called Galas, who intermarried with the Chinese, and that their descendants, combining the names, called themselves Chingalees. This, like much good heraldry, will not bear a close examination. It is at once disproved by the physical characteristics of the people, which are manifestly Indian, and without any one of the Chinese peculiarities, their small elliptic eyes, yellow skins, broad faces, and flat features. There is, indeed, a third theory, which we presume, because it is fabulous, is more readily believed by the people themselves. The word *Singhalu* means *the blood of the Lion*, and they all claim descent from that royal animal and forest king.

It appears that the earliest account we have of Ceylon is derived from a Macedonian admiral, named Onesiculus, who lived in the fourth century before our Christian era. It was well known to the Romans by the name of Taprabane. Strabo tells of its elephants; and Dionysius, A.D. 36, describes these then celebrated animals, as well as the gems and spices of the island. Cosmas, an Egyptian merchant in the time of Justinian, that is in the sixth century, describes Ceylon as largely engaged in commerce; and Marco Polo, who made it a visit in the

thirteenth century, speaks of its great beauty, and tells of the pilgrims to Adam's Peak. Sir John Mandeville, who was there about two centuries later, gives a nearly accurate account of its dimensions. About the year 1550, the Portuguese formed a settlement there, and extending their rule along the coast, held possession for more than a century, when the natives, to escape from their oppression, called in the assistance of a more rising power in the East, the Dutch. In the year 1658, the latter people had expelled the Portuguese, and established themselves; but their dominion, like that of their predecessors, never extended beyond the maritime provinces, which girt the island with a belt from eight to thirty miles in breadth; the remainder of the island, and the central kingdom of Kandy, remaining all along untouched. In the revolutionary war, and the year 1796, we took the Dutch provinces of Ceylon, and succeeded to them, but in their own districts only. We had hardly established our power so far, when we became engaged in war, and a disastrous war, with the King of Kandy. The Kandians are a very different people from the inhabitants of the lowlands and maritime districts, who are alone called Cingalese. Although most writers conceive that they are but the mountain and lowland varieties of the same race, Mr. Sirr regards them as of distinct descent, and as, probably, the offspring of Malabars, who had intermarried with the Veddahs, or aborigines of Ceylon. They are, at all events, of purer race than the people of the shore districts, who have, probably, been deteriorated by constant association with the worst classes of the various nations who from time to time settled on their coasts.

"The bearing of the Kandians is," says Mr. Sirr, "haughty and erect; the complexion bright bronze, or brown; the eye large, meeting the observer's fixedly and undauntedly; the brow high; nose well-formed, and prominent; and the expression of the face intelligent; while, on the contrary, the deportment of the Cingalese is servile and crouching; their complexion of a yellow brown; the eye, although of good size, seldom fully opens, and endeavours to avoid looking fixedly on the observer; the brow is low, the nose less prominent, and not so well formed

as that of the Kandian; and the expression of the countenance has a character of servile low cunning." The Kandians have shown themselves to be a bold and vigorous people, by their long resistance to foreign rule, whether Portuguese, Dutch, or English. They are, however, cruel and rapacious, and we who, to our honour be it said, had respected their independence, made no effort to subdue them, until these latter qualities were signally, and more than once, exhibited, at the cost of British subjects. The first act of transgression—the plundering of some of our traders—came from them. This was followed, in 1803, by the massacre of a small force which had surrendered, on conditions, to superior numbers; the men were taken out, one by one, and beheaded, while their officers, grasping their pistols, terminated their own existence. In this manner they nearly all perished. This treachery was too long unavenged; the Kandians even invaded our provinces in 1804, and again in 1805, and the English governor, content with repulsing, did not overthrow them, until another outrage compelled their ruin as a separate state. They had a monster-king, named Sri Wikrama, pre-eminent in the annals of atrocity, who practised on his own people cruelties which, one would imagine, no nation would long endure, and of which the following fact, being actually but a small part of a single transaction, may serve as a faint example: "The children," as stated in a report of the punishments inflicted on the family of one of his nobles, and which punishment extended to the death of seventy persons, "were ordered to be decapitated before their mother's face, and their heads to be pounded, with her own hands, in a rice mortar, which, to save herself from a diabolical torture and exposure, she submitted to attempt. The eldest boy shrank from the dread ordeal, and clung to his agonised parent for safety; but his youngest brother, stepping forward, encouraged him to submit to his fate, and placed himself before the executioner, by way of setting an example. The last of the children to be beheaded was an infant at the breast, from which it was forcibly torn away, and its mother's milk was dripping from its innocent mouth as it was put into the hands of the grim executioner." In 1814, this tyrant extended his cruelties to

British subjects, that is, to ten Cingalese merchants, natives of our provinces, and trading under our protection. Some of these were sent home with their ears and noses fastened to their necks, and some made their escape, but without eyelids, or maimed in hands or feet.

An explanation being demanded, none was given, whereupon the English governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg, marched a force into Kandy, took possession of capital and kingdom, and relieved the people from their king and his dynasty for ever. He was dethroned amidst the curses of his subjects, none standing by him except his Malabar guard, who, however, fought gallantly in his defence. A treaty establishing the British rule was entered into with the chiefs, and Sri Wikrama was carried off a prisoner to the fortress of Vellore, in India, where, after some years—that is in 1832—he died. Mr. Bennet, in his book on Ceylon, published some years ago, describes him a "stout, good-looking Malabar, with a peculiarly keen and roving eye, and a restlessness of manner, marking unbridled passions." His only child—a son—died in exile in 1843, and thus closed his dynasty, and so righteously was his kingdom gained and taken possession of by the English government.

The great strength of the Kandians lay in their forest, their fortresses, and their want of roads. These difficulties are now nearly overcome. Roads have been made in various directions, and a very fine one connects the two great cities of the island, Kandy and Colombo, the distance between them being seventy-two miles. The former, which is on every side approached by high mountains, was made directly accessible to our troops by a tunnel through one of them, five hundred and seventy-five feet in length, which was commenced by Sir Edward Barnes, and was finished in 1823. This did much, not only towards consolidating our military power in the island, but also in establishing our sovereignty in the minds of the people. One of their legends says, that "*no foreign power could retain the dominion of Kandy until a path was forced through the mountain.*" The weird saying is fulfilled—British soldiers hold the capital; the highway was made through the mountain, but, alas for the uncertainty

of the oracle! the tunnel, as we learn, has collapsed, and the road is now impassible.

In 1817, and again in 1835, the Kandians exhibited some disposition to rebel against our rule. These efforts were easily put down, and the colony, under the superintendence of good and able governors—amongst whom we may name Sir Wilmot Horton and Sir Colin Campbell, was rapidly improving. In 1845, Ceylon was constituted an episcopal see, by the title of the Bishopric of Colombo, and Dr. Chapman went out as the first bishop. "I have come to Ceylon," said he, in addressing a native congregation, "to live among you, and learn your language; with God's blessing to benefit you, and, with His permission, to die in your country." It appears that the Bishop of Colombo's life, since the day he reached the island, has been in unison with these sentiments of missionary devotion, and his exertions, as we collect from Mr. Sirr, have done more towards the conversion of the heathen than had been effected during previous centuries by merely nominal Christians.

"Every part of his diocese," says Mr. Sirr, "is visited constantly by Dr. Chapman; unwearied in his duty, undaunted by the fear of contagion, he visits hospital, jail, and the unwholesome jungle, sedulously learning the native language, whereby he may be enabled to communicate with, and to preach to the Cingalese, without the aid or intervention of an interpreter."

In 1848, a rebellion broke out in Ceylon, which for some time wore a serious aspect, and to which Mr. Sirr devotes a good deal of his attention. As he ascribes its origin, and indeed its termination, in great measure to the influence of a singular superstition, it may, in this view, have a more than ordinary interest for the reader:—

"To understand the events connected with it clearly," says Mr. Sirr, "the reader must remember that Ceylon is the stronghold of the purest and most enthusiastic Buddhism; and the priests of this religion have long been dissatisfied with a government over which they have no control, but with which, until lately, they might have considered themselves in some measure connected. This connection was severed when our government surren-

dered to the priests the custody of the tooth of Buddha, which had ever been regarded as the palladium of Cingalese sovereignty. The abandonment of this sacred charge on the part of the government has been regarded, by its present sacerdotal guardians, not only as a breach of faith, and a mark of great disrespect, but also as an exhibition of political weakness in reference to the ancient traditions before referred to, namely, that whoever possessed this sacred relic should govern the island."—Vol. i., p. 848.

The tooth of Buddha, called also the Dalada relic, is remarkable in the history of superstitions. It is supposed to have been brought to Ceylon from Northern India, in the year 310 of our era; and Buddhists affirm that the country which has the good fortune to possess it will be taken under the special protection of Buddha, and must be regarded as a sacred nation. Hence, too, Ceylon is called by the Cingalese the Sacred Island. The popular faith has always been, that Ceylon would never be subdued until another power had possession of the Dalada. After the suppression of the rebellion of 1817, Sir Robert Brownrigg secured this relic, and Dr. Davy, who was at that time in Ceylon, thus speaks of the influence connected with it:—

"Here it may be remarked, that, when the relic was taken, the effect of its capture was astonishing, and almost beyond the comprehension of the enlightened; for now, they said, the English are indeed masters of the country; for they who possess the relic have a right to govern four kingdoms: this, for 2,000 years, is the first time the relic was ever taken from us. The Portuguese declare that, in the sixteenth century, they obtained possession of the relic, which the Cingalese deny, saying, that when Corta was taken, the relic was secretly removed to Saffragam. They also affirm, that when Kandy was conquered by us in 1815, the relic was never surrendered by them to us, and they considered it to be in their possession until we took it from them by force of arms. The first adikar also observed, that whatever the English might think of having taken Pilind Talawe, and other rebel leaders, in his opinion, and in the opinion of the people in general, the taking of the relic was of infinitely more moment."

The Dalada was retained in our possession from 1817 until 1847, and was,

¹ This extract, taken from Davy's *Ceylon*, is cited by Mr. Sirr.

during that period, exhibited by our officials to the followers of Buddha who came to worship it. The Europeans who have examined this relic, take it to be a piece of discolored ivory. It is slightly carved, nearly two inches long, and one in diameter at the base; if at all a natural tooth, it was possibly an alligator's, but never belonged to a human being. Major Forbes, who assisted at an exhibition of the Dalada, thus describes it :—

“ On the 29th May, 1828, the three large cases having been previously removed, the relic contained in the three inner caskets was placed on the back of an elephant, richly caparisoned; over it was the ransuigé, a small octagonal cupola, the top of which was composed of alternate plain and gilt silver plates, supported by silver pillars. When the elephant appeared coming out of the temple-gate, two lines of magnificent elephants, forming a double line in front of the entrance, knelt down, and thus remained; while the multitude of people, joining the points of their fingers, raised their arms above their heads, and then bent forward, at the same time uttering in full, deep tones, the shout of *Saddhe*: this, joined and increased by those at a distance, swelled into a grand and solemn sound of adoration. The elephant bearing the relic, followed by the establishments of the temples, with their elephants, also those of the chiefs, after proceeding through the principal streets of the town, returned to the great bungalow; here the first *adikar* removed the relic from the back of the elephant, and conveyed it to the temporary altar on which it was exhibited. The rich hangings were now closed around the altar, and the three inner cases opened in the presence of Sir Edward Barnes, the Governor. The drapey being again thrown open, disclosed the tooth, placed on a gold lotus flower, which stood on a silver table; this was covered with the different cases of the relic, various gold articles, and antique jewellery, the offerings of former devotees.”

The relic, we are told, was an object of intense veneration to the Buddhists, and especially to those of the Kandian provinces, who regard it as the pædium of their country. We can easily believe that so solemn a feeling exhibited by assembled multitudes, and aided by such a magnificent display, rendered the ceremony exceedingly imposing. It is, however, to be lamented that the representative of a Christian monarch and a Christian people should have ever lent the influence of his presence

to so idolatrous an institution. The religious prejudices of a nation must always be respected; but the authorities should beware that they do not appear to share them; and no official, no soldier should be allowed to attend at ceremonies such as we have described, save so far as may be needful for the maintenance of order. The Dalada was held to be of sufficient importance to be the subject of a despatch from Lord Torrington to Lord Grey, in 1848; and Mr. Sirr ascribes the suppression of the rebellion in Ceylon in that year, in a good measure, to our having the custody of the relic. We confess we cannot but think that he overrates its value in this respect, and we have a strong hope that extending civilisation, the wider diffusion of education, and the reflected light of Protestantism, have already done much to dispel its illusive powers. This, too, seems to be countenanced by a fact mentioned by Mr. Sirr, that on the restoration of order, in 1848, several of the chiefs and of the priests proposed sending the Dalada to England, to be placed in the keeping of our Queen; but this, as he very properly adds, could not be acceded to by a Christian government.

We may appear to have dwelt too long upon this topic; but a ruling superstition is never unimportant, and there are always occurrences in the history of a nation which, without an acquaintance with its legends, can hardly be comprehended. We find in Mr. Grote's able history of Greece an illustration of this remark, at once so apposite and so just, that we are tempted to transcribe it :—

“ I venture, however, to forewarn the reader that there will occur numerous circumstances in the after political life of the Greeks which he will not comprehend, unless he be initiated into the course of their legendary associations. He will not understand the frantic terror of the Athenian public during the Peloponnesian war, on the occasion of the mutilation of the statues called *Hermæ*, unless he enters into the way in which they connected their stability and security with the domiciliation of the gods in the soil; nor will he adequately appreciate the habit of the Spartan king on military expeditions, when he offered his daily public sacrifices on behalf of his army and his country—‘always to perform this morning service immediately before sunrise, in order that he might be beforehand in obtaining the favour of the gods,’—if he be not familiar with the Homeric con-

ception of Zeus, going to rest at night, and awaking to rise at early dawn from the side of the white-armed Héré.*

Having glanced enough at the history of this island, now, we trust, our secure possession, we have to add a word or two upon another subject connected with it, and to which Mr. Sirr devotes a good deal of his attention—that is, emigration. To those who have some capital, and who are disposed to invest it in the cultivation of cinnamon and coffee, Ceylon offers a fair field for enterprise; they are, however, but the select few. To some of that very very large majority who are longing to seek, in a foreign clime, the shelter, and food, and fire which unhappily, they cannot find at home, Ceylon offers at this moment advantages which it is quite important should be made known in this country, and it is to Mr. Sirr that we are indebted for having directed our attention to them.

In the highlands of Ceylon, 6,300 feet above the level of the sea, there is an extensive plain called Newera Ellia, where the temperature of the winter months resembles the bracing atmosphere of a fine October in England, and summer combines the genial warmth of August with the refreshing showers of spring. From November to April, the thermometer is rarely above 65° Fahr.; frosts are not unfrequent, but snow is unknown. For nearly the year round a fire is desirable.

"The soil varies, as in Great Britain, from the rich brown to the black loam, and all English produce succeeds in a most luxuriant manner, although hitherto the farming has been almost entirely in the hands of the natives, who, notwithstanding their ignorance of the subject, have amassed large sums from the cultivation of potatoes, carrots, turnips, and other vegetables; their farming implements not extending beyond these simple endeavours. Many gentlemen, for their amusement, have planted English grass, clover, wheat, oats, barley, beans, peas, and have found green crops of every description thrive and yield in the most extraordinary manner."—Vol. i., p. 128.

This temperate zone was first visited by Dr. Davy, in 1819, and he at once announced its healthful attributes. It

was not, however, until ten years afterwards that even the government availed itself of its palpable advantages. In 1829, Sir Edward Barnes, the then governor, made the village of Newera Ellia—now called by the natives the City of the Plain—a convalescent military station, and the experiment was altogether successful:—

"Nothing about Newera Ellia Plain tells of the tropics; the bracing air enabling Europeans to walk out at any hour of the day, the mental and bodily faculties soon regain their lost vigour, the frame is invigorated, the palled appetite recovers its tone, and speedily the sallow cheek becomes rounded, and assumes health's roseate hue; many a desponding invalid, whose large family and slender means forbade return to his native land, has reason to bless the day the sanatorium of Lanka-diva was discovered.

"The beauties of vegetation also wear a familiar aspect, as the eye is gladdened with floral gifts that appertain especially to the temperate zone, such as rhododendrons, the white, guelder, damask, and pink rose-trees, violets, sweet-peas, acacia, peach, apple and pear-trees, with nearly every fruit and vegetable that are produced and consumed by us, can be met with in the immediate neighbourhood."—Vol. i., pp. 120-1.

The same good governor connected this district with Kandy by the means of a well-made road. Sir Edward Barnes was, indeed, the Colossus of roads in Ceylon; for of the many fine thoroughfares now there, almost every one was commenced and finished in his time. Since this district has become the sanatorium of the island, the town of Newera Ellia has very much increased, and there is now a church there, besides the governor's house, with residences belonging to the bishop, to the commander of the forces, the colonial secretary, the other government officials, and hospital and barracks, in which last there is at all times a detachment of troops. To this healthful and civilised region emigrants are invited to come, free of expense, with the assurance of a comfortable farm house and out-offices, all fit for immediate occupation. A Mr. Baker, an enterprising gentleman, who is desirous of forming a settlement there, has issued a circular, in which he puts forward the agricultural ad-

* Cited from a review of "Grote's Greece," in the June No. of our Magazine for the present year.

vantages of this district, and offers what must be to many the tempting terms above mentioned. The classes to which he addresses himself seem to be small farmers and farm-servants; and it does not appear that he has fixed a limit to the numbers he proposes to take out. Any of our readers who may interest themselves for those who are disposed to emigrate, are referred for all further particulars to S. W. Baker, Esq., No. 4, Wolseley-terrace, Cheltenham, who has, we understand, already sent out some English farm-servants, with a large supply of agricultural implements. Mr. Sirr submits this gentleman's plan as being well worthy the consideration of those who may wish to emigrate. There can be no doubt that a scheme which offers to emigrants a free passage to a land of beauty and of health, a comfortable house, a farm where no tax-man ever comes, a school for children, and the house of God within their reach, is, indeed, worthy of the attention of very large numbers in this country.

"He," says Mr. Sirr, "can bear witness to the advantages offered in this mountain district for a European settlement; and the only matter of astonishment is, that so many years of British rule should have elapsed before the attempt was made. Newera Ellia is a district blessed with a peculiarly salubrious climate, and in every way adapted for the production of those necessities of life which at this moment are imported into the colony at an enormous expense, and capable of raising supplies considerably beyond the wants of the inhabitants, for which ready markets may be obtained. 'The natives,' says Mr. Baker, 'now produce five successive crops of potatoes from the same land; thus, even from their ignorant farming, they adduce a proof of the peculiar quality of the soil.'

"Stock of all kinds is remarkably cheap; and the draught-buffalo is an animal which entirely supersedes the horse for all heavy work, not only on account of his great strength, but from the fact of his requiring no other food than pasture. Cows and buffaloes may be purchased from 25s. to 40s. per head; sheep, from 3s. to 7s.; pigs, from 3s. to 7s.; fowls, from 7s. per dozen; ducks, from 12s. ditto. Mr. Baker proceeds to show that, notwithstanding the very low price of stock, fine meat is unknown in Ceylon, the beasts being maltreated, and slaughtered without discretion. Although, in many parts of the island, the calf is permitted to take the whole supply from the mother, yet not a cheese has ever been manufactured in Ceylon, and butter sells for 2s. 6d. per pound. Notwithstanding the abundance and cheap-

ness of pigs, hams and bacon have never been cured; and yet all these articles are consumed in large quantities, and imported from England at an enormous price, cheese, hams, and bacon being generally sold at 2s. per pound.

"All these articles may be prepared at Newera Ellia with the same facility, and at one fourth of the cost of these produced in England, and would, therefore, sell at a large profit, both for home consumption, and for exportation. The island is chiefly supplied by Bombay with potatoes; but those of a superior quality now produced at Newera Ellia sell at 28s. per cwt. In three months from the planting of the sets, they are fit to dig, and one set has frequently been known to produce fifty potatoes. Wheat has been experimented upon, and the quantity produced proved infinitely superior to the seed imported; and yet Ceylon is entirely dependant upon America for the supply of flour. Oats and beans thrive well, but have been neglected, consequently the horses of the island are fed expensively upon paddy and grain. The principal portion of wheat is imported from India; thus a most extensive market is open to supply the home market, as well as that of the Mauritius."—V. i. pp. 125-7.

No apology is needful for dwelling upon the details of so important a subject; but we must take care that there is no misapprehension about it. Mr. Sirr vouches that all that Mr. Baker states about the climate, circumstances, and position of the settlement, is perfectly correct; and that there can be little doubt that the fattening and improving of the breeds, both of cattle and poultry, would be remunerative, as well as the growing of seed and green crops; but that settlers are not to expect luxuries, or to make large fortunes, but to limit their views to moderate comforts and an honest livelihood; and that able-bodied and industrious Irish labourers, with their wives and families, would do well.

In the warmer regions of the island the natives are easily independent; any one who has a bread-fruit tree, a cocoa-nut tree, and a jack-tree, may have all his wants provided for, and nowhere do these trees grow more rapidly, or thrive better. It is said that numbers of the Kandians have no houses, but live in trees, secure from snakes and wild beasts, with, perhaps, the leaf of the Talapat palm to protect them from snow and rain. In the forests of the eastern districts of the island there dwells a hardy race,

named the Veddahs, supposed to be descendants of the aborigines. They are said to live in trees and caves, and to subsist upon wild fruits and game, and use rudely-made bows and arrows; they hold no intercourse with the other natives, and speak a language peculiar to themselves—these are the forest Veddahs. There are, besides, the village Veddahs, who dwell in fixed places, and who, a degree more liberal than their brethren of the woods, hold communication, at stated periods, with the other natives who live near their borders, bartering on these occasions ivory, doeskins, and honey, for bows, arrows, salt, and some few other articles; but they do not intermarry with them. In the time of the Kandian kings, the Veddahs paid tribute in elephants' tusks, wax, and honey. They have their own headmen, who apportion the jungles and hunting-grounds for the respective families. The forest Veddahs are a bold race: in the rebellion of 1817, they took part against us, and from their activity, and acquaintance with the country, harassed our troops a good deal. They are very dexterous in catching elephants, and are such crafty hunters, that it is said no wild animal flies from a forest Veddah. The hunter creeps softly towards the animal, while it is sleeping or grazing, and either shoots it, or pierces it to the heart. It is said, too, that the Veddahs have remained a separate race for more than 2,300 years, that being, as is supposed, about the period when they were driven into the forests by their invaders. It is, at all events, a sure and singular fact, that they have, for many centuries, retained their peculiar language, and kept their race unmingled.

The forests and jungles of Ceylon offer such first-class forms of field-sports, that no work on this island can be regarded as perfect that does not refer to them. Mr. Sirr has, accordingly, some of those moving accidents which have startled the readers of *Forbes and Campbell*,* and some new illustrations of the habits and faculties of the animals which haunt the woods. The following is a well-authenticated

instance of the memory, as well as of the docility of the elephant:—

"During the native dynasty, it was the practice to train elephants to put criminals to death, by trampling upon them, the creatures being taught to prolong the agony of the wretched sufferers, by crushing the limbs, avoiding the vital parts. With the last tyrant-king of Kandy this was a favourite mode of execution; and as one of the elephant-executioners was at the former capital during our sojourn there, we were particularly anxious to test the creature's sagacity and memory. The animal was mottled, and of enormous size, and was quietly standing, with his keeper seated upon his neck. The noble who accompanied us desired the man to dismount, and stand on one side.

"The chief then gave the word of command, ordering the creature to 'slay the wretch!' The elephant raised his trunk, and twined it as if around a human being; the creature then made motions as if he were depositing the man on the earth before him, then slowly raised his fore-foot, placing it alternately upon the spots where the limbs of the sufferer would have been. This he continued to do for some minutes; then, as if satisfied the bones must be crushed, the elephant raised his trunk high above his head, and stood motionless. The chief then ordered him 'to complete his work;' and the creature immediately placed one foot as if upon the man's abdomen, and the other upon his head, apparently using his entire strength to crush, and terminate the wretch's misery.

"When we bear in mind the monarch was dethroned in 1815, and the animal had never since that period been called upon to perform the barbarous task to which he had been trained, few, we believe, will be disposed to cavil concerning the extraordinary intelligence and memory evinced by the creature. Space will not permit us to bring forward other instances to demonstrate our assertion; but volumes might be written to demonstrate the elephant's sagacity and memory, being second only to those of man."—*Vol. i. pp. 135-7.*

The perils and escapes of the hunters in Ceylon make what Colonel Campbell, we remember, calls "tough stories"—stories nearly as marvellous as those of Gulliver or Sinbad, yet coming in such a form, so authenticated by colonels and majors, that no prudent man would venture to disbe-

* "Eleven Years in Ceylon." By Major Forbes, 78th Highlanders. 2 Vols. Bentley. London. 1840.

"Excursions, Adventures, and Field Sports in Ceylon." By Lieutenant-Colonel James Campbell. Boone. London. 1843.

lieve them. Of this character is the narrative of Colonel Hardy, given in Colonel Campbell's book; and also the adventure of a private soldier named Jones, in the same work. Mr. Sirr has no tale to rival these, but he has some anecdotes of stirring interest, and amongst them the following. The hero of the exploit was a Major Rogers; long, as we can well believe, the most celebrated hunter in Ceylon, and who, we are told, had slain more than fourteen hundred elephants:—

"The major had shot at an elephant, but the ball had glanced off, merely inflicting a flesh wound. The creature, infuriated with pain, raised its trunk, uttering the terrific trumpet-like squeal which they always make preparatory to a charge. The elephant seized Rogers with the proboscis, and carried him a short distance, then dashed him on the ground into a deep hole, and trampled upon him, breaking his right arm in two places, and several of his ribs; and it was only the small size of the hole into which he had been thrown that saved his life, as the elephant had not sufficient room to use his full strength. When his brother-sportsmen came up to the major, they found him lying senseless; and as soon as he recovered his speech, he stated that he was perfectly conscious when the elephant both seized and trampled upon him, but that he knew attempting to escape or struggling was far worse than futile, and that he was entirely passive upon principle, as he had often reflected upon such an event occurring, and had resolved to remain perfectly stationary. We believe no greater mastery of mind over matter, or resolution, was ever recorded than this."—Vol. i pp. 194–5.

Major Rogers had many such singular escapes, and at last closed his career of hazards by a form of death which it is possible he had never thought of. While travelling in the interior, in the June of 1846, he was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and killed by lightning.

In regard to the industrial resources of Ceylon, the most important for a length of time was the cultivation of cinnamon, which was introduced by the Dutch about thirty years before our connexion with the island. Before that period, the only purpose to which the tree was applied was, to the making of candles for the kings of Kandy, its berries yielding an unctuous fragrant substance, of which these articles were made exclusively for the palace. Falk, a Dutch governor, after persevering long through many diffi-

culties, taught the natives and his own government the true value of the tree.

Under the Dutch, the Portuguese, and in the time of the Kandian rulers, cinnamon was a government monopoly, and was so continued by the British authorities until the year 1833, when the monopoly was abolished, and the large cinnamon-gardens which belonged to the government were disposed of to private individuals, and farmed out to the highest bidder. This was well; but the government, careful to lose nothing by liberality, imposed the high duty of two shillings per pound on exported cinnamon. In 1842 the duty was reduced one-half. This was found to be still too high, and accordingly, in 1848, the export duty on the article was further reduced to four pence per pound colonial charge, with a duty of three pence a pound on importation into England; and under this regulation the government expect that the cultivation of cinnamon will prove as profitable as it had been for many a year before. In this there is reason to apprehend they will be disappointed. It is always dangerous to interfere with a thriving trade. "Let well alone" ought, one might suppose, to be the maxim of the government, as it is the practice of every prudent man. But the statesmen of Ceylon thought proper to make experiments; and under their tampering the cinnamon trade has fallen off more than one-half, and what is more alarming still, has become, to a great extent, fixed in rival settlements. The East India Company now cultivate this spice on the coast of Malabar, and can sell it cheaper than the Ceylon planter; and the Dutch in Java, taking prompt advantage of the high export duty of two shillings a pound, imposed by the Ceylon authorities, applied themselves again to the cultivation of the shrub, and can grow it cheaper, and it appears import it into England, at a duty less by one penny a pound than our planters in Ceylon.

Coffee is another of the staples of Ceylon, and has become an article of much speculation since the year 1820. It is generally supposed that the culture of the plant was introduced by the Dutch from Java, where they had carried it on with great success from about the date of 1723, when they brought seedlings of the plant from Mocha, and formed their first planta-

tions. Mr. Sirr, however, relying on the authority of some intelligent natives, conceives that the plant is indigenous in Ceylon, and says that it has been known in a wild state in the island for ages past, and that a decoction of the berry has been used by the natives from time immemorial. Clearing the jungle for the formation of a coffee estate is a singular proceeding :

"The first step in this clearance is both curious and imposing to witness. The plantations being formed on the mountain sides, the coolies are set to work on the forest trees on the base of the hill, whose trunks they notch half way through; thus labouring on their way up to the mountain's summit, upon attaining which the uppermost trees are completely felled, and then simultaneously falling on those beneath, carry them, with a terrific crash, in their downward course. The falling mass, like the avalanche, increasing at each step in bulk and weight, acquires fresh impetus in its progress, overpowering all obstacles; and thus, with the roar of thunder, thousands of noble forest trees are laid low in a few seconds. The prostrated timber is usually fired and reduced to ashes. The seedlings are generally planted out in the rainy season, and require constant care and attention to prevent them from being overgrown with weeds and jungle grass."—Vol. i., pp. 158-9.

In the year 1846, the coffee exported amounted to one hundred and seventy-three thousand eight hundred and ninety-two cwt; while in 1849 it had increased to forty millions of pounds.

The sugar-cane grows in every village; but it is only lately that the cultivation of it was at all attended to. Mr. Hudson, who has some sugar estates near Peradenia, is making the sugar of Ceylon a very important article in her commerce, and his good methods have been adopted by other planters. The cotton-tree grows in Ceylon to gigantic size, and is capable, it is said, of producing cotton of as fine a quality as was ever grown. On this important point, which has hitherto not been enough attended to, Mr. Sirr cites a report made to the East India Company by an American planter in their service, and to the following effect:—

"I am of opinion, from what I saw of the climate, temperature, and soil, that Ceylon will produce cotton equal in quality, and when the comparatively small amount of capital required is considered, I doubt not it

may even produce the article cheaper, than we can in America, where a large sum must be laid out for labour, and where the expense of food and clothing is much greater than the cost of transporting labour into Ceylon, independently of the risk of a mortality among the labourers, after they had been purchased."

A commencement has been made, and some cotton from American seed grown in the neighbourhood of Batticaloo, but not to any extent, or enough for the consumption of the island. The areka, or betel-nut tree (*Areka catechu*), is also of some importance in the commerce of Ceylon, and the cultivation of tobacco is extending. One of the grand vegetable products of Ceylon is the ebony tree (*Diospyros ebenum*). The colour of the trunk is nearly white, and the branches, springing about thirty feet from the root, and clad with dark—almost sable—foliage, give it an imposing, but a mournful aspect. The wood is hard, heavy, and much valued for articles of furniture. There is a variety called the Calamander-tree, a variegated ebony, which is more prized, and is even more majestic. This, however, like the red sandal and satinwood trees of the Ceylon forests, is now becoming rare.

The pearl fisheries, once a great source of wealth in Ceylon, are now unproductive. In 1798 they produced £140,000, while in 1844 they only realised £105. The banks, however, are protected, and nets and implements which might be made use of to their injury, prohibited, so that in time the fishery may revive.

There is another topic we would gladly enter on—that is, an account of the attempts made from time to time for the diffusion of Christianity in Ceylon; but Sir Emerson Tennant's forthcoming work may afford us a more appropriate opportunity of examining this ever-interesting subject. In the meantime we must express our impression that Mr. Sirr does not do justice to the efforts of the Dutch. "Cent. per cent." he says, "was their faith, gold their object, and mammon their god." Commercial advantages are and ever have been the main objects of parent states; but while the Dutch have shown a very intelligent regard to these, it must be admitted that they have not had the reputation of giving themselves much concern for the religious advancement of the countries with which they were

or are connected, and their position in Japan is to this hour their reproach. In Ceylon, however, they appear to have acted so as to deserve our high praise. They made considerable way towards the establishment of parish schools. They had the Scriptures of the New Testament, and a great part of Old, translated into the Tamul, which is read by the Cingalese, and several editions of which have been printed in Madras as well as in Ceylon. They introduced their own mode of public worship, and made a rule that no native should hold any office, however humble, under their government, except he professed to belong to their church. In this last particular they acted in accordance with the opinions of their day, and perhaps ought not to be judged by the better views of our's. It is an undisputed fact, that there are considerable numbers of the Cingalese who now profess Christianity, whose fathers were brought within the pale of

the church by the Dutch, and who, with their families, are now accessible to religious instruction. Tried by the standard of duty, this is not much for a Christian nation in such circumstances to effect, but when we consider our own short-comings in a more advanced, and more enlightened age, it ought to be enough to prevent us from speaking of our Protestant predecessors in Ceylon with anything like contempt.

In closing Mr. Sirr's unpretending volumes, we have to thank him for the useful knowledge with which they are replete. They do not offer the wild adventures and stirring accidents which amused us so much in the narratives of Forbes and of Campbell—they are not such sporting calendars; but to any one who is desirous of becoming acquainted with the capabilities and condition of Ceylon, we can commend them as, undoubtedly, the best for their purpose.

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DUBLIN

JAMES M'GLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

General Moricier, and although a caricature, a perfect likeness. And here comes a plan for 'manœuvring a squadron by threes from the left.' 'This is better—it is a receipt for an 'Omelette à la Hussard;' and here we have a love-song, and a moustache-paste, with some hints about devotion, and diseased frog in horses. Most versatile genius, certainly!' and so he went on, occasionally laughing at my rude sketches and ruder remarks, till he came to a page headed "Equitation, as practised by Officers of the Staff," and followed by a series of caricatures of bad riding, in all its moods and tones. The flush of anger which instantly coloured his face soon attracted the notice of those about him, and one of the bystanders quickly snatched the book from his fingers, and, in the midst of a group all convulsed with laughter, proceeded to expatiate upon my illustrations. To be sure, they were absurd enough. Some were represented sketching on horseback, under shelter of an umbrella; others were "taking the depth of a stream" by a "header" from their own saddles; some again were "exploring ground for an attack in line," by a measurement of the rider's own length over the head of his horse. Then there were ridiculous situations, such as "sitting down before a fortress," "taking an angle of incidence," and so on. Sorry jests all of them, but sufficient to amuse those with whose daily associations they chimed in, and to whom certain traits of portraiture gave all the zest of a personality.

My shame at the exposure, and my terror for its consequences, gradually yielded to a feeling of flattered vanity at the success of my lucubrations; and I never remarked that the staff-officer had ridden away from the group, till I saw him galloping back at the top of his speed.

"Is your name Tiernay, my good fellow?" cried he, riding close up to my side, and with an expression on his features I did not half like.

"Yes sir," replied I.

"Hussar of the Ninth, I believe?" repeated he, reading from a paper in his hand.

"The same, sir."

"Well, your talents as a draughtsman have procured you promotion, my friend; I have obtained your dis-

charge from your regiment, and you are now my orderly,—orderly on the staff, do you mind; so mount, sir, and follow me."

I saluted him respectfully, and prepared to obey his orders. Already I foresaw the downfall of all the hopes I had been cherishing, and anticipated the life of tyranny and oppression that lay before me. It was clear to me that my discharge had been obtained solely as a means of punishing me, and that Captain Discan, as the officer was called, had destined me to a pleasant expiation of my note-book. The savage exultation with which he watched me, as I made up my kit and saddled my horse—the cool malice with which he handed me back the accursed journal, the cause of all my disasters—gave me a dark foreboding of what was to follow; and as I mounted my saddle, my woeful face and miserable look brought forth a perfect shout of laughter from the bystanders.

Captain Discan's duty was to visit the banks of the Rhine and the Esler island, to take certain measurements of distances, and obtain accurate information on various minute points respecting the late engagement, for, while a brief announcement of the victory would suffice for the bulletin, a detailed narrative of the event in all its bearings must be drawn up for the minister of war, and for this latter purpose various staff-officers were then employed in different parts of the field.

As we issued from the fortress, and took our way over the plain, we struck out into a sharp gallop; but as we drew near the river, our passage became so obstructed by lines of baggage-wagons, tumbrils, and ammunition-carts, that we were obliged to dismount and proceed on foot; and now I was to see for the first time that dreadful picture, which, on the day after a battle, forms the reverse of the great medal of glory. Huge litters of wounded men on their way back to Strasbourg, were drawn by six or eight horses, their jolting motion increasing the agony of sufferings that found their vent in terrific cries and screams; oaths, yells, and blasphemies, the ravings of madness, and the wild shouts of infuriated suffering, filled the air on every side. As if to give the force of contrast to this uproar of misery, two regiments of Swabian infantry marched past as prisoners. Silent, crest-fallen, and wretched-look-

ing, they never raised their eyes from the ground, but moved, or halted, wheeled, or stood at ease, as though by some impulse of mechanism; a cord coupled the wrists of the outer files, one with another, which struck me less as a measure of security against escape, than as a mark of indignity.

Carts and charrettes with wounded officers, in which often-times the uniform of the enemy appeared side by side with our own, followed in long procession; and thus were these two great currents—the one hurrying forward, ardent, high-hearted, and enthusiastic; the other returning maimed, shattered, and dying!

It was an affecting scene to see the hurried gestures, and hear the few words of adieu, as they passed each other. Old comrades who were never to meet again, parted with a little motion of the hand; sometimes a mere look was all their leave-taking; save when, now and then, a halt would for a few seconds bring the two lines together, and then many a bronzed and rugged cheek was pressed upon the faces of the dying, and many a tear fell from eyes bloodshot with the fury of the battle! Wending our way on foot slowly along, we at last reached the river side, and having secured a small skiff, made for the Esclar island; our first business being to ascertain some details respecting the intrenchments there, and the depth and strength of the stream between it and the left bank. Discrau, who was a distinguished officer, rapidly possessed himself of the principal facts he wanted, and then, having given me his portfolio, he seated himself under the shelter of a broken wagon, and opening a napkin, began his breakfast off a portion of a chicken and some bread,—viands which, I own, more than once made my lips water as I watched him.

“You’ve eaten nothing to-day, Tiernay?” asked he, as he wiped his lips, with the air of a man that feels satisfied.

“Nothing, *mon capitaine*,” replied I.

“That’s bad,” said he, shaking his head; “a soldier cannot do his duty, if his rations be neglected. I have always maintained the principle: Look to the men’s necessities—take care of their food and clothing. Is there anything on that bone there?”

“Nothing, *mon capitaine*.”

“I’m sorry for it; I meant it for you; put up that bread, and the re-

mainder of that flask of wine. *Bour-doux* is not to be had every day. We shall want it for supper, Tiernay.”

I did as I was bid, wondering not a little why he said “*we*,” seeing how little a share I occupied in the co-partnery.

“Always be careful of the morrow on a campaign, Tiernay—no squandering, no waste; that’s one of my principles,” said he, gravely, as he watched me while I tied up the bread and wine in the napkin. “You’ll soon see the advantage of serving under an old soldier.”

I confess the great benefit had not already struck me, but I held my peace and waited; meanwhile he continued—

“I have studied my profession from my boyhood, and one thing I have acquired, that all experience has confirmed, the knowledge, that men must neither be taxed beyond their ability nor their endurance; a French soldier, after all, is human; eh, isn’t not so?”

“I feel it most profoundly, *mon capitaine*,” replied I, with my hand on my empty stomach.

“Just so,” rejoined he; “every man of sense and discretion must confess it. Happily for you, too, I know it; ay, Tiernay, I know it, and practise it. When a young fellow has acquitted himself to my satisfaction during the day—not that I mean to say that the performance has not its fair share of activity and zeal—when evening comes and stable duty finished, arms burnished, and accoutrements cleaned, what do you think I say to him?—eh, Tiernay, just guess now?”

“Probably, sir, you tell him he is free to spend an hour at the canteen, or take his sweetheart to the theatre.”

“What! more fatigue! more exhaustion to an already tired and worn out nature!”

“I ask pardon, sir, I see I was wrong; but I had forgotten how thoroughly the poor fellow was done up. I now see that you told him to go to bed.”

“To bed! to bed! Is it that he might writhe in the nightmare, or suffer agony from cramps? To bed after fatigue like this! No, no, Tiernay; that was not the school in which I was brought up; we were taught to think of the men under our command; to remember that they had wants, sympathies, hopes, fears, and emotions like our own. I tell him to seat himself at

the table, and with pen, ink, and paper before him, to write up the blanks. I see you don't quite understand me, Tiernay, as to the meaning of the phrase, but I'll let you into the secret. You have been kind enough to give me a peep at your note-book, and you shall in return have a look at mine. Open that volume, and tell me what you find in it."

I obeyed the direction, and read at the top of a page the words "Skeleton, 5th Prarial," in large characters, followed by several isolated words, denoting the strength of a brigade, the number of guns in a battery, the depth of a fosse, the height of a parapet, and such like. These were usually followed by a flourish of the pen, or sometimes by the word "Bom." which singular monosyllable always occurred at the foot of the pages.

"Well, have you caught the key to the cipher?" said he, after a pause.

"Not quite, sir," said I, pondering; "I can perceive that the chief facts stand prominently forward, in a fair, round hand; I can also guess that the flourishes may be spaces left for detail; but this word "Bom." puzzles me completely."

"Quite correct, as to the first part," said he, approvingly; "and as to the mysterious monosyllable, it is nothing more than an abbreviation for 'Bombaste,' which is always to be done to the taste of each particular commanding officer."

"I perceive, sir," said I, quickly; "like the wadding of a gun, which may increase the loudness, but never affect the strength of the shot."

"Precisely, Tiernay; you have hit it exactly. Now I hope that, with a little practice, you may be able to acquit yourself respectably in this walk; and now to begin our skeleton. Turn over to a fresh page, and write as I dictate to you."

So saying, he filled his pipe and lighted it, and disposing his limbs in an attitude of perfect ease, he began:—

"8th Thermidor, midnight—twelve battalions, and two batteries of field—boats and rafts—Esler Island—stockades—eight guns—Saxian infantry—sharp firing, and a flourish—strong current—flourish—detachment of the 28th carried down—"Bom." Let me see it now—all right—nothing could be better—proceed. The 10th, 45th, and 48th landing together—more

firing—flourish—first gun captured—Bom.—bayonet charges—Bom. Bom.—three guns taken—Bom. Bom. Bom.—Swabs in retreat—flourish. The bridge eighty toises in length—flanking fire—heavy loss—flourish."

"You go a little too fast, mon Capitaine," said I, for a sudden bright thought just flashed across me.

"Very well," said he, shaking the ashes of his pipe out upon the rock, "I'll take my doze, and you may awaken me when you've filled in those details—it will be a very fair exercise for you;" and with this he threw his handkerchief over his face, and without any other preparation was soon fast asleep.

I own that, if I had not been a spectator of the action, it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for me to draw up anything like a narrative of it, from the meagre details of the captain's note-book. My personal observations, however, assisted by an easy imagination, suggested quite enough to make at least a plausible story, and I wrote away without impediment and halt till I came to that part of the action in which the retreat over the bridge commenced. There I stopped. Was I to remain satisfied with such a crude and one-sided explanation as the note-book afforded, and merely say that the retreating forces were harassed by a strong flank fire from our batteries? Was I to omit the whole of the great incident, the occupation of the "Fels Insel," and the damaging discharges of grape and round shot which plunged through the crowded ranks, and ultimately destroyed the bridge? Could I—to use the phrase so popular—could I, in the "interests of truth," forget the brilliant achievement of a gallant band of heroes who, led on by a young hussar of the 9th, threw themselves into the "Fels Insel," routed the garrison, captured the artillery, and directing its fire upon the retreating enemy, contributed most essentially to the victory. Ought I, in a word, to suffer a name so associated with a glorious action to sink into oblivion? Should Maurice Tiernay be lost to fame out of any neglect or false shame on my part? Forbid it all truth and justice, cried I, as I set myself down to relate the whole adventure most circumstantially. Looking up from time to time at my officer, who slept soundly, I suffered myself to dilate upon a theme in which somehow,

I felt a more than ordinary degree of interest. The more I dwelt upon the incident, the more brilliant and striking did it seem. Like the appetite, which the proverb tells us comes by eating, my enthusiasm grew under indulgence, so that, had a little more time been granted me, I verily believe I should have forgotten Moreau altogether, and coupled only Maurice Tiernay with the passage of the Rhine, and the capture of the fortress of Kehl. Fortunately Captain Discan awoke, and cut short my historic recollections, by asking me how much I had done, and telling me to read it aloud to him.

I accordingly began to read my narrative slowly and deliberately, thereby giving myself time to think what I should best do when I came to that part which became purely personal. To omit it altogether would have been dangerous, as the slightest glance at the mass of writing would have shown the deception. There was, then, nothing left, but to invent at the moment another version, in which Maurice Tiernay never occurred, and the incident of the Fels Insel should figure as unobtrusively as possible. I was always a better improvisatore than amanuensis; so that without a moment's loss of time I fashioned a new and very different narrative, and detailing the battle tolerably accurately, *minus* the share my own heroism had taken in it. The captain made a few, a very few corrections of my style, in which the "flourish" and "bom" figured, perhaps, too conspicuously; and then told me frankly, that once upon a time he had been fool enough to give himself

great trouble in framing these kind of reports, but that having served for a short period in the "bureau" of the minister of war, he had learned better—"In fact," said he, "a district report is never read! Some hundreds of them reach the office of the minister every day, and are safely deposited in the 'archives' of the department. They have all, besides, such a family resemblance, that with a few changes in the name of the commanding officer, any battle in the Netherlands would do equally well for one fought beyond the Alps! Since I became acquainted with this fact, Tiernay, I have bestowed less pains upon the matter, and usually deputed the task to some smart orderly of the staff."

So, thought I, I have been writing history for nothing; and Maurice Tiernay, the real hero of the passage of the Rhine, will be unrecorded and unremembered, just for want of one honest and impartial scribe to transmit his name to posterity. The reflection was not a very encouraging one; nor did it serve to lighten the toil in which I passed many weary hours, copying out my own precious manuscript. Again and again during that night did I wonder at my own diffuseness—again and again did I curse the prolix accuracy of a description that cost such labour to reiterate. It was like a species of poetical justice on me for my own amplifications; and when the day broke, and I still sat at my table writing on, at the third copy of this precious document, I vowed a vow of brevity, should I ever survive to indite similar compositions.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was in something less than a week after, that I entered upon my new career as orderly in the staff, when I began to believe myself the most miserable of all human beings. On the saddle at sunrise, I never dismounted, except to carry a measuring-chain, "to step distances," mark out entrenchments, and then write away, for hours, long enormous reports, that were to be models of calligraphy, neatness and elegance—and never to be read. Nothing could be less like soldiering than the life I led; and were

it not for the clanking sabre I wore at my side, and the jingling spurs that decorated my heels, I might have fancied myself a notary's clerk. It was part of General Moreau's plan to strengthen the defences of Kehl before he advanced farther into Germany; and to this end repairs were begun upon a line of earth-works, about two leagues to the northward of the fortress, at a small village called "Ekheim." In this miserable little hole, one of the dreariest spots imaginable, we were quartered, with two

companies of "sapeurs" and some of the wagon-train, trenching, digging, carting earth, sinking wells, and in fact engaged in every kind of labour save that which seemed to be characteristic of a soldier.

I used to think that Nancy and the riding-school were the most dreary and tiresome of all destinies, but they were enjoyments and delight compared with this. Now it very often happens in life, that when a man grows discontented and dissatisfied with mere monotony, when he chafes at the sameness of a tiresome and unexciting existence, he is rapidly approaching to some critical or eventful point, where actual peril and real danger assail him, and from which he would willingly buy his escape by falling back upon that wearisome and plodding life he had so often deplored before. This case was my own. Just as I had convinced myself that I was exceedingly wretched and miserable, I was to know there are worse things in this world than a life of mere uniform stupidity. I was waiting outside my captain's door for orders one morning, when at the tinkle of his little hand-bell I entered the room where he sat at breakfast, with an open despatch before him.

"Tiernay," said he, in his usual quiet tone, "here is an order from the adjutant-general to send you back under an escort to head-quarters. Are you aware of any reason for it, or is there any charge against you which warrants this?"

"Not to my knowledge, mon capitaine," said I, trembling with fright, for I well knew with what severity discipline was exercised in that army, and how any, even the slightest, infractions met the heaviest penalties.

"I have never known you to pillage," continued he; "have never seen you drink, nor have you been disobedient while under my command; yet this order could not be issued on light grounds; there must be some grave accusation against you, and in any case you must go; therefore arrange all my papers, put everything in due order, and be ready to return with the orderly."

"You'll give me a good character, mon capitaine," said I, trembling more than ever—"you'll say what you can for me, I'm sure."

"Willingly, if the general or chief were here," replied he; "but that's not so. General Moreau is at Strasbourg.

It is General Regnier is in command of the army; and unless specially applied to, I could not venture upon the liberty of obtruding my opinion upon him."

"Is he so severe, sir?" asked I, timidly.

"The general is a good disciplinarian," said he, cautiously, while he motioned with his hand towards the door, and accepting the hint, I retired.

It was evening when I re-entered Kehl, under an escort of two of my own regiment, and was conducted to the "Salle de Police." At the door stood my old corporal, whose malicious grin as I alighted revealed the whole story of my arrest; and I now knew the charge that would be preferred against me—a heavier there could not be made—was, "disobedience in the field." I slept very little that night, and when I did close my eyes, it was to awake with a sudden start, and believe myself in presence of the court-martial, or listening to my sentence, as read out by the President. Towards day, however, I sunk into a heavy, deep slumber, from which I was aroused by the reveille of the barracks.

I had barely time to dress when I was summoned before the "Tribunale Militaire"—a sort of permanent court-martial, whose sittings were held in one of the churches of the town. Not even all the terror of my own precarious position could overcome the effect of old prejudices in my mind, as I saw myself led up the dim aisle of the church towards the altar rails, within which, around a large table, were seated a number of officers, whose manner and bearing evinced but little reverence for the sacred character of the spot.

Stationed in a group of poor wretches whose wan looks and anxious glances told that they were prisoners like myself, I had time to see what was going forward around me. The President, who alone wore his hat, read from a sort of list before him the name of a prisoner and that of the witnesses in the cause. In an instant they were all drawn up and sworn. A few questions followed, rapidly put, and almost as rapidly replied to. The prisoner was called on then for his defence; if this occupied many minutes, he was sure to be interrupted by an order to be brief. Then came the command to "stand by;" and after a few seconds consultation together, in which many times a

burst of laughter might be heard, the court agreed upon the sentence, recorded and signed it, and then proceeded with the next case.

If nothing in the procedure imposed reverence or respect, there was that in the despatch which suggested terror, for it was plain to see that the Court thought more of the cost of their own precious minutes than of the years of those on whose fate they were deciding. I was sufficiently near to hear the charges of those who were arraigned, and, for the greater number, they were all alike. Pillage, in one form or another, was the universal offending; and from the burning of a peasant's cottage, to the theft of his dog or his "poulet," all came under this head. At last came number 82—"Maurice Tiernay, hussar of the Ninth." I stepped forward to the rails.

"Maurice Tiernay," read the President, hurriedly, "accused by Louis Gaussin, corporal of the same regiment, 'of wilfully deserting his post while on duty in the field, and in the face of direct orders to the contrary; inducing others to a similar breach of discipline.' Make the charge, Gaussin."

The corporal stepped forward, and began—

"We were stationed in detachment on the bank of the Rhine, on the evening of the 23rd —"

"The Court has too many duties to lose its time for nothing," interrupted I. "It is all true. I did desert my post; I did disobey orders; and, seeing a weak point in the enemy's line, attacked and carried it with success. The charge is, therefore, admitted by me, and it only remains for the Court to decide how far a soldier's zeal for his country may be deserving of punishment. Whatever the result, one thing is perfectly clear, Corporal Gaussin will never be indicted for a similar misdemeanour."

A murmur of voices and suppressed laughter followed this impertinent and not over discreet sally of mine; and the President calling out, "Proven by acknowledgment," told me to "stand by." I now fell back to my former place, to be interrogated by my comrades on the result of my examination, and hear their exclamations of surprise and terror at the rashness of my conduct. A little reflection over the circumstances would probably have brought me over to their opinion, and

shown me that I had gratuitously thrown away an opportunity of self-defence; but my temper could not brook the indignity of listening to the tiresome accusation and the stupid malevolence of the corporal, whose hatred was excited by the influence I wielded over my comrades.

It was long past noon ere the proceedings terminated, for the list was a full one, and at length the Court rose, apparently not sorry to exchange their tiresome duties for the pleasant offices of the dinner-table. No sentences had been pronounced, but one very striking incident seemed to shadow forth a gloomy future. Three, of whom I was one, were marched off, doubly guarded, before the rest, and confined in separate cells of the "Salle," where every precaution against escape too plainly showed the importance attached to our safe keeping.

At about eight o'clock, as I was sitting on my bed—if that inclined plane of wood, worn by the form of many a former prisoner, could deserve the name—a serjeant entered with the prison allowance of bread and water. He placed it beside me without speaking, and stood for a few seconds gazing at me.

"What age art thou, lad?" said he, in a voice of compassionate interest.

"Something over fifteen, I believe," replied I.

"Hast father and mother?"

"Both are dead!"

"Uncles or aunts living?"

"Neither."

"Hast any friends who could help thee?"

"That might depend on what the occasion for help should prove, for I have one friend in the world."

"Who is he?"

"Colonel Mahon, of the Cuirassiers."

"I never heard of him—is he here?"

"No; I left him at Nancy; but I could write to him."

"It would be too late, much too late."

"How do you mean—too late?" asked I, tremblingly.

"Because it is fixed for to-morrow evening," replied he, in a low, hesitating voice.

"What? the — the —" I could not say the word, but merely imitated the motion of presenting and firing. He nodded gravely in acquiescence.

"What hour is it to take place?" asked I.

"After evening parade. The sentence must be signed by General Berthier, and he will not be here before that time."

"It would be too late, then, serjeant," said I, musing, "far too late. Still I should like to write the letter; I would like to thank him for his kindness in the past, and show him, too, that I have not been either unworthy or ungrateful. Could you let me have paper and pen, serjeant?"

"I can venture so far, lad; but I cannot let thee have a light; it is against orders; and during the day thou'lt be too strictly watched."

"No matter; let me have the paper and I'll try to scratch a few lines in the dark; and thou'lt post it for me, serjeant? I ask thee as a last favour to do this."

"I promise it," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. After standing for a few minutes thus in silence, he started suddenly and left the cell.

I now tried to eat my supper; but although resolved on behaving with a stout and unflinching courage throughout the whole sad event, I could not swallow a mouthful. A sense of choking stopped me at every attempt, and even the water I could only get down by gulps. The efforts I made to bear up seemed to have caused a species of hysterical excitement that actually rose to the height of intoxication, for I talked away loudly to myself, laughed, and sung. I even jested and mocked myself on this sudden termination of a career that I used to anticipate as stored with future fame and rewards. At intervals, I have no doubt that my mind wandered far beyond the control of reason, but as constantly came back again to a full consciousness of my melancholy position, and the fate that awaited me. The noise of the key in the door silenced my ravings, and I sat still and motionless as the serjeant entered with the pen, ink, and paper, which he laid down upon the bed, and then as silently withdrew.

A long interval of stupor, a state of dreary half-consciousness, now came over me, from which I aroused myself with great difficulty to write the few lines I destined for Colonel Mahon. I remember even now, long as has been the space of years since that event, full as it has been of stirring and strange incidents, I remember perfectly the thought which flashed across me as I

sat, pen in hand, before the paper. It was the notion of a certain resemblance between our actions in this world with the characters I was about to inscribe upon that paper. Written in darkness and in doubt, thought I, how shall they appear when brought to the light! Perhaps those I have deemed the best and fairest shall seem but to be the weakest or the worst! What need of kindness to forgive the errors, and of patience to endure the ignorance! At last I began:—"MON COLONEL.—Forgive, I pray you, the errors of these lines, penned in the darkness of my cell, and the night before my death. They are written to thank you ere I go hence, and to tell you that the poor heart whose beating will soon be still throbbled gratefully towards you to the last! I have been sentenced to death for a breach of discipline of which I was guilty. Had I failed in the achievement of my enterprise by the bullet of an enemy, they would have named me with honour; but I have had the misfortune of success, and to-morrow am I to pay its penalty. I have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that my share in that great day can neither be denied nor evaded; it is already on record, and the time may yet come when my memory will be vindicated. I know not if these lines be legible, nor if I have crossed or recrossed them. If they are blotted they are not my tears have done it, for I have a firm heart and a good courage; and when the moment comes——"; here my hand trembled so much, and my brain grew so dizzy, that I lost the thread of my meaning, and merely jotted down at random a few words, vague, unconnected, and unintelligible, after which, and by an effort that cost all my strength, I wrote "MAURICE TIERNAY, late Hussar of the 9th Regiment."

A hearty burst of tears followed the conclusion of this letter; all the pent-up emotion with which my heart was charged broke out at last, and I cried bitterly. Intense passions are, happily, never of long duration, and better still, they are always the precursors of calm. Thus, tranquil, the dawn of morn broke upon me, when the serjeant came to take my letter, and apprise me that the adjutant would appear in a few moments to read my sentence, and inform me when it was to be executed.

"Thou'lt bear up well, lad; I know

thou wilt," said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes. "Thou hast no mother, and thou'lt not have to grieve for her."

"Don't be afraid, serjeant; I'll not disgrace the old 9th. Tell my comrades I said so."

"I will. I will tell them all! Is this thy jacket, lad?"

"Yes; what do you want it for?"

"I must take it away with me. Thou art not to wear it more!"

"Not wear it, nor die in it; and why not?"

"That is the sentence, lad; I cannot help it. It's very hard, very cruel; but so it is."

"Then I am to die dishonoured, serjeant; is that the sentence?"

He dropped his head, and I could see that he moved his sleeve across his eyes; and then, taking up my jacket, he came towards me.

"Remember, lad, a stout heart; no flinching. Adieu—God bless thee." He kissed me on either cheek, and went out.

He had not been gone many minutes, when the tramp of marching outside apprised me of the coming of the adjutant, and the door of my cell being thrown open, I was ordered to walk forth into the court of the prison. Two

squadrons of my own regiment, all who were not on duty, were drawn up, disarmed, and without arms; beside them stood a company of grenadiers and a half battalion of the line, the corps to which the other two prisoners belonged, and who now came forward, in shirt-sleeves like myself, into the middle of the court.

One of my fellow-sufferers was a very old soldier, whose hair and beard were white as snow: the other was a middle-aged man, of a dark and forbidding aspect, who scowled at me angrily as I came up to his side, and seemed as if he scorned the companionship. I returned a glance, haughty and as full of defiance as his own, and never noticed him after.

The drum beat a roll, and the word was given for silence in the ranks—an order so strictly obeyed, that even the clash of a weapon was unheard, and, stepping in front of the line, the *Auditeur Militaire* read out the sentences. As for me, I heard but the words "*Peine afflictive et infamante*;" all the rest became confusion, shame, and terror co-mingled; nor did I know that the ceremonial was over when the troops began to defile, and we were marched back again to our prison quarters.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is a very common subject of remark in newspapers, and as invariably repeated with astonishment by the readers, how well and soundly such a criminal slept on the night before his execution. It reads like a wonderful evidence of composure, or some not less surprising proof of apathy or indifference. I really believe it has as little relation to one feeling as to the other, and is simply the natural consequence of faculties over-strained, and a brain surcharged with blood; sleep being induced by causes purely physical in their nature. For myself, I can say that I was by no means indifferent to life, nor had I any contempt for the form of death that awaited me. As localities, which have failed to inspire a strong attachment, become endowed with a certain degree of interest when we are about to part from them for ever, I never held life so desirable as

now that I was going to leave it; and yet, with all this, I fell into a sleep so heavy and profound, that I never awoke till late in the evening. Twice was I shaken by the shoulder ere I could throw off the heavy weight of slumber; and even when I looked up, and saw the armed figures around me, I could have lain down once more and composed myself to another sleep.

The first thing which thoroughly aroused me, and at once brightened up my slumbering senses, was missing my jacket, for which I searched every corner of my cell, forgetting that it had been taken away as the nature of my sentence was declared, "*infamante*." The next shock was still greater, when two *sapeurs* came forward to tie my wrists together behind my back; I neither spoke nor resisted, but in silent submission complied with each order given me.

All preliminaries being completed, I was led forward, preceded by a pioneer, and guarded on either side by two sapeurs of "the guard;" a muffled drum, ten paces in advance, keeping up a low monotonous rumble as we went.

Our way led along the ramparts, beside which ran a row of little gardens, in which the children of the officers were at play. They ceased their childish gambols as we drew near, and came closer up to watch us. I could mark the terror and pity in their little faces as they gazed at me; I could see the traits of compassion with which they pointed me out to each other, and my heart swelled with gratitude for even so slight a sympathy. It was with difficulty I could restrain the emotion of that moment, but with a great effort I did subdue it, and marched on, to all seeming, unmoved. A little further on, as we turned the angle of the wall, I looked back to catch one last look at them. Would that I had never done so! They had quitted the railings, and were now standing in a group, in the act of performing a mimic execution. One, without his jacket, was kneeling on the grass. But I could not bear the sight, and in scornful anger I closed my eyes, and saw no more.

A low whispering conversation was kept up by the soldiers around me. They were grumbling at the long distance they had to march, as the "affair" might just as well have taken place on the glacis as two miles away. How different were my feelings—how dear to me was now every minute, every second of existence; how my heart leaped at each turn of the way, as I still saw a space to traverse and some little interval longer to live.

And mayhap after all, muttered one dark-faced fellow, we shall have come all this way for nothing. There can be no "fusillade" without the general's signature, so I heard the adjutant say; and who's to promise that he'll be at his quarters?"

"Very true," said another; "he may be absent, or at table."

"At table!" cried two or three together; "and what if he were?"

"If he be," rejoined the former speaker, "we may go back again for our pains! I ought to know him well; I was his orderly for eight months, when I served in the 'Lagers,' and can tell you, my lads, I wouldn't be the

officer who would bring him a report or a return to sign once he had opened out his napkin on his knee; and it's not very far from his dinner hour now."

What a sudden thrill of hope ran through me! Perhaps I should be spared for another day.

"No, no, we're all in time," exclaimed the serjeant; "I can see the general's tent from this; and there he stands, with all his staff around him."

"Yes; and there go the other escorts—they will be up before us if we don't make haste; quick-time, lads. Come along, mon cher," said he, addressing me—"thou'rt not tired, I hope."

"Not tired!" replied I; "but remember, serjeant, what a long journey I have before me."

"*Pardie!* I don't believe all that rhodomontade about another world," said he gruffly; "the Republic settled that question."

I made no reply, for such words, at such a moment, were the most terrible of tortures to me. And now we moved on at a brisker pace, and crossing a little wooden bridge, entered a kind of esplanade of closely-shaven turf, at one corner of which stood the capacious tent of the commander-in-chief, for such, in Moreau's absence, was General Berthier. Numbers of staff-officers were riding about on duty, and a large travelling-carriage, from which the horses seemed recently detached, stood before the tent.

We halted as we crossed the bridge, while the adjutant advanced to obtain the signature to the sentence. My eyes followed him till they swam with rising tears, and I could not wipe them away, as my hands were fettered. How rapidly did my thoughts travel during those few moments. The good old Père Michel came back to me in memory, and I tried to think of the consolation his presence would have afforded me; but I could do no more than think of them.

"Which is the prisoner Tiernay?" cried a young aid-de-camp, cantering up to where I was standing.

"Here, sir," replied the serjeant, pushing me forward.

"So," rejoined the officer, angrily, "this fellow has been writing letters, it would seem, reflecting upon the justice of his sentence, and arraigning the conduct of his judges. Your epistolary tastes are like to cost you dearly,

my lad; it had been better for you if writing had been omitted in your education. Reconduct the others, serjeant, they are respited; this fellow alone is to undergo his sentence."

The other two prisoners gave a short and simultaneous cry of joy as they fell back, and I stood alone in front of the escort.

"Parbleu! he has forgotten the signature," said the adjutant, casting his eye over the paper: "he was chattering and laughing all the time, with the pen in his hand, and I suppose fancied that he had signed it."

"Nathalie was there, perhaps," said the aid-de-camp, significantly.

"She was, and I never saw her looking better. It's something like eight years since I saw her last; and I vow she seems not only handsomer, but fresher and more youthful, to-day, than then."

"Where is she going—have you heard?"

"Who can tell? Her passport is like a firman—she may travel where she pleases. The rumour of the day says Italy."

"I thought she looked provoked at Moreau's absence; it seemed like want of attention on his part, a lack of courtesy she's not used to."

"Very true; and her reception of Berthier was anything but gracious, although he certainly displayed all his civilities in her behalf."

"Strange days we live in!" sighed the other, "when a man's promotion hangs upon the favourable word of a —."

"Hush!—take care!—be cautious!" whispered the other. "Let us not forget this poor fellow's business. How are you to settle it? Is the signature of any consequence? The whole sentence is all right and regular."

"I shouldn't like to omit the signature," said the other, cautiously; "it looks like carelessness, and might involve us in trouble hereafter."

"Then we must wait some time, for I see they are gone to dinner."

"So I perceive," replied the former, as he lighted his cigar, and seated himself on a bank. "You may let the prisoner sit down, serjeant, and leave his hands free; he looks wearied and exhausted."

I was too weak to speak, but I looked my gratitude; and sitting down upon the grass, covered my face and wept heartily.

Although quite close to where the officers sat together chatting and jesting, I heard little or nothing of what they said. Already the things of life had ceased to have any hold upon me; and I could have heard of the greatest victory, or listened to a story of the most fatal defeat, without the slightest interest or emotion. An occasional word or a name would strike upon my ear, but leave no impression nor any memory behind it.

The military band was performing various marches and opera-airs before the tent where the general dined, and in the melody, softened by distance, I felt a kind of calm and sleepy repose that lulled me into a species of ecstasy.

At last the music ceased to play, and the adjutant, starting hurriedly up, called on the serjeant to move forward.

"By Jove!" cried he, "they seem preparing for a promenade, and we shall get into a scrape if Berthier sees us here. Keep your party yonder, serjeant, out of sight, till I obtain the signature."

And so saying, away he went towards the tent at a sharp gallop.

A few seconds, and I watched him crossing the esplanade; he dismounted and disappeared. A terrible choking sensation was over me, and I scarcely was conscious that they were again tying my hands. The adjutant came out again, and made a sign with his sword.

"We are to move on!" said the serjeant, half in doubt.

"Not at all," broke in the aid-de-camp; "he is making a sign for you to bring up the prisoner! There he is repeating the signal—lead him forward."

I knew very little of how—less still of why—but we moved on in the direction of the tent, and in a few minutes stood before it. The sounds of revelry and laughter—the crash of voices, and the clink of glasses—together with the hoarse bray of the brass band, which again struck up—all were co-mingled in my brain, as, taking me by the arm, I was led forward within the tent, and found myself at the foot of a table covered with all the gorgeousness of silver plate, and glowing with bouquets of flowers and fruits. In the one hasty glance I gave, before my lids fell over my swimming eyes, I could see the splendid uniforms of the guests as they sat around the board, and the

magnificent costume of a lady in the place of honour next the head.

Several of those who sat at the lower end of the table drew back their seats as I came forward, and seemed as if desirous to give the general a better view of me.

Overwhelmed by the misery of my fate, as I stood awaiting my death, I felt as though a mere word, a look, would have crushed me but one moment back; but now, as I stood there before that group of gazers, whose eyes scanned me with looks of insolent disdain, or still more insulting curiosity, a sense of proud defiance seized me, to confront and dare them with glances haughty and scornful as their own. It seemed to me so base and unworthy a part to summon a poor wretch before them, as if to whet their new appetite for enjoyment by the aspect of his misery, that an indignant anger took possession of me, and I drew myself up to my full height, and stared at them calm and steadily.

"So, then!" cried a deep soldier-like voice from the far end of the table, which I at once recognised as the general-in-chief—"so, then, gentlemen, we have now the honour of seeing amongst us the hero of the Rhine! This is the distinguished individual by whose prowess the passage of the river was effected, and the Swabian infantry cut off in their retreat! Is it not true, sir?" said he, addressing me with a savage scowl.

"I have had my share in the achievement!" said I, with a cool air of defiance.

"Parbleu! you are modest, sir. So had every drummer-boy that beat his tattoo! But your's was the part of a great leader, if I err not?"

I made no answer, but stood firm and unmoved.

"How do you call the island which you have immortalized by your valour?"

"The Fels Insel, sir."

"Gentlemen, let us drink to the hero of the Fels Insel," said he, holding up his glass for the servant to fill it. "A bumper—a full, a flowing bumper! And let him also pledge a toast, in which his interest must be so brief. Give him a glass, Contard."

"His hands are tied, mon general."

"Then free them at once."

The order was obeyed in a second; and I, summoning up all my courage

to seem as easy and indifferent as they were, lifted the glass to my lips, and drained it off.

"Another glass, now, to the health of this fair lady, through whose intercession we owe the pleasure of your company," said the general.

"Willingly," said I; "and may one so beautiful seldom find herself in a society so unworthy of her!"

A perfect roar of laughter succeeded the insolence of this speech; amid which I was half pushed, half dragged, up to the end of the table, where the general sat.

"How so, Coquin, do you dare to insult a French general, at the head of his own staff!"

"If I did, sir, it were quite as brave as to mock a poor criminal on the way to his execution!"

"That is the boy!—I know him now!—the very same lad!" cried the lady, as, stooping behind Berthier's chair, she stretched out her hand towards me. "Come here; are you not Colonel Mahon's godson?"

I looked her full in the face; and whether her own thoughts gave the impulse, or that something in my stare suggested it, she blushed till her cheek grew crimson.

"Poor Charles was so fond of him!" whispered she in Berthier's ear; and as she spoke, the expression of her face at once recalled where I had seen her, and I now perceived that she was the same person I had seen at table with Colonel Mahon, and whom I believed to be his wife.

A low whispering conversation now ensued between the general and her, at the close of which, he turned to me and said—

"Madame Merlancourt has deigned to take an interest in you—you are pardoned. Remember, sir, to whom you owe your life, and be grateful to her for it."

I took the hand she extended towards me, and pressed it to my lips.

"Madame," said I, "there is but one favour more I would ask in this world, and with it I could think myself happy."

"But can I grant it, mon cher," said she, smiling.

"If I am to judge from the influence I have seen you wield, madame, here and elsewhere, this petition will easily be accorded."

A slight flush coloured the lady's

check, while that of the general became dyed red with anger. I saw that I had committed some terrible blunder, but how, or in what, I knew not.

"Well, sir," said Madame Merlan court, addressing me with a stately coldness of manner, very different from her former tone, "Let us hear what you ask, for we are already taking up a vast deal of time that our host would prefer devoting to his friends—what is it you wish?"

"My discharge from a service, madame, where zeal and enthusiasm are rewarded with infamy and disgrace; my freedom to be anything but a French soldier."

"You are resolved, sir, that I am not to be proud of my protégé," said she haughtily; "what words are these to speak in presence of a general and his officers?"

"I am bold madame, as you say, but I am wronged."

"How so, sir—in what have you been injured?" cried the General, hastily, "except in the excessive condescension which has stimulated your presumption. But we are really too indulgent in this long parley. Madame, permit me to offer you some coffee under the trees. Contardo, tell the band to follow us. Gentlemen, we expect the pleasure of your society."

And so saying, Berthier presented his arm to the lady, who swept proudly past without deigning to notice me.

In a few minutes the tent was cleared of all, except the servants occupied in removing there mains of the dessert, and I fell back unremarked and unobserved, to take my way homeward to the barracks, more indifferent to life than ever I had been afraid of death.

As I am not likely to recur at any length to the somewhat famous person to whom I owed my life, I may as well state that her name has since occupied no inconsiderable share of attention in France, and her history, under the title of "*Mémoires d'une Contemporaine*," excited a degree of interest and anxiety in quarters which one might have fancied far above the reach of her revelations. At the time I speak of, I little knew the character of the age in which such influences were all powerful, nor how destinies very different from mine hung upon the favouritism of "*La belle Nathalie*." Had I known these things, and still more, had I known the sad fate to which she brought my poor friend, Colonel Mahon, I might have scrupled to accept my life at such hands, or involved myself in a debt of gratitude to one for whom I was subsequently to feel nothing but hatred and aversion. It was indeed a terrible period, and in nothing more so than the fact, that acts of benevolence and charity were blended up with features of falsehood, treachery, and baseness, which made one despair of humanity, and think the very worst of their species.

CHAPTER XV.

Nothing displays more powerfully the force of egotism than the simple truth that, when any man sits himself down to write the events of his life, the really momentous occurrences in which he may have borne a part occupy a conspicuously small place, when each petty incident of a merely personal nature, is dilated and extended beyond all bounds. In one sense, the reader benefits by this, since there are few impertinences less forgiveable than the obtrusion of some insignificant name into the narrative of facts that are meet for history. I have made these remarks in a spirit of apology to my reader; not alone for the accuracy of my late detail, but also, if I should seem in future to dwell but passingly

on the truly important facts of a great campaign, in which my own part was so humble.

I was a soldier in that glorious army which Moreau led into the heart of Germany, and whose victorious career would only have ceased when they entered the capital of the Empire, had it not been for the unhappy mistakes of Jourdan, who commanded the auxiliary forces in the north. For nigh three months we advanced steadily and successfully, superior in every engagement; we only waited for the moment of junction with Jourdan's army, to declare the empire our own; when at last came the terrible tidings that he had been beaten, and that Latour was advancing from Ulm to turn our left

flank, and cut off our communications with France.

Two hundred miles from our own frontiers—separated from the Rhine by that terrible Black Forest whose defiles are mere gorges between vast mountains—with an army fifty thousand strong on one flank, and the Arch-duke Charles commanding a force of nigh thirty thousand on the other—such were the dreadful combinations which now threatened us with a defeat not less signal than Jourdan's own. Our strength, however, lay in a superb army of seventy thousand unbeaten men, led on by one whose name alone was victory.

On the 24th of September, the order for retreat was given; the army began to retire by slow marches, prepared to contest every inch of ground, and make every available spot a battle-field. The baggage and ammunition were sent on in front, and two days' march in advance. Behind, a formidable rearguard was ready to repulse every attack of the enemy. Before, however, entering those close defiles by which his retreat lay, Moreau determined to give one terrible lesson to his enemy. Like the hunted tiger turning upon his pursuers, he suddenly halted at Biherach, and ore Latour, who commanded the Austrians, was aware of his purpose, assailed the Imperial forces with an attack on right, centre, and left together. Four thousand prisoners and eighteen pieces of cannon were the trophies of the victory.

The day after this decisive battle our march was resumed, and the advanced-guard entered that narrow and dismal defile which goes by the name of the "Valley of Hell," when our left and right flanks, stationed at the entrance of the pass, effectually secured the retreat against molestation. The voltigeurs of St. Cyr crowning the heights as we went, swept away the light troops which were scattered along the rocky eminences, and in less than a fortnight our army debouched by Fribourg and Oppenheim into the valley of the Rhine, not a gun having been lost, not a caisson deserted, during that perilous movement.

The Archduke, however, having ascertained the direction of Moreau's retreat, advanced by a parallel pass through the Kinzigthal, and attacked St. Cyr at Neuendorf, and defeated him. Our right flank, severely han-

dled at Emmendingen, the whole force was obliged to retreat on Huningen, and once more we found ourselves upon the banks of the Rhine, no longer an advancing army, high in hope, and flushed with victory, but beaten, harassed, and retreating!

The last few days of that retreat presented a scene of disaster such as I can never forget. To avoid the furious charges of the Austrian cavalry, against which our own could no longer make resistance, we had fallen back upon a line of country cut up into rocky cliffs and precipices, and covered by a dense pine forest. Here, necessarily broken up into small parties, we were assailed by the light troops of the enemy, led on through the various passes by the peasantry, whose animosity our own severity had excited. It was, therefore, a continual hand-to-hand struggle, in which, opposed as we were to over numbers, well acquainted with every advantage of the ground, our loss was terrific. It is said that nigh seven thousand men fell—an immense number, when no general action had occurred. Whatever the actual loss, such were the circumstances of our army, that Moreau hastened to propose an armistice, on the condition of the Rhine being the boundary between the two armies, while Kehl was still to be held by the French.

The proposal was rejected by the Austrians, who at once commenced preparations for a siege of the fortress with forty thousand troops, under Latour's command. The earlier months of winter now passed in the labours of the siege, and on the morning of New-Year's Day the first attack was made; the second line was carried a few days after, and, after a glorious defence by Desaix, the garrison capitulated, and evacuated the fortress on the 9th of the month. Thus, in the space of six short months, had we advanced with a conquering army into the very heart of the Empire, and now we were back again within our own frontier; not one single trophy of all our victories remaining, two-thirds of our army dead or wounded, more than all, the prestige of our superiority fatally injured, and that of the enemy's valour and prowess as signally elevated.

The short annals of a successful soldier are often comprised in the few words which state how he was made

lieutenant at such a date, promoted to his company here, obtained his majority there, succeeded to the command of his regiment at such a place, and so on. Now my exploits may even be more briefly written as regards this campaign!—for whether at Kehl, at Nauendorf, on the Elz, or at Huningen, I ended as I begun—a simple soldier of the ranks. A few slight wounds, a few still more insignificant words of praise, were all that I brought back with me; but if my trophies were small, I had gained considerably both in habits of discipline and obedience. I had learned to endure, ably and without complaining, the inevitable hardships of a campaign, and, better still, to see that the irrepressible impulses of the soldier, however prompted by zeal or heroism, may oftener mar than promote the more mature plans of his general. Scarcely had my feet once more touched French ground, than I was seized with the ague, then raging as an epidemic among the troops, and sent forward with a large detachment of sick to the Military Hospital of Strasbourg.

Here I bethought me of my patron, Colonel Mahon, and determined to write to him. For this purpose I addressed a question to the Adjutant-General's office to ascertain the colonel's address. The reply was a brief and stunning one—he had been dismissed the service. No personal calamity could have thrown me into deeper affliction; nor had I even the sad consolation of learning any of the circumstances of this misfortune. His death, even though thereby I should have lost my only friend, would have been a lighter evil than this disgrace; and coming as did the tidings when I was already broken by sickness and defeat, more than ever disgusted me with a soldier's life. It was then with a feeling of total indifference that I heard a rumour which at another moment would have filled me with enthusiasm—the order for all invalids sufficiently well to be removed, to be drafted into regiments serving in Italy. The fame of Bonaparte, who commanded that army, had now surpassed that of all the other generals; his victories paled the glory of their successes, and it was already a mark of distinction to have served under his command.

The walls of the hospital were scrawled over with the names of his victories;

route sketches of Alpine passes, terrible ravines, or snow-clad peaks, met the eye everywhere; and the one magical name, "Bonaparte," written beneath, seemed the key to all their meaning. With him war seemed to assume all the charms of romance. Each action was illustrated by feats of valour or heroism, and a halo of glory seemed to shine over all the achievements of his genius.

It was a clear, bright morning of March, when a light frost sharpened the air, and a fair, blue sky overhead showed a cloudless elastic atmosphere, that the "Invalides," as we were all called, were drawn up in the great square of the hospital for inspection. Two superior officers of the staff, attended by several surgeons and an adjutant, sat at a table in front of us, on which lay the regimental books and conduct-rolls of the different corps. Such of the sick as had received severe wounds, incapacitating them for further service, were presented with some slight reward—a few francs in money, a great-coat, or a pair of shoes, and obtained their freedom. Others, whose injuries were less important, received their promotion, or some slight increase of pay, these favours being all measured by the character the individual bore in his regiment, and the opinion certified of him by his commanding officer. When my turn came and I stood forward, I felt a kind of shame to think how little claim I could prefer either to honour or advancement.

"Maurice Tiernay, slightly wounded by a sabre at Nauendorf—flesh-wound at Biberach—enterprising and active, but presumptuous and overbearing with his comrades," read out the adjutant, while he added a few words I could not hear, but at which the superior laughed heartily.

"What says the doctor?" asked he, after a pause.

"This has been a bad case of ague, and I doubt if the young fellow will ever be fit for active service—certainly not at present."

"Is there a vacancy at Saumur?" asked the general. "I see he has been employed in the school at Nancy."

"Yes, sir; for the third class there is one."

"Let him have it, then. Tiernay, you are appointed as aspirant of the third class at the College of Saumur. Take care that the report of your con-

duct be more creditable than what is written here. Your opportunities will now be considerable, and if well employed, may lead to further honour and distinction; if neglected or abused, your chances are forfeited for ever."

I bowed and retired, as little satisfied with the admonition as elated with a prospect which converted me from a soldier into a scholar, and, in the first verge of manhood, threw me back once more into the condition of a mere boy.

Eighteen months of my life—not the least happy, perhaps, since in the peaceful portion I can trace so little to be sorry for—glided over beside the banks of the beautiful Loire, the intervals in the hour of study being spent either in the riding-school, or the river, where, in addition to swimming and diving, we were instructed in pontooning and rafting, the modes of transporting ammunition and artillery, and the attacks of infantry by cavalry picquets.

I also learned to speak and write English and German with great ease and fluency, besides acquiring some skill in military drawing and engineering.

It is true that the imprisonment chafed sorely against us, as we read of the great achievements of our armies in various parts of the world; of the great battles of Cairo and the Pyramids, of Acre and Mount Thabor; and of which a holiday and a fête were to be our only share.

The terrible storms which shook Europe from end to end, only reached us in the bulletins of new victories; and we panted for the time when we, too, should be actors in the glorious exploits of France.

It is already known to the reader that of the country from which my family came I myself knew nothing. The very little I had ever learned of it from my father was also a mere tradition; still was I known among my comrades only as "the Irishman," and by that name was I recognised, even in the record of the school, where I was inscribed thus—"Maurice Tierney, dit l'Irlandais." It was on this very simple and seemingly-unimportant fact my whole fate in life was to turn; and in this wise—— But the explanation deserves a chapter of its own, and shall have it.

LEIGH HUNT.*

WE have been so long reading Leigh Hunt's works, and reading of Leigh Hunt himself, that we are surprised at its never having occurred to us to ask, who in the world is he?—what age is he?—where was he born?—was he at school, and at what school?—is he a University man, and if so, of which University?—or is he, like half the old playwrights, of both?—is he an honorary member of the bar, like one-half the great literateurs?—is he a dissenting clergyman? for he now and then preaches, and he has announced some discoveries in theology hereafter to be revealed. Who and what is he? Is he old? Scarcely; for there is somewhat of juvenility, to say the least of it, in all his verses. But then, on the other hand, he has been the same

juvenile person for full forty years, or more. The reader who would know these things, had better, with us, look through these volumes. They are very pleasant reading, not too heavy for the hand—as enjoyable a book as ever was put into the pocket of a chaise; and no matter where your summer rambles are, it will not be easy to find a pleasanter companion.

Leigh Hunt is of West Indian descent. The fathers of his house were parsons at Barbadoes as long as anything is known about them. Tradition carries them up to the days of Cromwell, when they were said to have been Cavaliers,

"With long sword, saddle, bridle, whack, falla!"

But this is doubtful. It would appear

* "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries." In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1850.

that one or other married an Irish O'Brien; and thus our hero is descended, he says, from Irish kings.

The O'Brien was his grandmother; her husband was rector of Saint Michael's, in Bridgetown, Barbadoes. Hunt's father was sent for his education to Philadelphia. He married early; he went to the bar in New-York. In the revolutionary movement he remained a devoted loyalist; narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered; made his way to England; got ordained by Lowth, Bishop of London; took to preaching charity sermons; became tutor in the family of the Duke of Chandos. Hunt thinks he was near getting a bishopric. However this was, he contrived to be for ever in debt and difficulties. He became a democrat in politics, and in religion each day was less and less orthodox. He died at last, his opinions being, in religion, those of the Universalists, whatever that term may mean.

Hunt's mother was "a brunette, fine eyes, a tall, lady-like person, hair blacker than is seen of English growth." West the painter was a relation and early friend of the family, and likenesses are said to be traced between the Indians in his pictures, and the dark-featured young Barbadoes visages of Hunt's brothers. Hunt's recollections of his mother refer to a later period of her life, and of a her beauty of person had become dim. She died at fifty-three, and had become old before the natural decay. "Her greatest pleasure during old age was to lie on a sofa, looking at the setting sun. She used to liken it to the door of heaven, and fancy her children there waiting for her. She was buried, as she always wished to be, in the churchyard of Hampstead."

Hunt was, during his parents' lives, fortunate enough to get into Christ's Hospital. The school has always had a good many men to be proud of; and such of Christ's Hospital boys as write books, lose few opportunities of boasting of their distinguished schoolmates. In Hunt's day the boys were half-starved. There was a tradition in the school that roast mutton had been the school supper in the days of old; that the blue druggat gown, which the boys in Hunt's time wore, was substituted for a sumptuous one of blue

velvet, with silver buttons. But, alas! in the days of blue velvet and roast mutton, small-clothes were not in existence. This is a world of compromise, and blue velvet and roast mutton were exchanged—to the great regret of Hunt and his brother urchins—by some predecessors, who did not like cold knees and frozen feet, for small-clothes of russia-duck and worsted yellow stockings:—

"The under grammar-master, in my time, was the Rev. Mr. Field. He was a good-looking man, very gentlemanly, and always dressed at the neatest. I believe he once wrote a play. He had the reputation of being admired by the ladies. A man of a more handsome incompetence for his situation perhaps did not exist. He came late of a morning; went away soon in the afternoon; and used to walk up and down, languidly bearing his cane, as if it was a lily, and bearing our eternal *Dominuses* and *As in presents* with an air of ineffable endurance. Often he did not hear at all. It was a joke with us, when any of our friends came to the door, and we asked his permission to go to them, to address him with some preposterous question wide of the mark; to which he used to assent. We would say, for instance, 'Are you not a great fool, sir?' or 'Isn't your daughter a pretty girl?' to which he would reply, 'Yes, child.' When he condescended to hit us with the cane, he made a face as if he was taking physic. Miss Field, an agreeable-looking girl, was one of the goddesses of the school; as far above us as if she had lived on Olympus. Another was Miss Patrick, daughter of the lamp-manufacturer in Newgate street. I do not remember her face so well, not seeing it so often; but she abounded in admirers. I write the names of these ladies at full length, because there is nothing that should hinder their being pleased at having caused us so many agreeable visions. We used to identify them with the picture of Venus in Tooke's Pantheon.

"The other master, the upper one, Boyer—famous for the mention of him by Coleridge and Lamb—was a short stout man, inclining to punchiness, with large face and hands, an aquiline nose, long upper lip, and a sharp mouth. His eye was close and cruel. The spectacles which he wore threw a balm over it. Being a clergyman, he dressed in black, with powdered wig. His clothes were cut short; his hands hung out of the sleeves, with tight wrist-bands, as if ready for execution; and as he generally wore grey worsted stockings, very tight, with a little balustrade leg, his whole appearance presented something formidably succinct, hard, and mechanical. In fact, his weak side, and undoubtedly his natural destination, lay in carpentry;

and he accordingly carried, in a side-pocket made on purpose, a carpenter's rule.

"The merits of Boyer consisted in his being a good verbal scholar, and conscientiously acting up to the letter of time and attention. I have seen him nod at the close of the long summer school-hours, wearied out; and I should have pitied him, if he had taught us to do anything but fear. Though a clergyman, very orthodox, and of rigid morals, he indulged himself in an oath, which was 'God's-my-life!' When you were out in your lesson, he turned upon you a round staring eye like a fish; and he had a trick of pinching you under the chin, and by the lobes of the ears, till he would make the blood come. He has many times lifted a boy off the ground in this way. He was indeed a proper tyrant, passionate and capricious; would take violent likes and dislikes to the same boys; fondle some without any apparent reason, though he had a leaning to the servile, and, perhaps, to the sons of rich people; and he would persecute others in a manner truly frightful. I have seen him beat a sickly-looking, melancholy boy (C — n) about the head and ears, till the poor fellow, hot, dry-eyed, and confused, seemed lost in bewilderment. C — n, not long after he took orders, died out of his senses. I do not attribute that catastrophe to the master; and of course he could not wish to do him any lasting mischief. He had no imagination of any sort. But there is no saying how far his treatment of the boy might have contributed to prevent a cure. Tyrannical schoolmasters nowadays are to be found, perhaps, exclusively in such inferior schools as those described with such masterly and indignant elicitation by my friend Charles Dickens; but they formerly seemed to have abounded in all; and masters, as well as boys, have escaped the chance of many bitter reflections, since a wiser and more generous intercourse has come up between them.

"What a bit of a golden age was it, when the Rev. Mr. Steevens, one of the under grammar-masters, took his place, on some occasion, for a short time! Steevens was short and fat, with a handsome, cordial face. You loved him as you looked at him; and seemed as if you should love him the more, the fatter he became. I stammered when I was at that time of life: which was an infirmity that used to get me into terrible trouble with the master. Steevens used to say, on the other hand, 'Here comes our little black-haired friend, who stammers so. Now, let us see what we can do for him.' The consequence was, I did not hesitate half so much as with the other. When I did, it was out of impatience to please him.

"Such of us were not liked the better by the master, as were in favour with his wife. She was a sprightly, good-looking woman, with black eyes; and was beheld with transport by the boys, whenever she appeared at the school-door. Her husband's name, ut-

tered in a mingled tone of good-nature and imperativeness, brought him down from his seat with smiling haste. Sometimes he did not return. On entering the school one day, he found a boy eating cherries. 'Where did you get those cherries?' exclaimed he, thinking the boy had nothing to say for himself. 'Mrs. Boyer gave them me, sir.' He turned away, scowling with disappointment.

"Speaking of fruit, reminds me of a pleasant trait on the part of a Grecian of the name of Le Grice. He was the maddest of all the great boys in my time; clever, full of address, and not hampered with modesty. Remote rumours, not lightly to be heard, fell on our ears, respecting pranks of his among the nurses' daughters. He had a fair handsome face, with delicate aquiline nose, and twinkling eyes. I remember his astonishing me, when I was a 'new boy,' with sending me for a bottle of water, which he proceeded to pour down the back of G. a grave Deputy Grecian. On the master asking him one day, why he, of all the boys, had given up no exercise (it was a particular exercise that they were bound to do in the course of a long set of holidays), he said he had had 'a lethargy.' The extreme impudence of this puzzled the master; and I believe nothing came of it. But what I alluded to about the fruit was this. Le Grice was in the habit of eating apples in schooltime, for which he had been often rebuked. One day, having particularly pleased the master, the latter, who was eating apples himself, and who would now and then with great ostentation present a boy with some half-penny token of his mansuetude, called out to his favourite of the moment:—'Le Grice, here is an apple for you.' Le Grice, who felt his dignity hurt as a Grecian, but was more pleased at having this opportunity of mortifying his reprover, replied, with an exquisite tranquillity of assurance, 'Sir, I never eat apples.' For this, among other things, the boys adored him. Poor fellow! He and Favell (who, though very generous, was said to be a little too sensible of an humble origin) wrote to the Duke of York, when they were at College, for commissions in the army. The Duke good-naturedly sent them. Le Grice died in the West Indies. Favell was killed in one of the battles in Spain, but not before he had distinguished himself as an officer and a gentleman."

At school, Mr. Hunt does not seem to have learned much; still it was there he caught his fancies for mythology, and was imbued with some taste for the classics—a taste that, except when it is acquired in boyhood, is seldom acquired at all. Boyer, though a harsh, must have been a kindly instructor; and the recollections preserved of him by Coleridge and others, all confirm Hunt's estimate of his character:—

"I am grateful to Christ-Hospital for its having bred me up in old cloisters, for its making me acquainted with the languages of Homer and Ovid, and for its having secured to me, on the whole, a well-trained and cheerful boyhood. It pressed no superstition upon me. It did not hinder my growing mind from making what excursions it pleased into the wide and healthy regions of general literature. I might buy as much Collins and Gray as I pleased, and get novels to my heart's content from the circulating libraries. There was nothing prohibited but what would have been prohibited by all good fathers; and everything was encouraged which would have been encouraged by the Steeles, and Addisons, and Popes; by the Warburtons, and Atterburys, and Hoadleys. Boyer was a severe, nay, a cruel master; but age and reflection have made me sensible that I ought always to add my testimony to his being a laborious, and a conscientious one. When his severity went beyond the mark, I believe he was always sorry for it: sometimes I am sure he was. He once (though the anecdote at first sight may look like a burlesque on the remark) knocked out one of my teeth with the back of a Homer, in a fit of impatience at my stammering. The tooth was a loose one, and I told him as much; but the blood rushed out as I spoke: he turned pale, and, on my proposing to go out and wash the mouth, he said, 'Go, child,' in a tone of voice amounting to the paternal. Now 'go, child,' from Boyer, was worth a dozen tender speeches from any one else; and it was felt that I had got an advantage over him, acknowledged by himself."

Before Hunt left school, he had formed school friendships which he delights to record. Then, like every one else, he was in love for a while, and all this is very pleasantly told. When he returned home, he came to a house of more comfort than he had left, for a rich West Indian relative came to spend her money among her people, and she was domiciled with Hunt's father and mother. It was a happy time, with black servants, and all the incidents proper to the establishment of a daughter of the sun; but she died, and things relapsed into much their former state.

Hunt, while at school, had formed the habit of buying books, and subscribing to circulating-libraries. The "British Poets," with very well-executed engravings, were published in sixpenny numbers, and Hunt was a happy bibliomaniac. When he got away from school, he haunted the book-stalls, and wrote verses. His father, we have said, was a preacher

of charity sermons. Before he had passed into actual dissent, he erected one or more fashionable chapels, and he got his auditors to subscribe for a volume of his son's poems. The poems, as all poems written in boyhood must be, were chiefly imitative, and the models which were likely to be adopted for imitation than, were of a more formal cast than those which now exercise the ingenuity of a clever schoolboy. The verses, it would appear, were good of their kind; but the kind itself—this was not Hunt's fault—was good for little:—

"My book was a heap of imitations, all but absolutely worthless. But absurd as it was, it did me a serious mischief; for it made me suppose that I had attained an end, instead of not having even reached a commencement; and thus caused me to waste in imitation a good many years which I ought to have devoted to the study of the poetical art, and of nature. Coleridge has praised Boyer for teaching us to laugh at 'muses,' and 'Castalian streams;' but he ought rather to have lamented that he did not teach us how to love them wisely, as he might have done had he really known anything about poetry, or loved Spenser and the old poets, as he thought he admired the new. Even Coleridge's juvenile poems were none the better for Boyer's training. As to mine, they were, for the most part, as mere trash as anti-Castalian heart could have desired. I wrote 'odes' because Collins and Gray had written them, 'pastorals' because Pope had written them, 'blank verse' because Aikenside and Thomson had written blank verse, and a 'Palace of Pleasure' because Spenser had written a 'Bower of Bliss.' But in all these authors I saw little but their words, and imitated even those badly. I had nobody to bid me to go to the nature which had originated the books. Coleridge's lauded teacher put into my hands, at one time, the life of Pope by Ruffhead (the worst he could have chosen), and at another (for the express purpose of cultivating my love of poetry) the *Irene* and other poems of Dr. Johnson! Pope's smooth but unartificial versification spell-bound me for a long time. Of Johnson's poems I retained nothing but the epigram beginning 'Hermit hear:—'

"Hermit hear, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, age, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way.

"Thus I spoke, and speaking, sighed,
Sorrow repressed the starting tear,
When the hoary sage replied,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

This was the first epigram of the kind which I had seen; and it had a cautionary effect

upon me to an extent which its author might hardly have desired. The grave Dr. Johnson and the rogue Ambrose de Lamela, in *Gil Blas*, stood side by side in my imagination as unmaskers of venerable appearances."

The young poet visited Oxford, was admired by professors of poetry who had given up practice, and was induced to go boating. He was near being drowned; but in the death-agony, when his whole past life rushed before him, crowded into one dreadful moment—when all he had done, and all he had suffered, and all he had ever heard or ever thought, came at once into his mind—he remembered the consolatory proverb, and took courage. It was an awful moment:—

"My bodily sensations were not so painful as I should have fancied they would have been. My mental reflections were very different, though one of them, by a singular meeting of extremes, was of a comic nature. I thought that I should never see the sky again, that I had parted with all my friends, and that I was about to contradict the proverb which said that a man who was born to be hung would never be drowned; for the sail-line, in which I felt entangled, seemed destined to perform both the offices. On a sudden I found an oar in my hand, and the next minute I was climbing, with assistance, into a wherry, in which there sat two Oxonians, one of them helping me, and loudly and laughingly differing with the other, who did not at all like the rocking of the boat, and who assured me, to the manifest contradiction of such senses as I had left, that there was no room. This gentleman is now no more; and I shall not mention his name, because I might do injustice to the memory of a brave man struck with a panic. The name of his companion, if I mistake not, was Russell. I hope he was related to an illustrious person of the same name, to whom I have lately been indebted for what may have been another prolongation of my life.

"On returning to town, which I did on the top of an Oxford coach, I was relating this story to the singular person who then drove it (Bobart, who had been a collegian), when a man who was sitting behind surprised us with the excess of his laughter. On asking him the reason, he touched his hat, and said, 'Sir, I'm his bootman.' Such are the delicacies of the livery, and the glorifications of their masters with which they entertain the kitchen.

"This Bobart was a very curious person. I have noticed him in the *Indicator*, in the article on 'Coaches.' He was a descendant of a horticultural family, who had been keepers of the Physic Garden at Oxford, and one of whom palmed a rat upon the learned

world for a dragon, by stretching out its skin into wings. Tillimant Bobart (for such was the name of our charioteer) had been at College himself, probably as a sizar; but having become proprietor of a stage-coach, he thought fit to be his own coachman; and received your money and touched his hat like the rest of the fraternity. He had a round red face, with eyes that stared, and showed the white; and having become, by long practice, an excellent capper of verses, he was accustomed to have bouts at that pastime with the collegians whom he drove. It was curious to hear him whistle and grunt, and urge on his horses with the other customary euphonics of his tribe, and then see him flash his eye round upon the capping gentleman who sat behind him, and quote his never-failing line out of Virgil and Horace. In the evening (for he only drove his coach half way to London) he divided his solace after his labours between his book and his brandy-and-water; but I am afraid with a little too much of the brandy, for his end was not happy. There was much eccentricity in the family, without anything much to show for it. The Bobart who invented the dragon, chuckled over the secret for a long time with a satisfaction that must have cost him many falsehoods; and the first Bobart that is known, used to tag his beard with silver on holidays."

He also visited Cambridge:—

"If female society had not been wanting, I should have longed to reside at an university; for I have never seen trees, books, and a garden to walk in, but I saw my natural home, provided there was no 'monkery' in it. I have always thought it a brave and a great saying of Mahomet,—'there is no monkery in Islam.'

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
Which show, contain, and nourish all the world."

"Were I to visit the universities now, I should explore every corner, and reverently fancy myself in the presence of every great and good man that has adorned them; but the most important people to young men are one another; and I was content with glancing at the haunts of Addison and War-ton in Oxford, and at those of Gray, Spenser, and Milton, in Cambridge. Oxford, I found, had greatly the advantage of Cambridge in point of country. You could understand well enough how poets could wander about Ilfley and Woodstock; but when I visited Cambridge, the nakedness of the land was too plainly visible under a sheet of snow, through which gutters of ditches ran, like ink, by the side of leafless willows, which resemble huge pincushions stuck on posts. The town, however made amends; and Cambridge has the advantage of Oxford in a remarkable degree,

as far as regards eminent names. England's two greatest philosophers, Bacon and Newton, and (according to Tyrwhitt) three out of its four great poets, were bred there, besides double the number of minor celebrities. Oxford even did not always know 'the goods the gods provided.' It repudiated Locke; alienated Gibbon; and had nothing but angry sullenness and hard expulsion to answer to the inquiries which its very ordinances encouraged in the sincere and loving spirit of Shelley.

"Yet they are divine places, both;—full of grace and beauty, and scholarship; of reverend antiquity, and ever young nature and hope. Their faults, if of worldliness in some, are those of time and of conscience in more, and if the more pertinacious on those accounts, will merge into a like conservative firmness, when still nobler developments are in their keeping. So at least I hope: and so may the Fates have ordained; keeping their gowns among them as a symbol that learning is indeed something which ever learns; and instructing them to teach love, and charity, and inquiry, with the same accomplished authority, as that with which they have taught assent."

Hunt, with all his sympathies with everybody and everything, seems to have no love for the Americans. They, it seems, reprint his books without paying for copyright. Well, we do the same with theirs, and it is highly probable that all parties are benefitted by it. "I love Emerson, Bryant, and Lowell, and some others, and all Philadelphia women, for the sake of my mother." He dislikes Franklin for his "scoundrel maxims." Emerson, Bryant, and the rest of them, are marvellously overpraised, as will always be the case when men deal in the sentimental. They are loved for no better reason than the Philadelphia women, who are admired because the author happens to have been fond of his mother. As to Franklin's "scoundrel maxims," they are the maxims of a shrewd man, communicating with others, and using their dialect. Franklin's maxims, like Swift's avarice, were consistent with unbounded benevolence; and the strange stories told of both, though probably having some basis of truth, do nothing whatever to lessen our estimate of their sterling good qualities. We agree with a great deal that Hunt says when writing of Franklin; we think, however, that he wholly mistakes the character of the man, and that Franklin would have agreed with much of what he says, as

far as it has any meaning, for his tirade against money and money-getting really means very little. He forgets that money is nothing in itself, and that, as it represents power of every kind, it is disregarded by no wise man.

Hunt's book was successful. It served to introduce him everywhere; and he tells of some persons of whom we are glad to hear. Maurice, the author of "Indian Antiquities," was one:—

"I mention him more particularly, as I do others, because he had a character of his own, and makes a portrait. I had seen an engraving of him, representing a slender, dim-eyed, enamel-faced person, very tightly dressed and particular, with no expression but that of propriety. What was my surprise, when I beheld a short, chubby, good-humoured companion, with boyish features, and a lax dress and manner, heartily glad to see you, and tender over his wine! He was a sort of clerical Horace. He might, by some freak of patronage, have been made a bishop; and he thought he deserved it for having proved the identity of the Hindoo with the Christian Trinity, which was the object of his book! But he began to despond on that point, when I knew him; and he drank as much wine for sorrow, as he would, had he been made a bishop, for joy. He was a man of a social and overflowing nature; more fit, in truth, to set an example of charity than faith; and would have made an excellent Bramin of the Rama-Deeva worship."

Maurice was fond of his wine and roast fowl, and seems to have enjoyed himself, in a sort of bachelor state, at the Museum, where he was employed in compiling catalogues, and dreaming of bishoprics; now and then hammering out a leaden ode to Camdeo bright or Ganesa sublime; or telling an odd story, for this dreamer of dreams was fond of story-telling. Alas! for the stories. Hunt remembers there were such things, wishes he could tell them, but cannot. One has survived: A gentleman expected the restoration of health and strength from smelling fresh earth, and each morning he dug a hole at Primrose-hill, prostrated himself as if in worship, and put his head in it. While he was one day in this attitude, some thieves held down his head and picked his pocket!

We have Hunt next figuring as a volunteer, when invasion was threat-

ened by Bonaparte. He soon after is a regular play-goer; then a theatrical critic on a small scale; then an ambitious essayist; then a regular dispenser of half the fame that the notabilities of the stage were dying to acquire, praising, because he liked the people, and abusing now and then, chiefly for the purpose of testing his power; all the time, however, eating and drinking too much, till at last he sinks, jaded, and jaundiced, and exhausted. Then came reflection; then a friendly surgeon; then he borrows or hires a horse. Health returns; then again he writes verses, and finds a fitting subject for his verse; and then—

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!"

"I thoroughly enjoyed my books, my walks, my companions, my verses; and I had never ceased to be ready to fall in love with the first tender-hearted damsel that should encourage me. Now it was a fair charmer, and now a brunette; now a girl who sang, or a girl who danced; now one that was merry, or was melancholy, or seemed to care for nothing, or for everything, or was a good friend, or good sister, or good daughter. With this last, who completed her conquest by reading verses better than I have ever yet heard, I ultimately became wedded for life; and she reads verses better than ever to this day, especially some that shall be nameless."

And so ends the first volume of this romance of life.

The second volume opens with the establishment of the *Examiner*—a political and literary journal, which, in the hands of Mr. Fonblanque, and still more remarkably in those of Mr. Foster, exhibits a range of talent and oven of genius, seldom or never brought for a number of years to such a task. This journal was projected, and the tone given to it, by Leigh Hunt and his brother; and the hands into which it has since come, and by which it has been so ably wielded, have scarcely manifested greater power than distinguished this paper in its early days. Hunt and his brother commenced it in partnership in 1808. Before that year Hunt had exercised himself in notices of dramatic performances and of dramatic authors; and he had the great advantage of being an entire enthusiast about both. His writings on these subjects always exhibited a sort of animal delight

mingling with intellectual power. He admired others, but he admired himself too for admiring. It was not.

"Caterfulto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread;"

For, somehow, the self-delight seemed a matter of course; and whether the essays were written to aid the means of livelihood or not, they flowed, or seemed to flow, from the more genial part of his nature, with a total disregard of pounds, shillings, and pence. Still there was something of wonderment at his own accomplishments, and at all he was to accomplish—something of a pleased consciousness, which the reader felt at the same time amusing and provoking, when he found that the writer, whose paper he was perusing, never shaped a sentence without being disposed to press it on his reader's attention—Am I not the worthy successor of the Goldsmiths, and the Steeles, and the Addisons? And the best of his readers were very much disposed to agree with him, yet had rather they were not assisted in coming to this conclusion by the author's own notes of admiration:—

"The new office of editor conspired with my success as a critic to turn my head. I wrote, though anonymously, in the first person, as if, in addition to my theatrical pretensions, I had suddenly become an oracle in politics; the words philosophy, poetry, criticism, statesmanship, nay, even ethics and theology, all took a final tone in my lips; and when I consider the virtue as well as knowledge which I demanded from everybody whom I had occasion to speak of, and of how much charity my own juvenile errors ought to have considered themselves in need (however they might have been warranted by conventional allowance), I will not say I was a hypocrite in the odious sense of the word, for it was all done out of a spirit of foppery and 'fine writing,' and I never affected any formal virtues in private; but when I consider all the nonsense and extravagance of those assumptions—all the harm they must have done me in discerning eyes, and all the reasonable amount of resentment which it was preparing for me with adversaries—I blush to think what a simpleton I was, and how much of the consequences I deserved. It is out of no 'ostentation of candour' that I make this confession. It is extremely painful to me.

"Suffering gradually worked me out of a good deal of this kind of egotism. I hope that even the present most involuntarily egotistical book affords evidence that I am pretty well rid of it; and I must add, in my behalf, that, in every other respect, never, at

that time or at any after time, was I otherwise than an honest man. I overrated my claims to public attention; I greatly overdid the manner of addressing it; and I was not too abundant in either; but I set out perhaps with as good an editorial amount of qualification as most writers no older. I was fairly grounded in English history; I had carefully read De Lolme and Blackstone; I had no mercenary views whatsoever, though I was a proprietor of the journal; and all the levity of my animal spirits, and the soporiness of the graver part of my pretensions, had not destroyed in me that spirit of martyrdom which had been inculcated in me from the cradle. I denied myself political as well as theatrical acquaintances; I was the reverse of a speculator upon patronage or employment; and I was prepared, with my excellent brother, to suffer manfully, should the time for suffering arrive."

The *Examiner* could not, in any fair sense of the word, be regarded at first as a party paper. The writers were honest men, not well-informed, very confident, very clever, very witty, and doing business in a style exceedingly likely to vex the persons whom they—more for fun than anything else—were in the weekly habit of showing up for ridicule. The paper "disclaimed all knowledge of statistics, and the rest of its politics were rather a sentiment and a matter of training, than founded on any particular political reflection."

Hunt was surprised that the gentlemen he laughed at did not join in the laugh, the fun was so jovial; that he should be charged with Bonapartism, astonished him, seeing that he did nothing but prefer Bonaparte to all kings going. As to republicanism, of which he was also accused, why he really disliked the Americans, all but his mother, and three or four poetlings who swam in the shallow waters. "As to republics, the United States, notwithstanding our family relationships, were no favourites with us, owing to their love of money, and their want of the imaginative and ornamental; and the excesses of the French Revolution we held in abhorrence." As to church and state, Hunt's supposed antipathy to such abstractions was altogether a fiction of his enemies. He did not himself define either with any great distinctness; but he could imagine definitions of each which would render them quite unobjectionable. "We heartily advocated the mild spirit of religious government, as exercised by the Church of England in opposition

to the bigoted part of Dissent. . . . A church appeared to me, then, as it still does, an instinctive want in the human family. I never to this day pass one, even of a kind the most unreformed, without a wish to go into it, and join my fellow-creatures in their affecting evidence of the necessity of an additional tie with Deity and Infinity, with this world and the next." "All's well," says Leigh Hunt, "and will be better." Still that we should, without being very high churchmen, and without caring much what is said in the newspapers on the subject of the state, be rather dissatisfied with this amount of benevolent patronage, will not surprise our readers; and Mr. Hunt must be content with our thinking no reader of forty years ago did him much wrong in making a charge, if the charge was made, from which he has so feebly vindicated himself. The effort to stand right with every one is not an easy one. Hunt is an amiable man, whom the accident of having to write every day drives into extremes, without his perceiving it himself.

Hunt, when he commenced the *Examiner*, was a clerk in the War-office. It became impossible for him to hold this place when his paper was violently opposed to the Government. He tells us that Chaucer and that Lamb were government clerks, and others of the British poets. The dignity of a poet then was not irreconcilable with a life of toilsome industry, and he would not on this account have resigned. Nay, we believe it was his verses got him the appointment; for when Lord Sidmouth—then Mr. Addington—gave it to him, he told him, in the verses of Pope, his hope that it might be said of him, that—

"Not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralised his song."

A pleasant chapter follows the account of setting up the *Examiner*, in which we have good-humoured gossip about the friends with whom he now became acquainted. Dubois was one of them. He edited the *Monthly Mirror*—was fond of port, and died not long ago a police magistrate, or something of that sort. For an author, and one of no great repute, this was a euthanasia not to be expected. It was at Sydenham Hunt used to meet him; and there, too, he met Campbell, of whom his recollections are kindly. Theodore

Hook and Campbell he met together, and Hook indulged his power of improvisation, sitting at the piano, and extemporising music and words in an admirable vein of parody, taking as his subject some story of village scandal, in which a rustic amour of the poet's was recorded. In his extempore opera Hook introduced sailors and their claptraps, clowns, &c.—nay, every one of the company present, with all their real or supposed peculiarities. The poet, and the lady of his love, were the hero and heroine:—

"He parodied music as well as words, giving us the most received cadences and flourishes, and calling to mind (not without some hazard to his filial duties) the common-places of the pastoral songs and duets of the last half century; so that if Mr. Dignum, the Damon of Vauxhall, had been present, he would have doubted whether to take it as an affront or a compliment. Campbell certainly took the theme of the parody as a compliment; for having drank a little more wine than usual that evening, and happening to wear a wig on account of having lost his hair by a fever, he suddenly took off the wig, and dashed it at the head of the performer, exclaiming, 'You dog! I'll throw my laurels at you.'"

Hunt also met Mathews at Sydenham. The *Amphitryon* was Mr. Hill, proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*, in which we believe the Aikins and Barbauds moved about like gold and silver fishes in a narrow and brilliant circle, which somehow seemed to be always the same. These old *Monthly Mirrors* contained a good deal of lively writing, which must by this time have become very hard reading. This concerns us but little who shall or will,—as the schoolmasters say when they would escape a confusion of idiom, and avoid betraying their Hibernian or Scottish habit of speech,—ever read one line of it. Hill, as we have said, was the proprietor; Du Bois the editor.

At these parties Hunt met Mathews, and his account of him is well worth extracting. It is as good—and this is the highest compliment Hunt has ever been paid, if he estimates it as he ought—it is as good, or nearly as good, as a chapter of *Lever* or of *Dickens*; and of *Lever* we think, in some respects, more highly than we do of *Dickens*. Father Tom Loftus, in his glory, when plotting the winning of a race-horse, is not an imagination truer

to nature—to Connaught nature we mean—than Leigh Hunt's recollection of Mathews—alone in his glory:—

"Mathews, the comedian, I had the pleasure of seeing at Mr. Hill's several times, and of witnessing his imitations, which, admirable as they were on the stage, were still more so in private. His wife occasionally came with him, with her handsome eyes, and charitably made tea for us. Many years afterwards I had the pleasure of seeing them at their own table; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the lady, he had given more force and interest to that of the husband in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines had been cut, and the face stood them well. I had seldom been more surprised than on coming close to Mathews on that occasion, and seeing the bust which he possessed in his gallery of his friend Liston. Some of these comic actors, like comic writers, are as unfarcical as can be imagined in their interior. The taste for humour comes to them by the force of contrast. The last time I had seen Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion, he looked like an irritable in-door pet: on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, 'Buffet on; I have seen trouble as well as you.' The paralytic affection, or whatever it was, that twisted his mouth when young, had formerly appeared to be master of his face, and given it a character of indecision and alarm. It now seemed a minor thing; a twist in a piece of old oak. And what a bust was Liston's! The mouth and chin, with the throat under it, hung like an old bag; but the upper part of the head was as fine as possible. There was a speculation, a look-out, and even an elevation of character in it, as unlike the Liston on the stage, as *Lear* is to *King Pippin*. One might imagine *Fabertius* to have had such a face."

"The reasons why Mathews's imitations were still better in private than in public were, that he was more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience ('fit though few'), and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not have been introduced on the stage. He gave, for instance, to persons who he thought could take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. His commonest imitations were not superficial. Something of the mind and character of the individual was always insinuated, often with a dramatic dressing, and plenty of *canon piquante*. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom

found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own.—Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Incledon was extraordinary: his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailor-like twist of mind, with which everything hung upon him; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence. He appeared to be charitable to everybody but Abraham. He would be described as saying to his friend Holman, for instance, 'My dear George, don't be abusive, George;—don't insult,—don't be indecent, by G—d! You shall take the beam out of your own eye,—what the devil is it? you know, in the Bible; something' (the *a* very broad) 'about a beam, my dear George! and—and—and a mote;—you'll find it in *any* part of the Bible; yes, George, my dear boy, the Bible, by G—d;' (and then with real fervour and reverence) 'the Holy Scripture, G—d d—me!' He swore as dreadfully as a devout knight-errant. Abraham, whose trumpet blew down his wooden walls, he could not endure. He is represented as saying one day, with a strange mixture of imagination and matter-of-fact, that 'he only wished his beloved master, Mr. Jackson, could come down from heaven, and take the Exeter stage to London, to hear that d—d Jew!'

"As Hook made extempore verses on us, so Mathews one day gave an extempore imitation of us all round, with the exception of a young theatrical critic (*videlicet*, myself), in whose appearance and manner he pronounced that there was no handle for mimicry. This, in all probability, was intended as a politeness towards a comparative stranger, but it might have been policy; and the laughter was not missed by it. At all events, the critic was both good-humoured enough, and at that time self-satisfied enough, to have borne the mimicry; and no harm would have come of it.

"One morning, after stopping all night at this pleasant house, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for ought I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face, could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and at intervals out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathising

in perfect good faith, when Mathews came in, and I found that the little nrohin was he."

Fuseli was also an acquaintance of Hunt's, formed at the same period.

"Fuseli was a small man, with energetic features, and a white head of hair. Our host's daughter, then a little girl, used to call him the white-headed lion. He combed his hair up from the forehead; and as his whiskers were large, his face was set in a kind of hairy frame, which, in addition to the fierceness of his look, really gave him an aspect of that sort. Otherwise, his features were rather sharp than round. He would have looked much like an old military officer, if his face, besides its real energy, had not affected more. There was the same defect in it as in his pictures. Conscious of not having all the strength he wished, he endeavoured to make out for it by violence and pretension. He carried this so far, as to look fiercer than usual when he sat for his picture. His friend and engraver, Mr. Houghton, drew an admirable likeness of him in this state of dignified extravagance. He is sitting back in his chair, leaning on his hand, but looking ready to pounce withal. His motion of repose was like that of Pistol:

"Now, Pistol, lay thy head in Furlow's lap

Agreeably to this over-wrought manner, he was reckoned, I believe, not quite so bold as he might have been. He painted horrible pictures, as children tell horrible stories; and was frightened at his own lay-figures. Yet he would hardly have talked as he did about his terrors, had he been as timid as some supposed him. With the affected, impression is the main thing, let it be produced how it may. A student of the Academy told me, that Mr. Fuseli coming in one night, when a solitary candle had been put on the floor in a corner of the room, to produce some effect or other, he said it looked 'like a damned soul.' This was by way of being Dantesque, as Michael Angelo was."

Hunt was more at home among the literary people than the politicians. He lived among the one; of the others he knew nothing, and did not think much or often. Even now he writes of them without their ever having been much the subject of reflection with him. A man who set up the business of politics, his only stock in trade, in the way of information, being some small acquaintance with such matters as he could learn from an amateur's reading of Blackstone and De Lolme, and who prides himself on coming well furnished to his task, is not likely to be able to tell us much or to see much even of what is passing before his eyes.

When the *Examiner* was set up, Pitt and Fox had both been some two or three years dead. Pitt had died of disappointment; and if a habit of drinking did not hurry him to his grave, it yet existed, and did not help to keep him alive. Fox died

"Of older but more genial habits of a like sort, and of demands beyond his strength by a sudden accession to office. The king—a conscientious but narrow-minded man, obstinate to a degree of disease (which had lately lost him America), and not always dealing ingenuously, even with his advisers—had lately got rid of Mr. Fox's successors, on account of their urging the Catholic claims. He had summoned to office in their stead Lords Castlereagh, Liverpool, and others, who had been the clerks of Mr. Pitt; and Bonaparte was at the height of his power as French Emperor, setting his brothers on thrones, and compelling our Russian and German allies to side with him under the most mortifying circumstances of tergiversation."

Hunt attaches more moment to his papers on politics in those days than they could have been entitled to. It may not be unreasonable in him to show, in such a work as his own life, that he has always been consistent, or that his inconsistencies have grown out of no want of generosity in his nature; but to justify the opinions of men and things which he has been uttering in some shape or other since he began to speak or to write, is little better than to enact his infancy again. The *Examiner* gave offence to people in power, and it was indicted more than once for libel. The first occasion was when the Duke of York was commander-in-chief, or as Hunt calls him, a conscientious War-office clerk. An Irish gentleman, Major Hogan, had been for a long time in the service, and seen some forty captains promoted over his head, in spite of repeated applications and promises, and though he but asked to purchase his promotion according to the regulations of the service. He at last succeeded in compelling an interview with the Duke of York, and told him that he had applied for his promotion according to the established regulations; that other means of obtaining it were suggested, and that it was offered him for £600, about half the price for it in the regular course. Hogan was surprised at the Duke's allowing him to retire, after this communica-

tion, without asking him any questions. He determined to state the case publicly, and advertised a pamphlet on the subject. A letter was sent him, with an enclosure of £400, entreating him to suppress the pamphlet, and promising his promotion. Hogan not only published his pamphlet, but stated this additional fact. The *Examiner* commented indignantly on these disclosures, and a prosecution was commenced. By great good fortune, however, the matter became the subject of parliamentary investigation, and the scenes revealed by the examination of Mrs. Clarke compelled the Duke's retirement from the War-office, and terminated all proceedings for libel in this case.

The second occasion of danger was when the Duke of Portland retired from the premiership. There was an article in the *Examiner*, and a very amusing one, entitled "Change of Ministry," which Leigh Hunt has reprinted. We really think the paper wholly inoffensive; at least every newspaper we have taken up for the last ten years has scarcely an innocent sentence, if this can be fairly thought guilty. It ended with the sentence charged as libellous:—"Of all monarchs, indeed, since the Revolution, the successor of George the Third will have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular." Taken apart from the context, this might be regarded as offensive, but surely not as criminal; read with the context, it was absolutely inoffensive.

This paragraph, with another from the same article, had been copied into the *Morning Chronicle*, and the prosecution against Perry, the proprietor of the *Chronicle*, came on first. He was acquitted and the prosecution against the *Examiner* was abandoned. A paper against Military Flogging, by John Scott, was copied from a country paper into the *Examiner*. Prosecutions were instituted against both papers. The *Examiner* was acquitted, and the country paper convicted. Lord Brougham conducted the defence in both cases.

While Hunt edited the *Examiner*, and was writing every week with great vigour on the topics of the day, he wished for a better vehicle of such papers as, from their length or otherwise, might be less suited to a newspaper, and he projected the *Reflector*, a quarterly magazine, in

which he found his friends Lamb and other writers writing their best papers. It lived but to complete a fourth number. In it was published Leigh Hunt's *Feast of the Poets*, a pleasant extravaganza, in which Phœbus Apollo takes a sort of devil's walk over earth to see how its poets go on, and they are asked to dinner or to tea, according to Hunt's estimate of their genius. The poem has undergone so many changes since it first appeared, that we scarce now recognise it; but we always thought it an elegant trifle, not capable surely of exciting one-half the wrath which its author thinks it provoked. An invitation to Holland House is mentioned by Mr. Hunt as communicated to him by Blanco White, in acknowledgment of Lord Holland's gratification at some article in the *Reflector*. He did not go, feeling that his independence might in some degree be compromised. Of Blanco White he thus speaks:—

"Of Mr. Blanco White, thus brought to my recollection, a good deal is known in certain political and religious quarters: but it may be new to many readers, that he was an Anglo-Spaniard, who was forced to quit the Peninsula for his liberal opinions, and who died in his adopted country not long ago, after many years' endeavour to come to some positive faith within the Christian pale. At the time I knew him he had not long arrived from Spain, and was engaged, or about to be engaged, as tutor to the present Lord Holland. Though English by name and origin, he was more of the Spaniard in appearance, being very unlike the portrait prefixed to his *Life and Correspondence*. At least, he must have greatly altered from what he was when I knew him, if that portrait ever resembled him. He had a long pale face, with prominent drooping nose, anxious and somewhat staring eyes, and a mouth turning down at the corners. I believe there was not an honest man in the world, or one of an acuter intellect, short of the mischief that had been done it by a melancholy temperament and a superstitious training. It is distressing, in the work alluded to, to see what a torment the intellect may be rendered to itself by its own sharpness, in its efforts to make its way to conclusions, equally unnecessary to discover and impossible to be arrived at.

"But, perhaps, there was something naturally self-tormenting in the state of Mr. White's blood. The first time I met him at a friend's house, he was suffering under the calumnies of his countrymen; and though of extremely gentle manners in ordinary, he almost startled me by suddenly turning

round, and saying, in one of those incorrect foreign sentences which force one to be relieved while they startle, 'If they proceed more, I will go mad.'

"Mr. White, on his arrival in England, was so anxious a student of the language, that he noted down in a pocket-book every phrase which struck him as remarkable. Observing the words 'Cannon Brewery' on premises then standing in Knights-bridge, and taking the figure of a cannon which was over them, as the sign of the commodity dealt in, he put down as a nicety of speech, 'The English brew cannon.'

"Another time, seeing maid-servants walking with children in a nursery-garden, he rejoiced in the progeny-loving character of the people among whom he had come, and wrote down, 'Public gardens provided for nurses, in which they take the children to walk.'

"This gentleman, who had been called 'Blanco' in Spain—which was a translation of his family name 'White,' and who afterwards wrote an excellent English book of entertaining letters on the Peninsula, under the Græco-Spanish appellation of Don Lencadio Doblado (White Doubled)—was author of a sonnet which Coleridge pronounced to be the best in the English language. I know not what Mr. Wordsworth said on this judgment. Perhaps he wrote fifty sonnets on the spot to disprove it. And in truth it was a bold sentence, and probably spoken out of a kindly, though not conscious, spirit of exaggeration. The sonnet, nevertheless, is truly beautiful.

"As I do not like to have such things referred to without being shown them, in case I have not seen them before, I shall do as I would be done by, and lay it before the reader:—

"Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And, lo! creation widened in Man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

In some short time after there was a successful prosecution against Leigh Hunt and his brother for a libel on the Prince of Wales. The article was occasioned by a St. Patrick's dinner and a speech of Sheridan's, in which the Prince is said to have adhered to his principles—a fact not very easy to make out to the satisfaction of the party who had looked forward to his advent to power for the accomplishment of place

for themselves. The Hunts, with all their love of kings as compared with republics, had been busy abusing half the kings of Europe, and the Georges of England more than all the rest; and on this occasion there appeared in the *Examiner* a very bitter article against the Regent. We have read it over as reprinted in these volumes, and we can honestly say it ought to have been allowed to die out of itself. It could not have produced any effect on any one. It is the only paper of Mr. Hunt's—if it be Mr. Hunt's—that is absolutely dull. The sentence seems to us to have been cruel in the extreme. We suppose that there must have been some of those state reasons for passing a severe sentence, which weigh too much with judges: for instance, that there were other libels which had escaped punishment; that the public mind was in an inflammable state; or that the convicted man was pursuing a gainful trade, which ought to be discouraged. The sentence was a fine of £1,000, and two years' imprisonment in separate jails. When it was pronounced, "my brother and myself instinctively pressed each other's arm. It was a heavy blow; but the pressure that acknowledged it encouraged the resolution to bear it; and I do not believe that either of us interchanged a word afterwards on the subject."

Hunt was sent to Horsemonger Lane. After a while his prison became a pleasant place. His wife and children were permitted to be constantly with him.

"The doctor then proposed that I should be removed into the prison infirmary; and this proposal was granted. Infirmary had, I confess, an awkward sound, even to my ears. I fancied a room shared with other sick persons, not the best fitted for companions; but the good-natured doctor (his name was Dixon) undeceived me. The infirmary was divided into four wards, with as many small rooms attached to them. The two upper wards were occupied, but the two on the floor had never been used: and one of these, not very providently (for I had not yet learned to think of money) I turned into a noble room. I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling colored with clouds and sky: the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up with their busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door,

to see him come in, and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale.

"But I possessed another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees.

"But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables; but it contained a cherry-tree, which I saw twice in blossom. I parcelled out the ground in my imagination into favourite districts. I made a point of dressing myself as if for a long walk: and then, putting on my gloves, and taking my book under my arm, stepped forth, requesting my wife not to wait dinner if I was too late. My eldest little boy, to whom Lamb addressed some charming verses on the occasion, was my constant companion, and we used to play all sorts of juvenile games together. It was, probably, in dreaming of one of those games (but the words had a more touching effect on my ear) that he exclaimed one night in his sleep, 'No: I'm not lost; I'm found.' Neither he nor I were very strong at that time; but I have lived to see him a man of forty; and wherever he is found, a generous hand and a great understanding will be found together.

"I entered prison the 3rd of February, 1813, and removed to my new apartments the 16th of March, happy to get out of the noise of the chains. When I sat amidst my books, and saw the imaginary sky overhead, and my paper roses about me, I drank in the quiet at my ears, as if they were thirsty. The little room was my bed-room. I afterwards made the two rooms change characters, when my wife lay in.

"My eldest girl (now, alas! no more) was born in prison. She was beautiful, and for the greatest part of an existence of thirty years she was happy. She was christened Mary after my mother, and Florimel after one of Spenser's heroines. But Mary we called her. Never shall I forget my sensations when she came into the world; for I was obliged to play the physician myself, the hour having taken us by surprise. But her mother found many unexpected comforts; and during the whole time of her confinement, which happened to be in very fine weather, the garden door was set open, and she looked upon trees and flowers. A thousand recollections rise within me at every fresh period of my imprisonment, such as I cannot trust myself with dwelling upon."

It must have been a pleasant time.

He wrote verses without mercy and read verses without end. There was not a poet in the *Parnasso Italiano* whom he did not study, and whom he did not, we presume, fancy himself to be. The first year was up hill work: when the corner was turned, and he was fairly in the second, he began to score off the days, like boys looking for the vacation. He had visitors too; Hazlitt would come, and Pitman, whom we know nothing about but that Hunt says his wit and animal spirits still keep him alive. There was Mitchell and Burnes, and a magistrate named Alsager, and Cowden Clarke, and the Lambs, brother and sister, and Sir John Swinburne; and "it was imprisonment," says Hunt, "that brought me acquainted with my friend of friends, Shelley." Bentham came to him, and Moore and Byron were among his visitors. Altogether, seldom could a captive king boast such a levee. At last his imprisonment was at an end, and he went to live in the Edgeware Road. The *Examiner* still went on, snubbing the Regent occasionally. They had now "a hopeful and respectful word for every reigning prince but himself; and I must say that, with the exception of the Emperor Alexander, not one of them deserved it." Byron continued his visits, and used to bring Hunt books for the story of Rimini, a poem which he had commenced in prison, and which is very beautiful. Wordsworth visited him to return him thanks for some kindly mention of him in the *Examiner*. He met him again thirty years after, and Hunt liked the great poet better on this second occasion. Hunt tells us of Wordsworth's eyes:—

"I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated in the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes."

In spite of Hunt's dealing wisely with the circumstances in which he was placed, and extracting such good as he could out of evil, two years' imprisonment were not without their effect on mind and body. For months he never walked the streets without the apprehension of being seized with a fit, or of sudden death. In company this fear passed away, but a habit of abstraction

had come over him, and while people thought he was attending to whatever topic of conversation was going forward, he was busy with some far-off metaphysical mystery or other. In the spring of 1816 he went to live at Hampstead, an old haunt of his, and there he finished his story of Rimini, and wrote a masque called "The Descent of Liberty," who had come to earth at the summons of the allied sovereigns. "It was," says Hunt, "a compliment to the Allies, which they deserved well enough, inasmuch as it was a failure; otherwise they did not deserve it at all, for it was founded on a belief in promises which they never kept." We have more than once expressed our opinion of Hunt's poetry. In these volumes he reviews it himself, less favourably than most of his critics; but with it we are not now concerned. We must as we best can get over the ground which he has traversed in his biography, and cannot stop so often as we could wish.

About this time he became intimate with Shelley and Keats. Shelley he had first seen in the early days of the *Examiner*, before it had become celebrated as the subject of Government prosecutions. This was before Shelley's first marriage. After this he wrote to Hunt while in prison, and published in the *Examiner* a Platonic oration on Intellectual Beauty, or some such abstraction. We have something, which is not so much a narrative of Shelley's early life as an inculcation of all who have written about it, and in which there is the perpetual assumption of our knowing a number of facts of which we know absolutely nothing. We looked with strong curiosity to this part of Hunt's book. It tells nothing whatever. Of Keats let our readers take the following notice:—

"Keats, when he died, had just completed his four-and-twentieth year. He was under the middle height: and his lower limbs were small in comparison with the upper, but neat and well turned. His shoulders were very broad for his size: he had a face in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed up; an eager power, checked and made patient by ill health. Every feature was at once strongly cut, and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression, it was in the mouth, which was not without something of a character of pugnacity. The face was rather long than otherwise; the upper lip projected a little over the under;

the chin was bold, the cheeks sunken; the eyes mellow and glowing; large, dark, and sensitive. At the recital of a noble action, or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled. In this there was ill health as well as imagination, for he did not like these betrayals of emotion; and he had great personal as well as moral courage. He once chastised a butcher, who had been insolent, by a regular stand-up fight. His hair, of a brown colour, was fine, and hung in natural ringlets. The head was a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull; a singularity which he had in common with Byron and Shelley, whose hats I could not get on. Keats was sensible of the disproportion, above noticed, between his upper and lower extremities; and he would look at his hand, which was faded, and swollen in the veins, and say it was the hand of a man of fifty. He was a seven months' child. His mother, who was a lively woman, passionately fond of amusement, is supposed to have hastened her death by too great an inattention to hours and seasons. Perhaps she hastened that of her son. His father died of a fall from his horse in the year 1804."

Of Lamb we have an affectionate record:—

"As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of every thing as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrence of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humour, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would beard a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself, out of a sympathy with the awful. His humour and his knowledge both, were those of Hamlet, of Molière, of Carlin, who shook a city with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracted a real pleasure out of his jokes, because good-heartedness retains that privilege when it fails in everything else. I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, 'Very well, I'll Lamb-pun him.' His puns were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names. . . . Willing to see society go on as it did, because he despaired of seeing it otherwise, but not at

all agreeing in his interior with the common notions of crime and punishment, he 'dumb-founded' a long tirade one evening, by taking the pipe out of his mouth, and asking the speaker, 'Whether he meant to say that a thief was not a good man?'

Lamb's practical jokes were not bad. He succeeded in persuading George Dyer that Lord Castlereagh was the author of "Waverley;" wrote in one of the magazines imaginary lives of Liston and Munden, which were believed to be all in good faith. Knowing how often men go wrong, who are guided by what they call facts alone, never remembering that facts may be "misconceived, or figments taken for them," he astounded somebody who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man; "Now," said he, "I value myself on being a matter-of-lie man." "Truth," he said, "was precious, and not to be wasted on everybody." Of Coleridge Hunt tells us something which is well worth reading, as one poet's speculation about another; but as he seems to have met him but once, and for a moment, there is no object in our quoting from this part of his book.

Hunt was industrious, and *The Indicator*, which contains many of his best papers, was published about this time. Still to make out the means of life for a large family is never a very easy thing. His books sold, but did not sell enough for his purposes. The *Examiner* was in such a state that Hunt speaks of "its declining fortunes." Byron and Shelley invited him to Italy to conduct a liberal journal; and he packed up his books, and, in a fever of expectation, prepared for his voyage. He was to have sailed in September; the voyage was, however, delayed by one cause or other till the middle of November. Bad weather came, and they had to put into Ramsgate, where they remained three weeks. On Tuesday, the 11th of December, their voyage recommenced. Never was such a winter. It was what is called by Dr. Lushington's proctors and doctors fine Admiralty weather.

"Some readers may remember that winter. It was the one in which Mount Hecla burst out into flame, and Dungeness lighthouse was struck with lightning. The mole at Genoa was dilapidated. Next year there were between fourteen and fifteen thousand sail less upon Lloyd's books; which, valued

at an average of £1,500, made a loss of two millions of money;—the least of all the losses, considering the feelings of survivors. Fifteen hundred sail (coasters) were wrecked on the single coast of Jutland."

On the 22nd, after being blown about in high style for eleven days, our Ulysses at last lands—where? at Dartmouth. We have an account of his voyage well worth reading, as the waves and winds become, in his descriptions, sea serpents and magicians, and the description almost rivals some of the scenes in the "Ancient Mariner." Their landing brings lines of Virgil to our author's mind, and with Virgil up-rises Dryden, and then come discussions on epic poetry, and translators of epic poetry. Dartmouth has its poetical associations. Chaucer's "Schippman" was born there, and over a shop is the name of Wallcott, reminding learned men of Peter Pindar. The Prideaux also live there, a name in book-sellers' catalogues. To a sea-sick author, it is something to see painted on shop-windows, or on door-plates, the old familiar names. Dartmouth was not a place to remain at, and on they went to Plymouth, intending to set off again in the beginning of spring in a vessel bound for Genoa. The Hunts were a large family, and large families find it hard to pack either at land or sea. The mate did not like such a load of live luggage as he saw about to embark, and he told our author's wife a hundred stories calculated to frighten her. Ill luck always attended the captain, and any vessel he managed. This terrified the lady. For Hunt he had another tale—the captain was a Calvinist. Altogether, between fright, and fears of heaven and earth, and anti-religious repugnance, and imperative considerations arising from the state of health of some of Hunt's household, they waited till summer.

They remained in the neighbourhood of Mount-Edgecumbe till May, and formed pleasant acquaintances, chiefly with schoolmasters. That schoolmasters should be in better repute now than then, is, we are told by Mr. Hunt, who vouches for both facts, a good sign of the times—"Before the accession of a lettered and liberal minister to the government of the country, they were ill regarded under the supercilious ignorance and (to say

the truth) well-founded alarm of some of his predecessors." We take it for granted that Lord John is "the lettered and liberal minister." But this part of Mr. Hunt's book is made up to such an extent of matter printed before, that we cannot be quite sure who is meant, nor is it much matter.

May came, and our Londoners at last sailed in right good earnest. Never since that of Prince Madoc has voyage been described with more minuteness; and we must say the description is often very vivid, and such as, to readers less hurried than ourselves, is calculated to give great pleasure; but we are impatient to get to the end of our task, as we feel we are exceeding all reasonable bounds of space in our account of these volumes. Well Plato's Atlantis gives its sentence to our voyager; and Angelica and Medoro; and the sun by day and the moon by night; and Bayle, and Don Quixotte, and Coleridge, and the Ancient Mariner, and the colour of the sea within the shadow of the ship, "with the gloss of the sunshine taken off, and the colour exactly that of the bottles sold in the shops with gold stoppers." "In the shadows caused by the more transparent medium of the sails an exquisite radiance was thrown up, like light struck out of a great precious stone. These colours, contrasted with the yellow of the horizon at sunset, formed one of those spectacles of beauty which it is difficult to believe not intended to delight many more spectators than can witness them with human eyes." Then comes the coast of Provence, the land of the troubadours; and then, alas! the union flag of Genoa and Sardinia hoisted on a boat. This brings the holy Allies to mind; but they fade away, or are insensibly changed into the Alps, which, fine mountains as they are, yet retain, when first seen by our *Examiner*, *Tutler*, *Indicator*, *Spectator*, or whatever other name he delights in, "a fine sulky look"—probably the expression borrowed from the countenance of the human sovereigns Hunt had been thinking or talking of—"up aloft in the sky, cold, lofty, and distant;" then sunset with brilliant clouds; then a dinner in harbour at Genoa; then a thunder-storm; and at last Leighorn, and Byron's country residence at Monte Nero, in the immediate neighbourhood.

In a day or two after his arrival at

Leghorn, Hunt went to see Lord Byron. Byron he found climbing up the steep of Fame "in a loose Nankin jacket and white trowsers, his neck-cloth open, and his hair in thin ringlets about his throat; altogether presenting a very different aspect from the compact, energetic, and curly-headed person whom I had known in England." * On seeing Byron, Hunt hardly knew him, he had grown so fat, and Byron scarcely knew Hunt, he had grown so thin.

The day of Hunt's first visit was fiercely hot; the road was through dusty suburbs: at last he reached the hottest-looking house he ever saw:—"Not content with having a red wash over it, the red was the most unreasonable of all reds, a salmon colour; think of this, flaring over the country in a hot Italian sun!" *

Fiercer passions were raging within than were symbolised in the fiery aspect of the house. There had been a broil among the servants, in which the brother of Madame Guiccioli had been stabbed. Byron was trying to appease the storm, but the lady and her brother were furious; and the inflictor of the wound was keeping watch outside, with the avowed intention of assaulting the first person who went out of the house. "I looked out of the window," says Hunt, "and met his eye glaring upward like a tiger. He had a red cap on, like a sans-culotte, and a most sinister aspect, dreary and meagre—that of a proper catiff."

The police were sent for. Hunt's picture of the whole scene is very good; "the lady, flushed and dishevelled, exclaiming against the 'scelerato,' the young count wounded and threatening, and the assassin waiting for us with his knife;" Byron calm, and endeavouring to quiet and compose all; and Hunt himself so busy in observing the wild scene of Italian life, which reminded him of the mysteries of Udolpho, that he had not time to think of the thing as that which was accompanied with actual and instant danger. All ended as those who have lived in any country such as Italy or Ireland, where the immediate impulses of passion seem, and often but seem, to determine conduct, will not be surprised to hear. The scoundrel flung himself on a bench, "extending his

arms and bursting into tears. His cap was half over his eyes; his face gaunt, ugly, and unshaved; his appearance altogether more squalid and miserable than an Englishman would have conceived it possible to find in such an establishment. This blessed figure reclined, weeping and wailing, and asking pardon for his offence; and to crown all, he asked Lord Byron to kiss him." Byron pardoned but dismissed him. He then called on Shelley, who gave him money out of absolute antipathy; he was such an ill-looking rascal that there was no chance for him with any one else.

We have Hunt soon after settled in the same house with Lord Byron in Pisa. Divided tenancies of the kind are not uncommon in Italy, and do not involve the necessity of any acquaintanceship between the respective families. There were sufficient reasons to preclude any particular intimacy between the ladies of the two establishments; and the fact that they were unacquainted with each other's languages furnished a convenient excuse. Shelley saw Byron and Hunt at the time they fixed at Pisa, and left them to pass the remainder of the season at Lerici. Hunt never saw him again in life. The finding of Shelley's body and the burning of it have been often told—never with more effect than by Hunt, who loved, almost adored, Shelley, and who felt in losing him that he lost more than the world could ever again give him.

At Pisa the manner of life of Byron was as follows:—He sat up through the night drinking gin-and-water, and writing "Don Juan." He rose late in the morning. After breakfast he lounged into the court-yard before the garden. Hunt's study looked into this court-yard, and Byron generally came up to him with a challenge to conversation; and they lounged up and down till Madame Guiccioli joined them. In the evening they rode or drove out generally into the country.

It was a pleasant kind of life enough, while it lasted, but never did two human beings less understand each other. The Life of Hunt by Byron would have been an exceedingly amusing book; could we imagine it gravely written. It would have one great merit, if no other—it would have estimated

* Hunt's "Byron and his Contemporaries."

Hunt's picturesque power of language highly, and been right in so estimating it; it would have acknowledged, and we think the public have been too slow in acknowledging, the real genius expressing itself everywhere in the story of Rimini. But with Leigh Hunt's loves and friendships there would not have been the slightest sympathy, as of them there would not have been any understanding whatever; the small mannerisms, in spite of which Lamb is what he is, would to Byron be subjects, if not of ridicule, yet of scorn. To Hunt the polypus endeared the old familiar face, like the lover in Horace, attracted, as it would seem, by what in other eyes was a blemish. The cockneyism, as it was called, of many of the writers for whom Hunt claimed crowns of laurel, or of parsley, would have been to Byron utter abomination, which it would have required more imagination than he possessed to have pardoned, far less enjoyed. Of the elder poets we suspect that he and Hunt would have formed very different estimates, and that the passages in Spenser, for instance, which Hunt is fond of quoting, would have been felt by him insupportably tedious, even without a laudatory comment. We ourselves suspect that there is something of affectation in the rapture with which looks illegible to ordinary men are now and then praised, and even when the book is a good book it is hard to be asked to swallow it whole, particularly while one is yawning; and we fear that Hunt was every now and then preaching to deaf ears when he told of Spenser, and Daniel, and Drayton, and Chapman, and pastoral Browne, and Sir Philip Sidney, and the rest—and when this was felt to be but a preface leading to unlimited demands of praise for Keats and other modern divinities, who were rising with red heads, unshorn like Apollo's, above the horizon. To say the truth, our sympathies are rather with Byron, and we dreadfully fear anything that is tiresome.

Hunt, however, had pleasanter talk, and this Byron enjoyed. We think it probable that some of the impatience Byron exhibited when Hunt preached about his favourite books, was impatience not of the text but of the sermon. The only book they both enjoyed was Boswell's Johnson. Hunt quoted Peter Pindar's imitations of Johnson, which

Byron did not enjoy as much as he ought; they are very amusing, but the specimens in this book are not among the best passages. Byron was best when he had a little wine in his head; he was then natural, frank, himself. It is plain that he was fretted and teased by something in Hunt's manner; that he wished for more sympathy than it was possible for Hunt to give; and perhaps Hunt feared to express all the admiration which his great genius must have excited; while Byron did not sufficiently consider the feelings of delicacy that may have kept Hunt silent. Hunt now feels that he might and ought to have gone further to conciliate, and generously—most generously—seeks to take the blame of such estrangement as was growing up between them on himself:—

"I should have broken the ice between us, and had been generated on points of literary predilection; and admired, and shown that I admired, as I ought to have done, his admirable genius. It was not only an oversight in me; it was a want of friendship. Friendship ought to have made me discover what less cordial feelings had kept me blind to. Next morning the happy moment had gone, and nothing remained but to despair and joke.

"In his wine he would volunteer an imitation of somebody, generally of *Inchelon*. He was not a good mimic in the detail, but he could give a lively broad sketch; and over his cups his imitations were goodnatured, which was not always the case at other times. His *Inchelon* was vocal. I made pretensions to the oratorical part; and between us we boasted that we made up the entire phenomenon."

Byron left Italy for Greece, and Hunt saw him no more. Hunt loitered in Italy for awhile. The *Liberal* died, then he wrote in the *Literary Examiner*, of whose life or death we know nothing. He translated Redi's *Bacchus in Tuscany*, and many of his burlesque rhymes are very amusing. His account of Italy is well worth reading, as, in spite of their authors, is every book about Italy.

He is at last at home again in England, and writes, among other things, a romance which had a large measure of success, and a drama which was eminently successful. Southey had ceased to write the occasional verses which are expected from the Laureate, and Hunt, who admired and loved the Queen, expressed his feelings of devotion to her person in some very graceful verses,

which it would have been impossible for her to read without great gratification. She appears to have appreciated the spirit in which his loyalty was expressed, and we find that she more than once attended the theatre when the *Legend of Florence* was performed. The laureate verses written by Hunt during the illness of Southey, and before the appointment of Wordsworth, are really very beautiful, and we cannot do better than close our paper with the wish so beautifully expressed, and which embodies the feelings of a whole people:—

“ May every body love her! * * *
And on her coins be never laurel seen,
But only those fair, peaceful locks serene,
Beneath whose waving grace first mingle now
The ripe Guelph cheek, and good straight
Coburg brow,

Pleasure and Reason. May she every day
See some new good winning its gentle way
By means of mild and unforbidden men!
And when the sword hath bowed beneath
the pen,
May her own line a patriarch scene unfold,
As far surpassing what these days behold
Even in the thunderous gods, iron and
steam,
As they the sceptic's doubt or wild man's
dream!
And to this end—oh! to this Christian end,
And the sure coming of its next great
friend,
May her own soul, this instant, while I sing
Be smiling, as beneath some angel's wing,
O'er the dear life in life—the small, sweet,
new
Unselfish self—the filial self of two—
Bliss of her future eyes, her pillowed gaze,
On whom a mother's heart thinks close, and
prays.”

LADY ALICE DAVENTRY

DAVENTRY HALL, near the little village of the same name in Cumberland, is the almost regal residence of the Cliffords; yet it does not bear their name, nor, till within the last quarter of a century, had it come into their possession. The tragical event which consigned it to the hands of a distant branch of the Daventry family is now almost forgotten by its occupants, but still lingers in the memory of some of humbler rank, who, in days gone by, were tenants under Sir John Daventry, the last of a long line of baronets of that name. Few men have entered life under happier auspices: one of the oldest baronets in the kingdom, in one sense, but just of age, in the other, possessed of an unincumbered rent-roll of £20,000 per annum, he might probably have selected his bride from the fairest of the English aristocracy; but when he was twenty-three he married the beautiful and poor daughter of an officer residing in his vicinity. It was a love-match on his side—one partly of love, partly of ambition, on hers; their union was not very long, neither was it very happy, and when Lady Daventry died, leaving an infant daughter to his care, at the expiration of his year of mourning he chose as his second wife the wealthy and high-born widow of

THE NIGHT OF CRIME.

the county member. This was a *marriage de convenance*, and might have perhaps proved a fortunate one, as it secured to Sir John a wife suited to uphold his dignity and the style of his establishment, at the same time conferring on the little Clara the care of a mother, and the society of a playmate in the person of Charles Marlyn, Lady Daventry's son by her first marriage. But the marriage of convenience did not end more felicitously than the marriage of love—at the end of six months Sir John found himself a second time a widower. His position was now a somewhat unusual one—at twenty-seven he had lost two wives, and was left the sole guardian of two children, neither past the age of infancy; Clara Daventry was but two years old, Charles Marlyn three years her senior. Of these circumstances Sir John made what he conceived the best, provided attendants and governesses for the children, consigned them to the seclusion of the Hall, while he repaired to London, procured a superb establishment, was famed for the skill of his cooks and the goodness of his wines, and for the following eighteen years was an *habitué* of the clubs, and courted by the élite of London society; and this, perhaps, being a perfectly blame-

less course, and inflicting as little of any sort of trouble or annoyance as possible, it must needs excite our surprise if we do not find it producing corresponding fruits. Eighteen years make some change everywhere. During these, Clara Daventry had become a woman, and Charles Mardyn, having passed through Eton and Cambridge, had for the last two years emulated his stepfather's style of London life. Mr. Mardyn had left his fortune at the disposal of his widow, whom he had foolishly loved, and Lady Daventry, at her death, divided the Mardyn estates between her husband and son—an unfair distribution, and one Charles was not disposed to pardon. He was that combination so often seen—the union of talent to depravity; of such talent as the union admits—talent which is never first-rate, though to the many it appears so; it is only unscrupulous, and consequently has at its command engines which virtue dares not use. Selfish and profligate, he was that mixture of strong passions and indomitable will, with a certain strength of intellect, a winning manner, and noble appearance. Clara possessed none of these external gifts. Low and insignificant-looking, her small, pale features, narrow forehead, and cunning grey eyes, harmonised with a disposition singularly weak, paltry, and manœuvring. Eighteen years had altered Sir John Daventry's appearance less than his mind; he had grown more corpulent, and his features wore a look of sensual indulgence, mingled with the air of authority of one whose will, even in trifles, has never been disputed. But in the indolent voluptuary of forty-five little remained of the good-humoured careless man of twenty-seven. Selfishness is an ill weed, that grows apace; Sir John Daventry, handsome,* gifted with *l'air distingué* and thoroughly *répandu* in society, was a singularly heartless and selfish sensualist. Such changes eighteen years had wrought, when Clara was surprised by a visit from her father. It was more than two years since he had been at the Hall, and the news he brought was little welcome to her. He was about to marry a third time—his destined bride was Lady Alice Mortimer, the daughter of a poor though noble house, and of whose beauty, though now past the first bloom of youth, report had reached even Clara's ears. From

Mardyn, too, she had heard of Lady Alice, and had fancied that he was one of her many suitors. Her congratulations on the event were coldly uttered; in truth, Clara had long been accustomed to regard herself as the heiress, and eventually the mistress, of that princely estate where she had passed her childhood; it was the one imaginative dream in a cold, worldly mind. She did not desire riches to gratify her vanity, or to indulge in pleasures. Clara Daventry's temperament was too passionless to covet it for these purposes; but she had accustomed herself to look on these possessions as her right, and to picture the day when, through their far extent, its tenants should own her rule. Besides, Mardyn had awoke, if not a feeling of affection, in Clara Daventry's breast, at least a wish to possess him—a wish in which all the sensuous part of her nature (and in that cold character there was a good deal that was sensuous) joined. She had perception to know her own want of attractions, and to see that her only hope of winning this gay and brilliant man of fashion was, the value her wealth might be of in repairing a fortune his present mode of living was likely to scatter—a hope which, should her father marry, and have a male heir, would fall to the ground. In due time the papers announced the marriage of Sir John Daventry to the Lady Alice Mortimer. They were to spend their honeymoon at Daventry. The evening before the marriage, Charles Mardyn arrived at the Hall; it was some time since he had last been there; it was a singular day to select for leaving London, and Clara noticed a strange alteration in his appearance, a negligence of dress, and perturbation of manner unlike his ordinary self-possession, that made her think that, perhaps, he had really loved her destined stepmother. Still, if so, it was strange his coming to the Hall. The following evening brought Sir John and Lady Alice Daventry to their bridal home. The Hall had been newly decorated for the occasion, and, in the general confusion and interest, Clara found herself degraded from the consideration she had before received. Now the Hall was to receive a new mistress, one graced with title, and the stamp of fashion. These are offences little minds can hardly be thought to overlook; and as Clara Daventry stood in

the spacious hall to welcome her step-mother to her home, and she who was henceforward to take the first place there, the Lady Alice in her rich travelling costume, stood before her, the contrast was striking—the unattractive, ugly girl, beside the brilliant London beauty—the bitter feelings of envy and resentment that then passed through Clara's mind cast their shade on her after destiny. During the progress of dinner, Clara noticed the extreme singularity of Mardyn's manner; noticed also the sudden flush of crimson that dyed Lady Alice's cheek on first beholding him, which was followed by an increased and continued paleness. There was at their meeting, however, no embarrassment on his part—nothing but the well-bred ease of the man of the world was observable in his congratulations; but during dinner Charles Mardyn's eyes were fixed on Lady Alice with the quiet stealthiness of one calmly seeking to penetrate through a mystery; and, despite her efforts to appear unconcerned, it was evident she felt distressed by his scrutiny. The dinner was soon despatched; Lady Alice complained of fatigue, and Clara conducted her to the boudoir designed for her private apartment. As she was returning she met Mardyn.

"Is Lady Alice in the boudoir?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "you do not want her?"

Without answering, he passed on, and, opening the door, Charles Mardyn stood before the Lady Alice Daventry, his stepfather's wife.

She was sitting on a low stool and in a deep reverie, her cheek resting on one of her fairy-like hands. She was indeed a beautiful woman. No longer very young—she was about thirty, but still very lovely, and something almost infantine in the arch innocence of expression that lighted a countenance cast in the most delicate mould—she looked, in every feature, the child of rank and fashion; so delicate, so fragile, with those *petites* features, and that soft pink flesh and pouting coral lips; and, in her very essence, she had all those qualities that belong to a spoiled child of fashion—wayward, violent in temper, capricious, and volatile. She started from her reverie; she had not expected to see Mardyn, and betrayed much emotion at his abrupt entrance; for, as though in an

agony of shame, she buried her face in her hands and turned away her head, yet her attitude was very feminine and attractive, with the glossy ringlets of rich brown hair falling in a shower over the fair soft arms, and the whole so graceful in its defencelessness and the forbearance it seemed to ask. Yet, whatever Mardyn's purpose might be, it did not seem to turn him from it; the sternness on his countenance increased as he drew a chair, and, sitting down close beside her, waited in silence, gazing at his companion till she should uncover her face. At length the hands were dropped, and, with an effort at calmness, Lady Alice looked up, but again averted her gaze as she met his.

"When we last met, Lady Alice, it was under different circumstances," he said, sarcastically. She bowed her head, but made no answer.

"I fear," he continued, in the same tone, "my congratulations may not have seemed warm enough on the happy change in your prospects; they were unfeigned, I assure you." Lady Alice coloured.

"These taunts are uncalled for, Mardyn," she replied, faintly.

"No; that would be unfair, indeed," he continued, in the same bitter tone, "to Lady Alice Daventry, who has always displayed such consideration for all my feelings."

"You never seemed to care," she rejoined, and the woman's pique betrayed itself in the tone—"You never tried to prevent it."

"Prevent what?"

She hesitated, and did not reply.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, violently, "did you think that if one word of mine could have stopped your marriage, that word would have been said? Listen, Lady Alice: I loved you once, and the proof that I did is, the hate I now bear you. If I had not loved you, I should now feel only contempt. For a time I believed that you had for me the love you professed. You chose differently; but though that is over, do not think that all is. I have sworn to make you feel some of the misery you caused me. Lady Alice Daventry, do you doubt that that oath shall be kept?"

His violence had terrified her—she was deadly pale, and seemed ready to faint; but a burst of tears relieved her.

"I do not deserve this," she said;

"I did love you—I swore it to you, and you doubted me."

"Had I no reason?" he asked.

"None that you did not cause yourself; your unfounded jealousy, your determination to humble me, drove me to the step I took."

The expression of his countenance somewhat changed; he had averted his face so that she could not read its meaning, and over it passed no sign of relenting, but a look more wholly triumphant than it had yet worn. When he turned to Lady Alice it was changed to one of mildness and sorrow.

"You will drive me mad, Alice," he uttered, in a low deep voice. "May heaven forgive me if I have mistaken you; you told me you loved me."

"I told you the truth," she rejoined, quickly.

"But how soon that love changed," he said, in a half-doubting tone, as if willing to be convinced.

"It never changed!" she replied, vehemently. "You doubted—you were jealous, and left me. I never ceased to love you."

"You do not love me now?" he asked.

She was silent; but a low sob sounded through the room, and Charles Mardyn was again at her feet; and, while the marriage-vows had scarce died from her lips, Lady Alice Daventry was exchanging forgiveness with, and listening to protestations of love from the son of the man to whom, a few hours before, she had sworn a wife's fidelity.

It is a scene which needs some explanation, best heard, however, from Mardyn's lips. A step was heard along the passage, and Mardyn, passing through a side-door, repaired to Clara's apartment. He found her engaged on a book. Laying it down, she bestowed on him a look of inquiry as he entered.

"I want to speak to you, Clara," he said.

Fixing her cold grey eyes on his face, she awaited his questions.

"Has not this sudden step of Sir John's surprised you?"

"It has," she said, quietly.

"Your prospects are not so sure as they were?"

"No, they are changed," she said, in the same quiet tone and impassive countenance.

"And you feel no great love to your new stepmother?"

"I have only seen Lady Alice once," she replied, fidgetting on her seat.

"Well, you will see her oftener now," he observed. "I hope she will make the Hall pleasant to you."

"You have some motive in this conversation?" said Clara, calmly; "You may trust me, I do not love Lady Alice sufficiently to betray you."

And now her voice had a tone of bitterness surpassing Mardyn's; he looked steadily at her; she met and returned his gaze, and that interchange of looks seemed to satisfy both. Mardyn at once began—

"Neither of us have much cause to like Sir John's new bride; she may strip you of a splendid inheritance, and I have still more reason to detest her. Shortly after my arrival in London, I met Lady Alice Mortimer. I had heard much of her beauty—it seemed to me to surpass all I had heard. I loved her; she seemed all playful simplicity and innocence; but I discovered she had come to the age of calculation, and that though many followed and praised her wit and beauty, I was almost the only one who was serious in wishing to marry Lord Mortimer's poor and somewhat *passeé* daughter. She loved me, I believe, as well as she could love any one. That was not the love I gave, or asked in return. In brief, I saw through her sheer heartlessness, the first moment I saw her waver between the wealth of an old sensualist and my love. I left her, but with an oath of vengeance; in the pursuit of that revenge it will be your interest to assist. Will you aid me?"

"How can I?" she asked.

"It is not difficult," he replied. "Lady Alice and I have met to-night; she prefers me still. Let her gallant bridegroom only know this, and we have not much to fear."

Clara Daventry paused, and, with clenched hands and knit brow, ruminated on his words,—familiar with the labyrinthine paths of the plotter, she was not long silent.

"I think I see what you mean," she said. "And I suppose you have provided means to accomplish your scheme?"

"They are provided for us. Where could we find materials more made to our hands?—a few insinuations, a conversation overheard, a note conveyed opportunely—these are trifles, but trifles are the levers of human action."

There was no more said then; each saw partly through the insincerity and falsehood of the other, yet each knew they agreed in a common object. These were strange scenes to await a bride, on the first eve in her new home.

Two or three months have passed since these conversations. Sir John Daventry's manner has changed to his bride: he is no longer the lover, but the severe, exacting husband. It may be that he is annoyed at all his long-confirmed bachelor habits being broken in upon, and that, in time, he will become used to the change, and settle down contentedly in his new capacity; but yet something more than this seems to be at the bottom of his discontent. Since a confidential conversation, held over their wine between him and Charles Mardyn, his manner had been unusually captious. Mardyn had, after submitting some time, taken umbrage at a marked insult, and set off for London. On Lady Alice, in especial, her husband spent his fits of ill-humour. With Clara he was more than ever friendly; her position was now the most enviable in that house. But she strove to alleviate her stepmother's discomforts by every attention a daughter could be supposed to show, and those proofs of amiable feeling seemed to touch Sir John, and as the alienation between him and his wife increased, to cement an attachment between Clara and her father.

Lady Alice had lately imparted to her husband a secret that might be supposed calculated to fill him with joyous expectations, and raise hopes of an heir to his vast possessions; but the communication had been received in sullen silence, and seemed almost to increase his savage sternness—treatment which stung Lady Alice to the quick; and when she retired to her room, and wept long and bitterly over this unkind reception of news she had hoped would have restored his fondness, in those tears mingled a feeling of hate and loathing to the author of her grief. Long and dreary did the next four months appear to the beautiful Lady of Daventry, who, accustomed to the flattery and adulation of the London world, could ill-endure the seclusion and harsh treatment of the Hall.

At the end of that time, Charles Mardyn again made his appearance; the welcome he received from Sir John

was hardly courteous. Clara's manner, too, seemed constrained; but his presence appeared to remove a weight from Lady Alice's mind, and restore her a portion of her former spirits. From the moment of Mardyn's arrival, Sir John Daventry's manner changed to his wife: he abandoned the use of sarcastic language, and avoided all occasion of dispute with her, but assumed an icy calmness of demeanour, the more dangerous, because the more clear-sighted. He now confided his doubts to Clara; he had heard from Mardyn that his wife had, before her marriage, professed an attachment to him. In this, though jestingly alluded to, there was much to work on a jealous and exacting husband. The contrast in age, in manner, and appearance, was too marked, not to allow of the suspicion that his superiority in wealth and position had turned the scale in his favour—a suspicion which, cherished, had grown to be the demon that allowed him no peace of mind, and built up a fabric fraught with wretchedness on this slight foundation. All this period Lady Alice's demeanour to Mardyn was but too well calculated to deepen these suspicions. Now, too, had come the time to strike a decisive blow. In this Clara was thought a fitting instrument.

"You are indeed unjust," she said, with a skilful assumption of earnestness; "Lady Alice considers she should be a mother to Charles—they meet often; it is that she may advise him. She thinks he is extravagant—that he spends too much time in London, and wishes to make the country more agreeable to him."

"Yes, Clara, I know she does; she would be glad to keep the fellow always near her."

"You mistake, sir, I assure you; I have been with them when they were together; their language has been affectionate, but as far as the relationship authorises."

"Our opinions on that head differ, Clara; she deceived me, and by — she shall suffer for it. She never told me she had known him; the fellow insulted me by informing me when it was too late. He did not wish to interfere—it was over now—he told me with a sneer."

"He was wounded by her treatment; so wounded, that, except as your wife, and to show you respect, I

know he would never have spoken to her. But if your doubts cannot be hushed, they may be satisfactorily dispelled."

"How—tell me?"

"Lady Alice and Charles sit every morning in the library; there are curtained recesses there, in any of which you may conceal yourself, and hear what passes."

"Good—good; but if you hint or breathe to them——"

"I merely point it out," she interrupted, "as a proof of my perfect belief in Charles's principle and Lady Alice's affection for you. If a word passes that militates against that belief, I will renounce it."

A sneer distorted Sir John's features. When not blinded by passion, he saw clearly through character and motives. He had by this discerned Clara's dislike to Lady Alice, and now felt convinced she suggested the scheme as she guessed he would have his suspicions confirmed. He saw thus far, but he did not see through a far darker plot—he did not see that, in the deep game they played against him, Charles and Clara were confederates.

That was a pleasant room; without, through bayed windows, lay a wide and fertile prospect of sunny landscape; within, it was handsomely and luxuriously furnished. There were books in gorgeous bindings; a range of marble pillars swept its length; stands of bric-a-brac, vases of agate and alabaster, were scattered on every side; and here breakfast Mardyn and Lady Alice made it their sitting-room. The morning after the scheme suggested by Clara, they were sitting in earnest converse, Lady Alice, looking pale and care-worn, was weeping convulsively.

"You tell me you must go," she said; "and were it a few months later, I would forsake all and accompany you. But for the sake of my unborn infant, you must leave me. At another time return, and you may claim me."

"Dear Alice," he whispered softly, "dear, dear Alice, why did you not know me sooner? Why did you not love me more, and you would now have been my own, my wife?"

"I was mad," she replied, sadly; "but I have paid the penalty of my sin against you. The last year has been one of utter misery to me. If there is a being on earth I loathe, it is the man I must call my husband; my

hatred to him is alone inferior to my love for you. When I think what I sacrificed for him," she continued, passionately, "the bliss of being your wife, resigned to unite myself to a vapid sensualist, a man who was a spendthrift of his passions in youth, and yet asks to be loved, as if the woman most lost to herself could feel love for him."

It was what he wished. Lady Alice had spoken with all the extravagance of woman's exaggeration; her companion smiled; she understood its meaning.

"You despise me," she said, "that I could marry the man of whom I speak thus."

"No," he replied; "but perhaps you judge Sir John harshly. We must own he has some cause for jealousy."

Despite his guarded accent, something smote on Lady Alice's ear in that last sentence. She turned deadly pale—was she deceived? But in a moment the sense of her utter helplessness rushed upon her. If he were false, nothing but destruction lay before her—she desperately closed her eyes on her danger.

"You are too generous," she replied. "If I had known what I sacrificed——"

Poor, wretched woman, what fear was in her heart as she strove to utter words of confidence. He saw her apprehensions, and drawing her towards him, whispered loving words, and showered burning kisses on her brow. She leant her head on his breast, and her long hair fell over his arm as she lay like a child in his embrace.

A few minutes later the library was empty, when the curtains that shrouded a recess near where the lovers had sat were drawn back, and Sir John Davenry emerged from his concealment. His countenance betrayed little of what passed within; every other feeling was swallowed up in a thirst for revenge—a thirst that would have risked life itself to accomplish its object—for his suspicions had gone beyond the truth, black, dreadful as was that truth to a husband's ears, and he fancied that his unborn infant owed its origin to Charles Mardyn; when, for that infant's sake, where no other consideration could have restrained her, Lady Alice had endured her woman's wrong, and while confessing her love for Mardyn, refused to listen to his solicitations, or

to fly with him; and the reference she had made to this, and which he had overheard, appeared to him but a base design to palm the offspring of her love to Mardyn as the heir to the wealth and name of Daventry.

It wanted now but a month of Lady Alice's confinement, and even Mardyn and Clara were perplexed and indecisive as to the effect their stratagem had upon Sir John. No word or sign escaped him to betray what passed within—he seemed stricken with sudden age, so stern and hard had his countenance become, so fixed his icy calmness. They knew not the volcanoes that burned beneath their undisturbed surface. A sudden fear fell upon them; they were but wicked—they were not great in wickedness. Much of what they had done appeared to them clumsy and ill-contrived; yet their very fears lest they might be seen through urged on another attempt, contrived to give confirmation to Sir John's suspicions, should his mind waver. So great at this time was Mardyn's dread of detection, that he suddenly left the Hall. He knew Sir John's vengeance, if once roused, would be desperate, and feared some attempts on his life. In truth his position was a perilous one, and this hall of fierce elements seemed to forebode some terrible explosion—where the storm might spend its fury was as yet hid in darkness. Happy was it for the Lady Alice Daventry that she knew none of these things, or her's would have been a position of unparalleled wretchedness, as over the plotters, the deceived, and the foredoomed ones, glided on the rapid moments that brought them nearer and nearer, till they stood on the threshold of crime and death.

And now, through the dark channels of fraud and jealousy, we have come to the eve of that strange and wild page in our story, which long attached a tragic interest to the halls of Daventry, and swept all but the name of that ancient race into obscurity.

On the fifteenth of December, Lady Alice Daventry was confined of a son. All the usual demonstrations of joy were forbidden by Sir John, on the plea of Lady Alice's precarious situation. Her health, weakened by the events of the past year, had nearly proved unequal to this trial of her married life, and the fifth morning after her illness was the first on which the physician held out

confident hopes of her having strength to carry her through. Up to that time the survival of the infant had been a matter of doubt; but on that morning, as though the one slender thread had bound both to existence, fear was laid aside, and calmness reigned through the mansion of Daventry. On that morning, too, arrived a letter directed to "The Lady Alice Daventry." A dark shade flitted over Sir John's face as he read the direction; then placing it among his other letters reserved for private perusal, he left the room.

The day wore on, each hour giving increasing strength to the Lady Alice and her boy-heir. During its progress, it was noticed, even by the servants, that their master seemed unusually decomposed, and that his countenance wore an expression of ghastly paleness. As he sat alone, after dinner, he drank glass after glass of wine, but they brought no flush to his cheek—wrought no change in his appearance; some mightier spirit seemed to bid defiance to the effects of drink. At a late hour he retired to his room. The physician had previously paid his last visit to the chamber of his patient; she was in a calm sleep, and the last doubt as to her condition faded from his mind, as, in a confident tone, he reiterated his assurance to the nurse-tender "that she might lie down and take some rest—that nothing more was to be feared."

The gloom of a December's night had closed, dark and dreary, around the Hall, while, through the darkness, the wind drove the heavy rain against the casements; but, undisturbed by the rain and winds, the Lady Alice and her infant lay in a tranquil sleep; doubt and danger had passed from them; the grave had seemed to yawn towards the mother and child, but the clear colour on the transparent cheek, the soft and regular breathing caught through the stillness of the chamber, when the wind had died in the distance, gave assurance to the nurse that all danger was past; and, wearied with the watching of the last four nights, she retired to a closet opening from Lady Alice's apartment, and was soon buried in the heavy slumber of exhaustion.

That profound sleep was rudely broken through by wild, loud cries, reaching over the rage of the elements, which had now risen to a storm. The

terrified woman staggered to the bed-room, to witness there a fearful change—sudden, not to be accounted for. A night-lamp shed its dim light through the apartment on a scene of horror and mystery. All was silence now—and the Lady Alice stood erect on the floor, half-shrouded in the heavy curtains of the bed, and clasping her infant in her arms. By this time the attendants, roused from sleep, had reached the apartment, and assisted in taking the child from its mother's stiff embrace; it had uttered no cry, and when they brought it to the light, the blaze fell on features swollen and lifeless—it was dead in its helplessness—dead by violence, for on its throat were the marks of strong and sudden pressure; but how, by whom, was a horrid mystery. They laid the mother on the bed, and as they did so, a letter fell from her grasp—a will fit of delirium succeeded, followed by a heavy swoon, from which the physician failed in awaking her—before the night had passed, Lady Alice Darenty had been summoned to her rest. The sole clue to the events of that night was the letter which had fallen from Lady Alice; it the physician had picked up and read, but positively refused to reveal its contents, more than to hint that they betrayed guilt that rendered his wife and child's removal more a blessing than a misfortune to Sir John Darenty. Yet somehow rumours were heard that the letter was in Charles Mardyn's hand; that it had fallen in Sir John's way, and revealed to him a guilty attachment between Mardyn and his wife; but how it came into her hands, or how productive of such a catastrophe as the destruction of her infant, her frenzy, and death, remained unknown: but one further gleam of light was ever thrown on that dark tragedy. The nurse-tender, who had first come to her mistress's assistance, declared that, as she entered the room, she had heard steps in quick retreat along the gallery leading from Lady Alice's room, and a few surmised that, in the dead of night, her husband had placed that letter in her hand, and told her he knew her guilt. This was but conjecture—a wild and improbable one, perhaps.

Charles Mardyn came not again to the Hall. What he and Clara Darenty thought of what had passed, was known only to themselves. A year went on, and Clara and her father

lived alone—a year of terror to the latter, for from that terrible night her father had become subject to bursts of savage passion that filled her with alarm for her own safety; these, followed by long fits of moody silence, rendered her life, for a year, harassed and wretched; but then settling into confirmed insanity, released her from his violence. Sir John Darenty was removed to an asylum, and Clara was mistress of the Hall. Another year passed, and she became the wife of Charles Mardyn. It was now the harvest of their labours, and reaped as such harvests must be. The pleasures and amusements of a London life had grown distasteful to Mardyn—they pulled on his senses, and he sought change in a residence at the Hall; but here greater discontent awaited him. The force of conscience allowed them not happiness in a place peopled with such associations; they were childless, they lived in solitary state, unvisited by those of their own rank, who were deterred from making overtures of intimacy by the stories that were whispered affixing discredit to his name; his pride and violent temper were ill fitted to brook this neglect; in disgust, they left Darenty, and went to Mardyn Park, an old seat left him by his mother, on the coast of Dorsetshire. It was wildly situated, and had been long uninhabited; and in this lonely residence the cup of Clara's wretchedness was filled to overflowing. In Mardyn there was now no trace left of the man who had once captivated her fancy; prematurely old, soured in temper, he had become brutal and overbearing; for Clara he had cast off every semblance of decency, and indifference was now usurped by hate and violence; their childless condition was made a constant source of bitter reproach from her husband. Time brought no alleviation to this state of wretchedness, but rather increased their evil passions and mutual abhorrence. They had long and bitterly disputed one day, after dinner, and each reminded the other of their sins with a vehemence of reproach that, from the lips of any other, must have overwhelmed the guilty pair with shame and terror. Driven from the room by Mardyn's unmanly violence and coarse epithets, Clara reached the drawing-room, and spent some hours struggling with the stings of conscience aroused by Mardyn's

taunts. They had heard that morning of Sir John Darenty's death, and the removal of the only being who lived to suffer for their sin had seemed but to add a deeper gloom to their miserable existence—the time was past when anything could bid them hope. Her past career passed through the guilty woman's mind, and filled her with dread, and a fearful looking out for judgment. She had not noticed how time had fled, till she saw it was long past Mardyn's hour for retiring, and that he had not come up stairs yet. Another hour passed, and then a vague fear seized upon her mind—she felt frightened at being alone, and descended to the parlour. She had brought no light with her, and when she reached the door she paused; all in the house seemed so still, she trembled, and turning the lock, entered the room. The candles had burnt out, and the faint red glare of the fire alone shone through the darkness; by the dim light she saw

that Mardyn was sitting, his arms folded on the table, and his head reclined as if in sleep. She touched him, he stirred not, and her hand, slipping from his shoulder, fell upon the table and was wet; she saw that a decanter had been overturned, and fancied Mardyn had been drinking, and fallen asleep; she hastened from the room for a candle. As she seized a light burning in the passage, she saw that the hand she had extended was crimsoned with blood. Almost delirious with terror, she regained the room. The light from her hand fell on the table—it was covered with a pool of blood, that was falling slowly to the floor. With a wild effort she raised her husband—his head fell on her arm—the throat was severed from ear to ear—the countenance set, and distorted in death.

In that moment the curse of an offended God worked its final vengeance on guilt—Clara Mardyn was a lunatic.

POPULAR CHANSONS OF FRANCE.

BY JONATHAN FRERE SLINGSBY.

Carrigbawn, August 15th, 1850.

MY DEAR ANTHONY,—As you well know, I am not much given to what are called "hard nights;" but, I protest, I have never put in or put over such hard nights as those that have ushered in this present month. Hard nights did I call them? I should, under favour, have called them soft nights. Was there ever such heat? I verily believe that the sun goes rambling about all night over these parts incog., as Haroun al Raschid used to go through Bagdad. Sleep, to any reasonable extent, seems quite out of the question; and I doubt that all the powers of animal magnetism could carry one clean through a comfortable, steady, continuous nap, from twelve at night to six in the morning. Last night, for instance, I made up my mind to a good night's rest, if possible. I am sure I was justly entitled to expect it, for I took the best means to ensure it. After my evening's ramble by the river side, I sat watching the fading twilight deepening down into the gloom of night. By degrees the varied and, to me, delightful sounds of animation were hushed—those sounds that remind one, as he sits alone, that without and beyond him is a world of men, and women, and children—ay, and of beasts, and birds, and other soulless creatures, as we are wont to call them, that are bound to us by sympathies more or less strong—that minister to our affections, our comforts, our pleasures, our discipline, and our wants—that like ourselves are links, some stronger and more polished, some weaker and more rudely formed—yet still links in that mysterious and most wonderful chain of spiritual and physical organisation, which, issuing from the clouds and darkness that are around God's throne, descends through every gradation, till it is again lost to our view in the rudest form of organised matter. These sounds, I say, ceased, one by one; the pleasant laughter of young men and maidens disporting on the

greensward, with the occasional outbreak of more boisterous mirth, as some young lover, chasing his sweetheart through the mazes of the ring, had at length succeeded in capturing the flying girl, and exacted from her blushing cheeks and laughing lips the ransom for her deliverance. The lowing of kine and the bleat of sheep came on the ear at longer intervals; the crows had all returned home with abundance of clamour, and scarce a croak was now heard from the boughs where they had been lately swinging themselves to and fro, in a debate as garrulous and discordant as could be got up either in the House of Commons or Congress; the little sparrows had all gone to bed, and I could hear, now and again, the flutter of wings in the woodbine that was trained above my window, announcing that some uneasy sleeper was turning on the other side, or disputing with its mate for a fair share of the bed-clothes. The last belated hiveward-bound bee had just returned, and discontinued his drone as he entered the gate of his city; but the bat was still fluttering blindly and heavily about, and the owl had just commenced his whooping in an old ivy-clad chimney, which had belonged to an age long since gone by.* This last, and the slow dash of distant water, as it fell over the wheel of a tuck-mill, whose dull, muffled beat came at regular intervals, not unpleasingly, on the ear, were soon the only sounds that were to be heard; and I now sat listening to them in one of those reveries, in which the mind may be said to have let down its braces, and stretched itself at full length. To compose my senses, and to reduce my nerves to a state favourable to somnolency, I addressed myself to that most soothing and, let me add, intellectual occupation—imbibing the fragrance of aromatised cavendish through an ancient and time-stained *neershaum*; and further, in order to cool down my system, I applied to my lips, at rare intervals and in moderate quantity, a composing draught, which my worthy medical attendant, Dr. Melancthon, the celebrated homœopathist, prescribed for me with singular success.*

And so, dear Anthony, I smoked and sipped till the clock struck eleven, when I retired to court that sleep which I had been so industriously earning. But "Nature's soft nurse" withheld her gentle ministrations from me, as she did from King Henry. I tossed and turned, and made excursions to every part of my ample bed for a cool spot, and turned my head to every point of the compass; but in vain.

"Most glorious night,
Thou wert not sent for slumber,"

sang Lord Byron amongst the Jura Alps; and truly if the want of sleep be the test of the glory of the night, we may all "make glorious nights of it" now, dear Anthony. For my part, I think Kent's remark to King Lear is more suitable to such weather:—

"Things that love night
Love not such nights as these."

Well, in the midst of thoughts of this kind, I fell asleep—I know not when or how, nor can I say how long I continued so—when a shrill, piercing cry rang through my ears, and broke my dreamless slumber. It was a cry that it would be impossible to describe to those who have never heard it, but which the man who has once heard will not readily forget; a cry which well might "murder sleep," and make sleepy maids and drowsy hinds start from their beds in

* As I have fortunately retained the recipe for this excellent medicine, I now subjoin a copy of it *verbatim* for the benefit of all nervous persons:—

"J. F. SLANGSBY, Esq.

"℞. Alcohol. optim. ex Apoth. Kinahan ℥. ℥iij.

Aque distil. ℥xij.

Syrupi Citri gutt. viij.

"Misco, perturbans molliter cum cochleare. Q. suf. sumend. sub nocte.

"Signetur 'The Composing Draught.'

"P. MELANCTHON."

affright. I sprang up, and rushed to the window looking into the farm-yard, which I had unfortunately left wide open. Again the piercing cry thrilled through me, and in the grey of the coming dawn I beheld beneath my window a form, with out-stretched neck, the upper part of which, just beneath the head, was all red, as if covered with blood; and then, sir, another shriek, louder than before—"Cock-a-doodle doo—o—o—o—o!!!" Ay, there he was, my beautiful cock, that I bought at the last Spring Show of the Dublin Society—up, and dressed, booted and spurred, I may say; and what's more, the young polygamist had all his wives up, and stirring, and would not let a hen of them all lie abed for a comfortable half hour's nap after he had turned out himself. Well, Anthony, I laughed heartily, though, you may be sure, I bestowed on him as many good wishes as Mycillus, the cobbler, did upon his offending fowl. I returned to bed, but so thoroughly aroused, that sleep was not again to be thought of; so I began musing, for want of something better to do, and my thoughts turned, naturally enough, upon my disturber. Now you will ask, with Jacques in the play—

"Of what kind should this cock come of?"

I will tell you, Anthony. He was a foreign bird, a cock of a Corsican breed, that was continually strutting about, clapping his wings, and fighting with all the old established fowls of the yard. At first he was quiet enough, but in a very short time he attacked a poor old Orleans cock, plucked every feather out of his tail, and left him and an old hen, and some chickens of the same breed, as bare as the back of my hand; and yet for all his strutting, I have seen him sometimes, in wet and stormy weather, with his plumes draggling, and his crest as fallen as the sorriest fowl of them all.

Thinking of cocks, made me somehow think of Frenchmen, and it struck me that though, upon the whole, a Frenchman is typified happily enough by the cock—for your Frenchman is a vain-glorious, loud speaking, head-elevating, strutting animal; talking magniloquent common-places, and expressing by a world of tropes, figures, and florid periphrases what John Bull would state in a gruff, curt monosyllable, and continually intermeddling with and disturbing the peace of the world, and asserting the liberties of other nations when he has got no more than the name of it at home (I must admit, however, that he is *game* to the back-bone, and will fight while he has a leg to stand on)—yet I think, in one respect, a lark or a jay would be a fitter representative. A Frenchman is essentially a singing-bird; under all circumstances, and in all places he is ready to hop about and sing his chansons. He did so in the monastery, as well as on the battle field—under the monk's cowl and the militaire's chapeau—at the peaceful vintage, and on the scaffold; for it is a well-known fact, though an author of some authority denies it, that hymns, romances, and light amatory songs, some full of sentiment, wit, liveliness, and delicacy—others blood thirsty, furious, and grotesque—were composed during the reign of terror. One of themselves has very felicitously expressed this national taste:—"Les Français ont toujours chanté, ils chanteront toujours." It is, however, in this lighter style of composition that the French may be said to excel. The genius of their language, though not as musical as the Italian, is sufficiently suited for the *chanson*, but the *chant* or song of a higher class is rarely found in a high degree of excellence, though Lamartine, in modern days, has produced some fine verses; and the epic is quite out of their range. Indeed there is nothing in the language worthy of the name—no poem that will bear a comparison with the epics of Dante, Tasso, or Milton. But the French *chanson* must not be lightly esteemed. The author from whom I have just quoted, has thus well described it:—

"Elle est l'expression de tous les sentiments, elle prend mille formes, elle est gaie, satirique, badine, gracieuse, enjouée; elle peint l'amour, elle fronde les abus, elle s'élève par les accents de la gloire, elle attendrit les femmes, elle fait trembler les puissants, elle exalte les cœurs, et c'est en chantant que les soldats français ont marché aux combats, comme c'est en chantant que le peuple laborieux adoucit sa peine, et s'encourage à ses travaux."

It is not ascertained when the French first took to the *chanson*; for my own

part, I suspect they began to chirp in that style as soon as they chipped the shell. The Normans and Provençals did not sing in the vulgar tongue, but in the romance language of the troubadours. In the twelfth century, however, we find a *chanson à boire* amongst the compositions of Eustache Deschamps, which is, perhaps, the earliest of that species extant. In the following century the number of writers in this style amounted to about seventy, amongst whom were some great names, such as Thibault, Count of Champagne, afterwards King of Navarre, the Count of Anjou, King of Sicily, and the father of St. Louis. From that time the number constantly increased, till the whole country was flooded with chansons about every thing and every person, political, satirical, amatory, bacchanalian, martial, and pastoral. I met not long since with a curious piece of statistics on this subject, which shows what an inveterate chansonnier is Johnay Crapaud. There were in Paris and its environs, in the year 1845, no less than four hundred and eighty "Sociétés Chantantes." The rule of these societies was that each member should compose at the least a *chanson* every month. Now assuming that each society consisted of twenty members, a very low average indeed, we shall have nine thousand six hundred of those song-writers, producing one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred new songs yearly! If to this we add the number of amateurs, who bring forward their contributions upon all interesting domestic occasions—death, births, marriages, and so forth—perhaps it would not be saying too much to estimate the yearly crop of songs in the Paris district to three hundred thousand!! Well, then, there is all the rest of France who are producers on a large scale. For myself, I would fear to make an estimate; but I have seen it stated as high as a million songs in the year for the entire kingdom, Paris included!!! Am I not right then, dear Anthony, in affirming that cack-crowling gives but a faint idea of the everlasting warbling which goes on in *La Belle France*. Thank God, we know how to indulge in those pleasures in moderation.

Having said so much on the song singing of our Gallic neighbours, I will now offer you a specimen or two of a comparatively recent period. They have been selected as they came to hand, but will each afford a fair sample of their kind in general.

There was no song in its day more popular in France than that which is still well known by the name of "*Malbrook*." The air is said by Châteaubriand to be as old as the time of the Crusades, but the words were probably written after the year 1769, though they did not become known till after the death of the famous Duke of Malbrough. It happened that the nurse of the young Dauphin, afterwards Louis the XV.—and a good nurse I have no doubt was Madame Poirine, if there be any faith to be placed in names—used to rock the young scion of royalty to sleep in his cradle with a song, which of course was very consolatory to the ears of the inmates of Versailles, seeing that it assailed with a somewhat dastardly ridicule the memory of a hero then in his grave, who, while living, made Louis tremble on his throne, and sue in vain for peace. But it was, however, some comfort for Frenchmen to have a song to sing about one who had defeated Villars and Boufflers, and routed their armies at Blenheim, Ramilies, and Malplaquet. Accordingly, Nurse Poirine's song soon reached Paris, and then spread all over France; and for four or five years after, you could hear nothing (supposing you were then alive, which I believe was not the case, Anthony) than the refrain of "*Mironton, mironton, mirontaine*!" sung with great bravery. So satisfactory, in truth, was this posthumous victory over the great general, that the French ladies had the song printed on fans and fire-screens, with illustrations of the duke's burial, the duchess on her tower, and the page in mourning. *Malbrook*, as you know, is the corruption of the duke's title,

"For fame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;
France could not even conquer your great name,
But pruned it down to this facetious phrase,
Beating or beaten she will laugh the same."

And now I will give you the song in its integrity, and you can judge of it for yourself.

MORT ET CONVOI DE L'INVINCIBLE
MALBROOK.

I.

Malbrook s'en va-t en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.
Ne sait quand reviendra,
Ne sait quand reviendra;
Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

II.

Il reviendra z'à Pâques,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Il reviendra z'à Pâques
Ou à la Trinité,
Ou à la Trinité.

&c., &c.

III.

La Trinité se passe,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
La Trinité se passe,
Malbrook ne revient pas,
Malbrook ne revient pas.

&c., &c.

Madame à sa tour monte,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'elle peut monter,
Si haut qu'elle peut monter.

&c., &c.

Elle aperçoit son page,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Elle aperçoit son page,
Tout de noir habillé,
Tout de noir habillé.

&c., &c.

Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
Quelle nouvelle apportez?
Quelle nouvelle apportez?

&c., &c.

VII.

Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.

&c., &c.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE IN-
VINCIBLE MALBROUGH.

I.

Malbrough's gone to the war, Sir—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
Nobody knows, by gar, Sir,
When he'll be back again,
When he'll be back again,
When he'll be back again,
Nobody knows, by gar, Sir,
When he'll be back again.

II.

He'll come back again at Easter—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
He'll come back again at Easter,
Or at Trinity, I ween,
Or at Trinity, I ween,
Or at Trinity, I ween,
He'll come back again at Easter,
Or at Trinity, I ween.

III.

But Trinity has passed by—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
But Trinity has passed by,
And he's not come back again,
He's not come back again,
He's not come back again,
But Trinity is passed by,
And he's not come back again.

My lady she mounted her tower—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
My lady she mounted her tower,
As high as she could attain,
As high as she could attain,
As high as she could attain,
My lady she mounted her tower,
As high as she could attain.

She spied his page a-riding—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
She spied his page a-riding
In black along the plain,
In black along the plain,
In black along the plain,
She spied his page a-riding
In black along the plain.

VI.

"My pretty page, what tidings?—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
My pretty page, your tidings?
To hear them I am fain,
To hear them I am fain,
To hear them I am fain,
My pretty page, your tidings?
To hear them I am fain."

VII.

"The news I bring, my lady—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
The news I bring, my lady,
Will make your eyes to rain,
Will make your eyes to rain,
Will make your eyes to rain,
The news I bring, my lady,
Will make your eyes to rain.

VIII.

Quittez vos habits roses,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;
Quittez vos habits roses
Et vos satins brochés,
Et vos satins brochés.
 &c., &c.

IX.

Monsieur d'Malbrook est mort.
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;
Monsieur d'Malbrook est mort,
Est mort et enterré!
Est mort et enterré!
 &c., &c.

J'ai vu porter en terre,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;
J'ai vu porter en terre,
Par quatre z'officiers,
Par quatre z'officiers.
 &c., &c.

L'un portait sa cuirasse,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;
L'un portait sa cuirasse,
L'autre son bouclier,
L'autre son bouclier.
 &c., &c.

L'un portait son grand sabre,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;
L'un portait son grand sabre,
L'autre ne portait rien,
L'autre ne portait rien.
 &c., &c.

XIII.

A l'entour de sa tombe,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;
A l'entour de sa tombe,
Romarins l'on planta,
Romarins l'on planta.
 &c., &c.

XIV.

Sur la plus haute branche,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;
Sur la plus haute branche,
Le rossignol chanta,
Le rossignol chanta.
 &c., &c.

VIII.

"Put off your rosy garments—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—
Put off your rosy garments,
And eke your satin train,
And eke your satin train,
And eke your satin train,
Put off your rosy garments,
And eke your satin train.

"My lord of Marlborough's dead, ma'am—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—
My lord of Marlborough's dead, ma'am,
And in the grave is lain,
And in the grave is lain,
And in the grave is lain,
My lord of Marlborough's dead, ma'am,
And in the grave is lain.

"I saw him to the grave borne—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—
I saw him to the grave borne
By four of his gentlemen,
By four of his gentlemen,
By four of his gentlemen,
I saw him to the grave borne
By four of his gentlemen.

"One gentleman bore his cuirass—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—
One bore his cuirass, another
His buckler did retain,
His buckler did retain,
His buckler did retain,
One bore his cuirass, another
His buckler did retain.

"The third his big sword carried—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—
The third his big sword carried,
The fourth bore—nothing, I ween,
The fourth bore—nothing, I ween,
The fourth bore—nothing, I ween,
The third his big sword carried,
The fourth bore—nothing, I ween.

XIII.

"Around his tomb they planted—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—
The rosemaries they planted
Around his tomb to train,
Around his tomb to train,
Around his tomb to train,
The rosemaries they planted,
Around his tomb to train.

XIV.

"Upon the topmost branches—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—
Upon the topmost branches
We heard a nightingale's strain,
We heard a nightingale's strain,
We heard a nightingale's strain,
Upon the topmost branches
We heard a nightingale's strain.

XV.

On vit voler son âme,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
On vit voler son âme,
Au travers des lauriers,
Au travers des lauriers.
 &c., &c.

XVI.

Chacun mit ventre à terre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Chacun mit ventre à terre
Et puis se releva,
Et puis se releva.
 &c., &c.

XVII.

Pour chanter les victoires,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine
Pour chanter les victoires,
Que Malbrough remporta,
Que Malbrough remporta.
 &c., &c.

XVIII.

La cérémonie faite,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
La cérémonie faite,
Chacun s'en fut coucher,
Chacun s'en fut coucher.
 &c., &c.

XIX.

Les uns avec leurs femmes,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Les uns avec leurs femmes,
Et les autres tous seuls,
Et les autres tous seuls.
 &c., &c.

Ce n'est pas qu'il en manque,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Ce n'est pas qu'il en manque,
Car j'en connais beaucoup,
Car j'en connais beaucoup.
 &c., &c.

XXI.

Des blanches et des brunes,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Des blondes et des brunes,
Et des châtaign's aussi,
Et des châtaign's aussi.
 &c., &c.

" We saw his soul fly upwards—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
Fly up through the laurel branches,
The heavens to attain,
The heavens to attain,
The heavens to attain,
We saw his soul fly upwards,
The heavens to attain.

XXI.

" Each man down on the earth fell—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
Each man down on the earth fell,
And then—got up again,
And then—got up again,
And then—got up again,
Each man down on the earth fell,
And then—got up again.

XXII.

" To sing the mighty triumphs—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
To sing the mighty triumphs
That Malbrough did attain,
That Malbrough did attain,
That Malbrough did attain ;
To sing the mighty triumphs
That Malbrough did attain.

XXIII.

" The ceremony ended—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
The ceremony ended,
Each man his bed did gain,
Each man his bed did gain,
Each man his bed did gain,
The ceremony ended,
Each man his bed did gain.

XXIV.

" Some with their wives to bed went—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
Some with their wives to bed went,
Some did alone remain,
Some did alone remain,
Some did alone remain,
Some with their wives to bed went,
Some did alone remain.

XXV.

" But not for lack of ladies—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
But not for lack of ladies,
In faith I will maintain,
In faith I will maintain,
In faith I will maintain,
But not for lack of ladies,
In faith I will maintain.

XXVI.

" Of white ones or of dark ones—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—
Of white ones or of dark ones,
Or yet of brown again,
Or yet of brown again,
Or yet of brown again,
Of white ones or of dark ones,
Or yet of brown again.

XXII.

J'n'en dis pas davantage,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine
J'n'en dis pas davantage,
Car en voilà z'assez,
Car en voilà z'assez.
 &c. &c.

XXII.

"So now no more I'll tell you—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine.
So now no more I'll tell you,
For no more doth remain,
For no more doth remain,
For no more doth remain,
So now no more I'll tell you,
For no more doth remain."

After all, there is something irresistibly serio-comic in these details, and an Englishman can afford to laugh at the little domestic arrangements with which the valiant soldiers are described as solacing themselves, after performing the last rites of sepulture, and singing the praises of Malbrook. This song has an additional interest, from the fact that it was a great favourite with Napoleon; and it is said that, when mounting his horse to go to battle, he was in the habit of humming "*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*." But he sang it in no spirit of mean disparagement. The soul of the great captain knew too well how to honour and appreciate a kindred spirit. Talking, a short time before his death, with the Count de las Casas, the conversation happened to turn on Marlborough, of whom he spoke in terms of eulogy and respect; and then, remembering his favourite chanson, he smiled, and said "*Voilà pourtant ce que c'est que le ridicule; il stigmatise tout jusqu'à la victoire*;" upon which he hummed the first couplet for the last time in his life.

The amatory songs of the French are beyond all number, and their character and merits take an equally wide range. Some of them are sportive, fluent, and graceful; while others, and they comprise a very large average, are mediocre enough, and often too licentious for our better tastes, but what can you expect when one year brings forth a hundred thousand songs. Here is a little ballad, which is in great estimation amongst the Parisians; though I cannot say it is faultless, still it is thoroughly French. The air is a sweet one, and said to have been composed by Lulli; and it has gained additional celebrity in consequence of the charming variations written to it by Boyeldieu.

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.

I.

Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot.
Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu.
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

"By the light of the moon,
Pierrot, gossip mine,
Pray lend me your pen
To write just one line;
My candle's gone out,
My fire I've no more,
For the dear love of God
Then open your door."

Au clair de la lune,
Pierrot répondit:
Je n'ai pas de plume,
Je suis dans mon lit.
Va chez la voisine,
Je crois qu'elle y est,
Car dans sa cuisine,
On bat le briquet.

II.
By the light of the moon,
Gossip Pierrot said,
"I've not got a pen,
And I'm gone to my bed;
Go ask of my neighbour,
She's in, if I'm right,
There's a noise in her kitchen
Like striking a light."

III.

Au clair de la lune,
L'aimable Lubin
Frappe chez la brune;
Elle répond soudain:
Qui frappe de la sorte?
Il dit à son tour:
Ouvrez votre porte,
Pour le dieu d'amour.

By the light of the moon
I saw Lubin retreat,
Till he knocked at the door
Of the little brunette;
"Who's knocking so late?"
She cried, "Do give o'er;"
"For the dear God of Love,"
He sighed, "Open your door."

IV.

Au clair de la lune,
On n'y voit qu'un peu.
On chercha la plume,
On chercha du feu.
En cherchant d'la sorte,
Je n'sais c' qu'on trouva :
Mais j' sais que la porte
Sur eux se ferma.

By the light of the moon,
It was not very bright,
They searched for the pen
And they groped for the light ;
But somehow, while groping,
'Tis true I declare,
The door of the chamber
Was closed on the pair.

Now, Anthony, I will give you a song with a moral in it, as I think I you protest that there is very little of that sort of thing in "Au clair de la lune." This has, in my opinion, grace, sprightliness, and point in it, and smacks of the style of our own unrivalled lyrist. Alas! who shall touch his lyre when the hand of the master is cold in the grave!

VOYAGE DE L'AMOUR ET DU TEMPS.

I.

A voyager passant sa vie,
Certain vieillard nommé le Temps,
Près d'un fleuve arrive et s'écrie ;
Ayez pitié de mes vieux ans.
Eh quoi ! sur ces bords on m'oublie,
Moi qui compte tous les instants ;
Mes bons amis, je vous supplie,
Venez, venez passer le Temps. (*bis.*)

De l'autre côté, sur la plage,
Plus d'une fille regardait,
Voulant aider à son passage,
Sur un bateau qu'Amour guidait.
Mais une d'elles, bien plus sage,
Leur répétait ces mots prudents :
Bien souvent on a fait naufrage,
En cherchant à passer le Temps. (*bis.*)

L'Amour gaiment pousse au rivage,
Il aborde tout près du Temps ;
Il lui propose le voyage,
L'embarque et s'abandonne aux vœux.
Agitant ses rames légères,
Il dit et redit dans ses chants :
Vous voyez bien, jeunes bergères,
Que l'Amour fait passer le Temps. (*bis.*)

Mais tout à coup, l'Amour se lasse ;
Ce fut là toujours son défaut.
Le Temps prit la rame à sa place,
Et lui dit : Quel! céder si tôt !
Pauvre enfant, quelle est ta faiblesse ?
Tu dors, et je chante à mon tour,
Ce beau refrain de la vieillesse :
Ah ! le Temps fait passer l'Amour. (*bis.*)

LOVE AND TIME.

I.

Old Time one day, while on his way,
In journeying through the world for ever,
Was stopped beside a barrier wide—
A deep and swiftly rolling river.
And while he stood beside the flood,
He cried "Alas! will none come nigh me ;
Upon this spot I'm quite forgot,
While precious moments lost fly by me.
Dear young friends! will none, alas!
Give a hand to make Time pass."

II.

Thus while he cried across the tide,
Some fair girls longed, his accents hearing,
To aid him o'er the stream to shore,
In a light skiff that Love was steering.
But one young maid now shook her head,
The sagest she of the collection ;
And while her hand restrained the band,
Her wise lips uttered this reflection—
"Full often have young maids, alas!
Been wrecked in helping Time to pass."

Love seized his oar, and for the shore,
Across the stream he's gaily straining,
And soon his boat is seen to float
Close to where Old Time stands complaining.
And bravely now Love turns the prow
To pass Old Time across the river ;
He spreads his sail to catch the gale,
And to his arms the thin oars quiver.
And as he cleaves the sunny waves,
His light skiff o'er the waters dauncing ;
With joyous song he speeds along,
And thus he chaunts, while still advancing,
"Mark you well, each lad and lass,
Love alone can make Time pass."

IV.

But Young Love's strength gives way at length,
To shrink from toil is aye his failing ;
Time takes his place and pulls apace,
And cries "Poor child, your tired and ailing.
Lie down and sleep, the oars I'll sweep,
And in my turn I'll sing a measure,
Both true and sage—the song of age—
Though youth ne'er hears such strains
With pleasure.

"Be wise and learn, each lad and lass,
Love will surely make Love pass."

So much for love songs. And now in conclusion you shall have something that is an over-true picture of the life of many a young Parisian—gay, poor, and reckless—taking the world as it comes; to-day sipping his *café au lait*, and singing his song amongst the “*Enfants de Caveau*,” or at the “*Société des Lapins*,” or “*des Oiseaux* ;” to-morrow shooting an archbishop from behind the barricades, or dancing in midnight orgies in the Luxembourg or the Louvre. The verses are good, and such as Beranger might own to without a blush, though they are not his.

LE MENAGE DE GARÇON.

Je loge au quatrième étage,
C'est là que finit l'escalier ;
Je suis ma femme de ménage,
Mon domestique et mon portier.
Des créanciers, quand la cohorte,
Au logis sonne à tour de bras,
C'est toujours, en ouvrant ma porte,
Moi qui dis que je n'y suis pas.

De tous mes meubles l'inventaire
Tiendrait un carré de papier ;
Pourtant je reçois d'ordinaire
Des visites dans mon grenier.
Je mets les gens fort à leur aise ;
A la porte un bavard maudit,
Tous mes amis sur une chaise,
Et ma maîtresse sur mon lit.

Vers ma demeure quand tu marches,
Jeune beauté, va doucement ;
Crois-moi, quatre-vingt-dix-huit marches
Ne se montent pas lestement.
Lorsque l'on arrive à mon gîte,
On se sent un certain émoi ;
Jamais sans que son cœur palpite,
Une femme n'entre chez moi.

Gourmands, vous voulez, j'imagine,
De moi, pour faire certain cas,
Avoir l'état de ma cuisine.
Sachez que je fais trois repas :
Le déjeuner m'est très facile,
De tous côtés je le reçois ;
Je ne dine jamais qu'en ville,
Et ne soupe jamais chez moi.

Je suis riche, et j'ai pour campagne
Tous les environs de Paris ;
J'ai mille châteaux en Espagne ;
J'ai pour fermiers tous mes amis.
J'ai, pour faire le petit-maitre,
Sur la place un cabriolet ;
J'ai mon jardin sur ma fenêtre,
Et mes rentes dans mon gilet.

Je vois plus d'un millionnaire
Sur moi s'égarer aujourd'hui :
Dans ma richesse imaginative,
Je suis aussi riche que lui.
Je ne vis qu'au jour la journée,
Lui vante ses deniers comptants ;
Et puis, à la fin de l'année
Nous arrivons en même temps.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

Up “four-pair stairs back,” is my room—
The parlour that's next to the sky—
My own valet, and porter, and groom,
And housekeeper also am I.
When my creditors come by the score,
All clamouring and making a din,
Myself for myself open the door,
To announce that I am not within.

My furniture's scant—I believe
You could write on your hand the whole list ;
Yet visits each day I receive
In my garret as well as the best.
I put folks at their ease without care,
To the door every blabber I lead ;
All my friends I seat on my one chair,
And my sweet-heart I place on my bed.

Sweet girl, when you mount to my den,
Take it easy and slow I entreat ;
Believe me four score and eighteen
Steps are not to be scampered up fleet.
For when you've arrived at my lair,
You'll find yourself flurried and blown,
And no woman somehow enters there
Whose heart does not flutter, I own.

Now ye gourmands, you're longing to know
All about my cuisine I opine,
For ye class every man, high or low,
By the manner in which he can dine.
Be it known, I take three meals a day,
I've my breakfast wherever I roam ;
I dine always in town—'tis my way—
And I never take supper at home.

I am rich ; I've a noble demeane—
The outlets of Paris all round ;
I've a thousand chateaus—they're in Spain,
And my friends farm my houses and ground.
Whenever I'd fain cut a dash,
I have always my cab—on the stand ;
My garden comes close to my saah,
And my rent's in my sob—safe at hand.

I see many a millionaire smile
At my poverty, proud of his pelf ;
In my wealth, though but fancied the while,
I think I'm as rich as himself.
For we, I ne'er look past to-day,
He counts wealth brought from every clime ;
But we find, when the year's passed away,
That we both reach its end the same time.

Un grand homme a dit dans son livre,
Que tout est bien, il m'en souvient.
Tranquillement laissons-nous vivre,
Et prenons le temps comme il vient.
Si, pour recréer ce bas monde,
Dieu nous consultait aujourd'hui.
Convenons-en tous à la ronde,
Nous ne ferions pas mieux que lui.

All is good, as some wise writer says,
And oft to my mind it comes home—
Let us tranquilly live all our days,
And just take time and things as they come.
In re-making this world here below,
To consult us should God condescend,
We'd be forced to agree, I well know,
We could make it no better in th' end.

Now, dear Anthony, there is philosophy as well as fun in this ballad, and it is a Frenchman's view of life thoroughly; he will go singing through the world as long as he has a sous in his pocket; and while he has a song and his *eau sucrée* you cannot utterly break his spirit. As one of their own writers has said—

“Quand on chante, si l'on n'est pas heureux on croit l'être, et c'est beaucoup.”

Let us, too, do them justice. If they can all sing, a great many of them can do more. In all the arts and sciences that civilize life and advance humanity, they hold places as high as any other. They are polite, hospitable, and good-natured—agreeable companions, and by no means bad friends. And I would now part with them in all amity, with the sincere hope that the day is not far distant when they shall enjoy the blessings of a stable constitution, a rational liberty, and a fraternization that will aim at something more fraternal than cutting each other's throats.

Ever your's, dear Anthony,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

SECOND SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT OF MM. BARRAL AND BIXIO.

HAVING given in our last number a brief notice of the scientific aerial voyage made by MM. Barral and Bixio from the garden of the Observatory of Paris, and commented on the circumstances which rendered it abortive, and well nigh brought a serious disaster on these enterprising savans, some account of another attempt, with a like object, since made by the same individuals, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

In our last number we showed the extreme imprudence committed in venturing to traverse the upper regions of the air without that experience in the management of an agent of transport so peculiar, which would have given some guarantee for their safety.

The balloon selected for that occasion, if the word selected can be properly used, was a worn-out, threadbare vehicle, having scarcely strength enough to hold itself together; the consequence of which was, that when it rose into the more rarified strata, it burst in two places, letting the voy-

agers fall to the earth with a frightful rapidity. Nothing could have saved them but the most admirable self-possession and courage.

Two mistakes committed on that occasion were forcibly pointed out by all who heard and read the narrative of their expedition—first, that of venturing in a frail and inefficient vehicle; and secondly, that of refusing to be accompanied by a practised aeronaut.

It will scarcely be credited, after the disaster which they had so narrowly escaped, that they should again repeat both these errors.

On the present occasion they actually selected the very same worn-out, threadbare, frail vehicle, and chose the same individual to superintend its preparation and inflation. The result, as will be seen, was pretty nearly what might have been expected; and, although the present voyage was not quite so abortive as the last, the adventurous voyagers failed to realise their programme, and encountered the same incident.

It is understood that overtures were

made to one or more of the persons who have recently been engaged in making balloon ascents in Paris as a spectacle. It so happened that there was an unusual choice of those persons, as within the last few weeks three or four balloons per week ascended from different places in and near the French metropolis. The aeronauts who were applied to, however, declined the proposition, unless they were allowed to accompany the savans in person. These conditions being refused, MM. Barral and Bixio were thrown back upon M. Dupuis-Delcourt, who supplied the balloon and superintended it on the former occasion. It was agreed that this balloon should be patched and re-fitted, and that, to give it greater buoyancy, instead of inflating it with the common carburetted hydrogen fabricated by the gas companies, pure hydrogen gas should be made on the spot for it.

All the necessary preparations being made, it was resolved that the ascent should take place on the morning of Friday, the 20th ult.: but the weather proving unfavourable, the ascent was postponed to the next day. The balloon had been taken to the Observatory, however, and the necessary apparatus for the production of pure hydrogen gas established in the garden.

On the morning of Saturday, the 27th, the sun rose in unclouded splendour, and everything portended favourably for the day. Orders were immediately given for the inflation, which was accordingly commenced at 6 A.M., but was not completed until 1 P.M.

In the meanwhile, however, the firmament became overcast with a dense pluviose cloud, and rain fell in torrents. Everything indicated a tempestuous afternoon. Under these circumstances, grave doubts were raised as to whether the ascent should take place; but to this the intrepid and adventurous savans responded, that so far from seeing in the atmospheric condition causes for the postponement of the intended measure, they discovered more reasons than ever for its prosecution. What was the object of the project? Was it not to penetrate into the region of the clouds, and to obtain a close view of the stupendous apparatus in which the tempest and the tornado, the thunder, the lightning, and the rain, are elaborated; to dis-

cover the pencil with which the rainbow is painted, and the torch with which the meteor is lighted; and if there were grounds for hoping that circumstances might arise which would not only place them in the midst of the theatre of this vast machinery, but that they might have the good fortune to witness it actually at work, to catch, so to speak, nature in the fact, *flagranti delicto*, was not this to be regarded as a still stronger incentive to the execution of their design rather than a reason for its postponement?

These considerations prevailed, and in spite of the state of the heavens the ascent was resolved on.

To the inferior orifice of the balloon was attached a cylindrical sleeve of silk, about thirty feet in length, which was left open to let the gas freely escape during the ascent, so as to prevent, as was supposed, the balloon from being ruptured by any failure of the valve.

The car was suspended at about thirteen feet below the end of this sleeve, and consequently about forty-three feet below the balloon.

The instruments were suspended round an iron ring, which was attached to the usual wooden hoop to which the car is attached. The form of this iron ring was such that the instruments were placed in the most convenient position for the observers.

These instruments were as follows:

First.—Two siphon barometers, graduated on the tubes, in which the superior maniscus was only to be observed, the position of the inferior maniscus being given by a table constructed from direct observations made in the Laboratory. To each of these barometers a centigrade thermometer was attached.

Secondly.—Three thermometers, to which arbitrary scales were attached, the signification of the numbers of which were known only to M. Regnault, who constructed them. These were fixed to a metallic plate at a distance of about two inches asunder. The tube of the first was, as usual, left clean; that of the second was blackened with smoke; and that of the third was covered with a cylinder of polished silver, which also covered a portion of the tube. The bulbs of all these were cylinders, whose diameters were small compared with their length. Immediately below the reservoirs on the

metallic plate was a silver plate, highly polished.

These thermometers were so disposed upon one side of the car as to remain continually under the action of solar radiation.

Thirdly—A vertical thermometer, furnished also with an arbitrary scale, the cylindrical reservoir of which was enclosed by several concentric cylinders of polished tin, having spaces between them, and open at their bases to allow the free circulation of the air. This instrument was intended to show, at least approximately, the temperature in the shade.

Fourthly—A psychrometer, formed by two thermometers, with an arbitrary scale.

Fifthly—A condensing hygrometer of M. Regnault.

Sixthly—Tubes of caustic potash, and pumice-stone, impregnated with sulphuric acid, for measuring the quantity of carbonic acid in the air. The quantity of air to be transmitted through these was determined by a pump of known capacity.

Seventhly—Two flasks of known capacity, furnished with stop-cocks, in steel, and intended to collect the air in the higher regions. These flasks were fixed in tin boxes, and had been completely exhausted before the ascent.

Eighthly—A self-registering thermometer, to show the minimum temperature, constructed by M. Walferden. These thermometers, graduated by M. Walferden himself, were enclosed in tin cases, pierced with holes, so as to be inaccessible to, though visible by, the observers.

Ninthly—An apparatus prepared by M. Regnault, intended to indicate the maximum elevation to which the balloon should arrive.

This apparatus was also included in a tin case pierced with holes, and inaccessible to the observers.

Tenthly—A polariscope prepared by M. Arago.

The instruments had all been constructed by M. Fastré, under the direction of M. Regnault, and the division of the scales upon them was made in the Laboratory of the College of France, the signification of the numbers being only known to M. Regnault. This precaution was adopted in order that the supposition of any preoccupation of the observers, which

might affect the results of the observations, might be set aside.

The principal points to which the attention of the observers was intended to be directed were the following:—

I. The law according to which the atmospheric temperature diminishes as the height increases.

II. The influence of solar radiation in the different regions of the atmosphere, deduced from observations made upon thermometers whose surfaces were endued with very different absorbing powers.

III. The determination of the hygrometric state of the air in different atmospheric strata, and the comparison of the indication of the psychrometer with the dew-point at very low temperatures.

IV. The analysis of the atmospheric air at different heights.

V. The determination of the quantity of carbonic acid suspended in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

VI. The examination of the polarisation of light upon the clouds.

VII. The observation of any optical phenomena which should present themselves in the clouds.

It is well-known, that when, through the opportunities afforded by mining operations, the temperature of the lower strata of the globe is observed, it is found to augment according to a certain law, and that the result of this observation led to the conclusion that, at such rate of increase of temperature, the nucleus or centre of the globe must be inferred to be in a state of fusion. How much interest, therefore, would attach to the analogous inquiry as to the gradual decline of temperature in rising in the atmosphere! Not only should we discover the law of the decrease of temperature, which begins with the centre of the globe and is continued to the surface, but we might ultimately obtain data by which the limit of the temperature might be ascertained, which would be arrived at could we rise to the superior surface of the atmosphere; and we should thus possess that desideratum in science which has been the object of so much speculation—the temperature of the medium in which the celestial bodies move.

It may therefore be conceived how much interest these considerations gave to the proposed observations on the decrease of temperature in ascending.

At three minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 27th ult., the two observers having taken their places in the car in the garden of the Observatory, the cords were disengaged and the ascent commenced. A strong wind blowing from the west, the balloon was carried obliquely, and the car caught in a tree, by which the movement was stopped for a moment. One of the barometers and the thermometer with the blackened bulb, were here broken.

This incident, however, was quickly terminated by the discharge of ballast,

upon which the balloon disengaged itself and rose.

The ascent was at first slow, and directed towards the east, but upon throwing out ballast it became more rapid.

In the following table is given the series of observations of the barometer and thermometer, and the heights collected from them, as taken during the ascent and descent, from the time the balloon quitted the ground of the Observatory to the moment of its return to the earth:—

OBSERVATIONS OF M. M. BARRAL AND HIXIO TABULATED AND REDUCED.

Number of Observations.	Time.		Time from Commencement of Ascent.		Barometer.	Thermometer.	Height.
	H.	M.	H.	M.	Inches.	Fahr.	Feet.
I.	4	...	3	0	...	0	...
II.	4	...	6	0	...	3	2483
III.	4	...	8	0	...	5	3280
IV.	4	...	9.5	0	...	6.5	4081
V.	4	...	11	0	...	8	4866
VI.	4	...	13	0	...	10	5664
VII.	4	...	15	0	...	12	6422
VIII.	4	...	20	0	...	17	1236.6
IX.	—	—	—	—	—	—	16802
X.	—	—	—	—	—	—	18010
XI.	4	...	25	0	...	22	19393
XII.	4	...	45	0	...	42	19364
XIII.	4	...	50	0	...	47	20768
XIV.	5	...	2	0	...	59	21366
XV.	5	...	7	1	...	4	23028
XVI.	5	...	10	1	...	7	14770
XVII.	5	...	12	1	...	9	12100
XVIII.	5	...	14	1	...	11	9173
XIX.	5	...	16	1	...	13	8646
XX.	5	...	30	1	...	27	7169
					touched ground	—	6478
							5601

Soon after the balloon rose from the ground, the observers found themselves surrounded by a thin mist, which did not, however, prevent them from seeing the earth. At the moment of the fifth observation, they observed detached clouds floating beneath them, but not thick enough to prevent them from seeing the city of Paris.

At the moment of the sixth observation, they were completely enveloped in the cloud, and ceased to see the earth. The cloud here had the appearance of a common dense fog upon the earth.

The ascent became evidently slow

at the moment of the eighth observation; and at the tenth observation ceased altogether, the balloon rising and falling alternately between the heights of 1,800 and 1,900 feet.

At the commencement of the ascent, the balloon was imperfectly filled, a large space being allowed for the expansion the gas would necessarily undergo in rising to a great elevation. The device provided for the escape of the gas, already described, remained quite flat, by the action of the atmospheric pressure upon it, so that, although no valve was placed in it, the gas was completely shut into the balloon.

At the moment of the tenth observation, however, when the balloon became stationary, the gas had not only expanded so as completely to fill the balloon, but had also distended the sleeve, and was seen issuing from the inferior orifice like a stream of whitish smoke, and its odour was distinctly perceptible. But it quickly appeared that this was not the only orifice from which the gas escaped. This unfortunate balloon encountered another accident similar to that which happened on the former ascent; and the voyagers observed, not without some anxiety, that a rent, about four feet in length, had taken place in the lower part, from which the gas was escaping.

It might well be supposed that, in the face of such an incident, M. M. Barral and Bixio would have descended. This, however, was not the case. On the contrary, finding that their voyage must necessarily be abridged, and resolving to profit as far as possible by it, they, immediately on the discovery of the incident just mentioned, threw out a quantity of ballast, and the balloon, thus lightened, recovered its buoyancy, and spite of the escape of gas, again ascended.

At this time they seemed to be approaching near the superior limit of the cloud through which they had been passing, for the disk of the sun became imperfectly visible.

At twenty-five minutes past four, the moment of the eleventh observation, being twenty-two minutes after the time they started, they attained another station, where the barometer again oscillated, showing that the ascending motion ceased. They were between the heights of 19,400 and 20,700 feet.

During the last five minutes the cold was extreme, and they found themselves involved in a cloud of icicles, consisting of spicula having the form of hexagonal prisms, with rectangular ends. These needles accumulated in immense quantities in the folds of their clothing, and covered the paper of their memorandum-books. It was remarked that their accumulation only took place when the balloon ascended. When it was stationary, the deposition of icicles was inconsiderable; and when, for a moment, in its oscillation, it had descended, there was no deposition.

From these circumstances the observers inferred that the icicles composing the cloud round them were in a state of equilibrium. If they had been falling, they would have been deposited when the balloon was stationary, and even when it descended, provided the fall of the icicles were more rapid than that of the balloon.

It was observed that these spicula, in falling on their memorandum-books, produced a sort of crepitation. At this moment observations were made on the thermometers provided for showing the effects of radiation, or rather, upon the only two of these thermometers which remained, that which had the blackened reservoir having been broken. The thermometer having the clean glass reservoir then showed the temperature at $23^{\circ} 5'$; and that which was covered with a silvered envelope showed the temperature at $15^{\circ} 8'$.

More ballast was then cast out, and a further ascent effected, when a remarkable and most interesting phenomenon presented itself. They were evidently approaching the upper strata of the mass of clouds through which they had ascended, for the sun, hitherto invisible, now appeared like a disk of dead silver, such as it is sometimes seen through a thin cloud in winter. On turning their view downwards, they were somewhat startled by the appearance of *another sun*, of nearly equal brilliancy, which was placed in the same vertical plane with the real sun; but just as much below a horizontal plane passing through the car, as the real sun was above it. In short, this *phantom sun* appeared exactly as an image of the sun would have done, reflected from a vast mirror spread under the car of the balloon.

This phenomenon, combined with what has been just before described as to the *prismatic* form of the icy spicula, furnished at once an explanation of the hypotheses advanced by Marriotte, Babinet, Bravais, and others, to explain parhelia, paraselene, and other optical appearances presented by the clouds. It was evident that the phantom sun which presented itself below them was nothing but the reflection of the real sun on the upper ends of the prismatic spicula.

These prisms assumed a polar arrangement, their lengths or axes being all vertical, and, consequently, their

upper ends horizontal. These ends being intensely polished, formed by their combination a vast mirror, from which the image of the sun was reflected.

The explanation of parhelia supplied by the supposition of such icy prisms in a cloud, was founded upon the principle that the reflection takes place, not from their *ends*, but from their *sides*. It was assumed that the rays from the sun incident upon the sides of such prisms, were reflected to the eye of the observer, and produced an image of the sun in a position determined by the relative position of the sun, the cloud, and the observer. The difference, therefore, between the phenomenon presented to the observers in the balloon, and that exhibited to the observers on the earth, arose from the fact, that the reflection took place in one case from the horizontal ends of the crystals, and in the other from their vertical sides. In the one case, the sun and its image were in directions forming equal angles above and below a horizontal plane passing through the observer; in the other, the sun and its image were both in the heavens, but one before and the other behind the observer.

This spectacle continued to be observed for more than ten minutes, and was again observed in the same position in their descent.

It was now thirty-two minutes past four, the thermometer showing nine and a-half degrees below the freezing point. They were rapidly approaching the superior limit of the cloud, an opening being apparent through which they perceived the azure of the heavens.

Polariscopic observations were made, which gave results similar to those obtained in the last ascent, showing that the light transmitted, as well as that reflected by the clouds, was completely unpolarised; while on the contrary, the light proceeding from the clear blue firmament was strongly polarised.

Ballast was again thrown out, and a further ascent effected. At forty-five minutes past four, the moment of the twelfth observation, they reached the height of 21,366 feet, the thermometer showing the temperature at thirty-one degrees below Zero, and therefore sixty-three degrees below the freezing point.

Here they attained another station,

the descent of the barometer being again suspended.

Disregarding the danger which must inevitably ensue from the escape of gas by the rupture of the balloon, they made another effort to attain an increased elevation, throwing out all the ballast except one or two sand-bags, which were reserved as necessary to break their fall on reaching the earth. In fine, at the moment of the thirteenth observation, being ten minutes before five o'clock, they had risen to 23,000 feet, the greatest elevation they were destined to attain.

The thermometers at this moment ceased to give indications, the mercury falling in nearly all of them into the bulbs. They had not been graduated for the purpose of showing a temperature so low, and it was inferred that at this moment the temperature could not have been more than one degree above the freezing-point of mercury.

The hands and feet of the voyagers were benumbed by this intense cold, but no other inconvenience ensued; respiration was perfectly free, and there were neither pains in the ears nor bleeding at the nose. There was, therefore, no physiological indication of having approached that limit at which the vital functions might not continue uninterrupted.

This experiment, therefore, supplies no data from which we can infer what the obstacles may be which will limit the future range of observers in the atmosphere. What will impose a limit on their ascent? Will it be the intensity of the cold or the absence of the pressure of the air which will arrest the functions? Will it be the balloon which will cease to have buoyancy or the observer who will be incapable of accompanying it? Of these questions we have at present no certain solution.

On arriving at this height only eight pounds of ballast remained, which it was judged prudent to preserve for the purpose of breaking their fall on approaching the ground. They hoped, however, to be able to remain some time at this great elevation to extend their observations; but although they closed the sleeve to check the escape of the gas, the rush from the rupture already mentioned was so considerable that the balloon began almost immediately to descend.

The elevation which was attained was very nearly the same as that which

had been formerly attained by M. Gay-Lussac, in his celebrated scientific ascent, and with that exception was the highest to which a human observer has ever reached.

One of the circumstances most remarkable attending the present ascent was, that the cold was manifested not gradually but suddenly, and that, within the last two thousand feet of the ascent, the law by which the fall of temperature was regulated, was suddenly disturbed at the moment that the observers were plunged into the atmosphere of icicles which the cloud transported with it.

Thus we find in the preceding table that at the moment of the eleventh observation, when their height was nearly 21,000 feet, the temperature was 13°, being nineteen degrees below the freezing point, while at the height of 21,366 feet the temperature fell to 31° below Zero, and a further fall to 38° below Zero took place in the next 1600 feet. It is certain that this rigorous cold is not an essential condition of the height to which the observers had ascended, since when Gay-Lussac rose to the same height, the thermometer fell to only 15°. So great a difference as 53° between the two observations shows the great effect produced by the icy cloud which in the present case covered the firmament.

We have stated that the balloon entered this cloud at the elevation of 6,500 feet, and that it had not quite reached its upper surface at the height of 23,000 feet. It follows, therefore, that the thickness of that cloud must have been more than 16,500 feet, or upwards of three miles.

It was within two minutes of five o'clock when the balloon, having floated for some minutes at its greatest elevation, began rapidly to fall. The rent in the lower part, already mentioned, had augmented, and gas escaped in great quantities.

Having passed through the cloud with great rapidity, the descent becoming dangerous, all the disposable articles of any weight, except the instruments of observation themselves, and the last bags of ballast were thrown out; the blankets, the fur-boots, the provisions, wine, &c., were all flung overboard to moderate the descent. The danger of their situation did not, however, prevent the savans from com-

pleting their observations, and disposing of the instruments so as to protect them from fracture when the balloon should strike the earth.

When they emerged from the lower surface of the cloud, and saw the earth obscurely beneath them through the mist which prevailed, they threw out an anchor, suspended from a very long cord, so that it must touch the ground when the balloon would be still at a considerable elevation. They became sensible of the moment that this took place by the check given to the descent, the effect being the same as if as much ballast had been thrown over as is equal to the weight of the anchor. When their descent was again manifested, they threw out the last bags of sand. Meanwhile the wind carried the balloon parallel to the ground at a considerable speed. The anchor sweeping along the ground, at length caught in the roof of a cottage, forming part of a hamlet, and brought the balloon to rest. It happened, however, unfortunately, that a labourer employed in mending the roads being near, and imagining that the aeronauts did not desire to descend, deliberately cut the cable to which the anchor was attached, and sent the balloon again upwards to a height of two or three hundred feet. It soon, however, descended, and the cord from which the anchor had been cut swept the ground. Some peasants who were employed at the place seized the cord and brought the aerostat to rest. Finally the disembarkment was effected without further accident either to the aeronauts or the instruments.

We have stated that among the instruments taken up in the car were two flasks for the collection of air at different altitudes. When at the greatest elevation they attempted to fill these flasks, but, in endeavouring to open the stop-cock of one of them, it was broken from the numbness of their fingers. The other, however, was successfully filled. This was also destined to be lost by a provoking and vulgar accident after the descent.

The observers descended near the hamlet of Peux, in the arrondissement of Colomnières, in the department of the Seine and Marne, and not far from the Paris and Strasbourg Railway. A country cart was provided to transport them, with their instruments, to the nearest railway station. In doing this

the horse fell, and the only remaining flask of air, as well as one of the barometers, was broken by the shock.

The interval which elapsed between the moment of their departure from the Observatory and the moment at which they disembarked, was an hour and twenty-seven minutes, in which time they passed over a curve whose base measured on the ground was forty-two miles, its highest point being twenty-three thousand feet. A programme of the observations and experiments, to

be made at successive elevations, and in certain foreseen contingencies, had been prepared for them by MM. Arago and Regnault, but the accidental rupture of the balloon rendered it impossible to realise this, and the enterprise was, to a certain extent, again abortive; nevertheless, some of the facts and phenomena which were observed, and which we have explained in the present article, will be regarded with profound interest by all physical inquirers.

INCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.

WE have occasionally, in the pages of this magazine, noticed various measures introduced or passed by the legislature, which, in their design or results, were likely to be productive of great political and social changes. Some of these measures have been the great dividing watchwords of the several parties contending for the government of the empire; others, and not the least important, those which silently operate on the improvement of our fellow-man, in his domestic and civic relations. And we have thus endeavoured at once to influence opinion, and to present to our readers "a brief abstract and chronicle of the times." In pursuance of this plan, we shall now proceed to state in detail the establishment, the object, and policy, and working of the Incumbered Estates Court, and the share which it may probably assert in the future progress of Ireland.

In the early periods of our history the mercantile classes exercised very little influence on the spirit of legislation—the warlike barons, the large landed proprietors, engrossed all power, and, with a natural and excusable jealousy, endeavoured to perpetuate their power, by perpetuating in their families the property from which their power was almost wholly derived. Hence sprung the law of entail, and that which secured the freehold from being sold for payment of debts; and hence, too, the frequency and complexity of family settlements and intricate wills, giving but a limited dominion over estates to persons, as the

legal phrase termed them, *in esse*, and clogging those unborn with fetters and charges greatly restricting the utility of their interest in the descended inheritance. In the progress of time it was slowly discerned how unjust was the operation of these jealous precautions of the landed aristocracy. Creditors were frequently defrauded. The death of even an honest debtor allowed an entailed estate to descend to the next proprietor or heir in tail, freed from his ancestors', perhaps his parents' debts, and he again repeated the system of doubly spending his estate, squandering the income of which he could not be deprived, and the sums procured from the trusting confidence of his creditors. It was a very slight step to prevent the recurrence of this injustice, that by legal fictions, and not by the legislature, estates tail were allowed to be barred or defeated by some intricate legal machinery, and that a judgment-creditor was, by the generosity of those early law-makers, permitted to get into possession of the rents and profits of half the debtor's lauded property; and that in Ireland, by a stretch of judicial authority, the absolute estates of a deceased debtor were liable to be sold to satisfy the demands of creditors by judgment. The reasonable demands of simple contract-creditors, who were frequently the most numerous and deserving class of creditors, to be paid by sale of their deceased debtors' estates, were long disregarded; and it was not until the year 1833 that for simple or freehold estates were made liable, by

an act of the legislature, for the payment of the simple contract debts of a deceased debtor. While such was the state of the law as regards judgments affecting fee-simple and freehold property, the spirit which was impressed upon all persons by the early legislation, extended to the owners of what are technically termed chattel interests in land; in ordinary language, to the owners of terms for years, *e. g.*, fifty, or one hundred, or one thousand years, even if rented from a fee-simple proprietor. These terms were also made the subject of strict settlements and of curious wills, and thus the practical state of the land, as regarded terms for years, was assimilated by the owner very closely to that of freeholds, neither being an effectual or easily sold security for payment of debts.

Some attempt to redress the injustice produced to creditors by this state of the law, was long since made in favour of the creditors of one class of the community—traders. The bankrupt code has long had a place amongst our statutes, but the redress was only partial and incomplete, and served but as a contrast to the injustice which, in other cases, was allowed to prevail to its fullest extent, and by which the property of debtors was secured from their creditors, or made available at a ruinous sacrifice of time and expense to both parties.

The only mode of proceeding known in Ireland to realise debts by sale of the landed property of the debtor was by a bill in either of the Courts of Equity, the Court of Chancery, or Equity side of the Exchequer. A judgment-creditor might, indeed, by a writ of execution called an *elegit*, issuing out of the court of common law in which he had obtained his judgment, get into possession of a moiety of the landed property of his debtor, and receive the rents until the debt was satisfied; and a mortgagee might, by ejectment, enter into possession of the land comprised in his security; but these remedies were subject to many disadvantages, and were generally productive of most expensive litigation between the creditor and debtor, to compel accounts of the sums due on foot of the judgment or mortgage, and of the receipts of the rents and profits received by the creditor out of the debtor's estate. It was a tardy remedy in either case, and no control could be

exercised over the debtor in the management of his temporary estate, of which he had the profits, but without the duties or powers resulting from regular ownership of the soil. It was deemed advisable to substitute for this species of legal remedy, by which the judgment-creditor could only get possession of half of the freehold lands of his debtor, and was subject to no control or moral responsibility in the exercise of his legal rights, a remedy in equity somewhat resembling the execution at law, in its being only a temporary divesting the owner of the profits of the land, and appointing receivers, subject to the control of the Court, in place of the bailiff or agent of the party, who was subject to no control whatever. Accordingly, in the year 1835, the legislature which, composed as the great majority of it then was, of landed proprietors, would have been startled at the novel proposition of making land readily saleable for payment of debts, did not hesitate to give judgment-creditors a remedy by receiver over all the debtor's estates until the debt was discharged. This was analogous to the old remedy by *elegit*, and was thought to be a considerable boon both to debtor and creditor; to the one, by rendering less frequent the wasteful remedy of *elegit*, and to the other, by allowing him, through the medium, indeed, of the intricate machinery of a Court of Equity, to enter into the receipt of the rents of all his debtor's lands, instead of being restricted to half. Nothing, however, could have been more disastrous than the effects of this legislation. The evils formerly prevailing, of there being temporary owners, unable and incapable, from their limited right in the land, to be judicious, improving, or even humane landlords, and wholly uninterested in the tenants' welfare, were increased one hundredfold. The lapse of fifteen years had extended receivers over all the counties in Ireland, and it is not an exaggeration to state, that if the system had not been checked, in a very short time one-half of the landed property in the kingdom would be subject to the baleful dominion of the Court of Equity and their officers' receivers. Bills for the sale of the debtor's estates were rather less frequent. By the operation of an Act, generally called "Pigott's Act," from the name of the Lord Chief Baron,

passed when he was Attorney-General, in the year 1840, a bill might be filed in the debtor's lifetime to raise, by sale of his estate, a judgment-debt due to his creditor: but the benefit to creditors of this provision will not appear very great, when we detail the machinery and progress of an ordinary suit for sale of the debtor's estate.

The first step to be taken by a mortgagee or judgment creditor to sell the estate, subject to the claims, was filing the bill. This was a long statement prepared and signed by counsel, setting forth, in the most minute and prolix language, the claims of the plaintiff, whether a creditor by mortgage, judgment, family settlement, or otherwise; and with the same minute accuracy tracing the title of the parties who conferred those rights on the plaintiff, and of all other persons having incumbrances affecting the estate to be sold. Every judgment or mortgage creditor had to be carefully sought out, and made a party to the suit, either by a formal notice as prescribed by the rules of the Court, framed in 1843, or by the more expensive and dilatory method of serving him with a *subpoena* to appear and answer the statements in the bill. If it appeared on the investigation of the title of those incumbrancers who were necessary parties as defendants, that since the creation of the incumbrance their rights had been the subject of settlements, or had passed by wills, or had devolved by law on others, they too had to be ascertained; and to make, as it was called, the suit "*perfect*," minor suits were frequently instituted in the Prerogative Court to obtain administration or probates, for no possible real good or advantage to the litigants, the creditors, or owners of the estate. The cause of all this merely preliminary expense was the doctrine that Courts of Equity acted against the persons of the suitors, and not against the property to be sold; that the Courts could not give any title; and that the only mode of transferring the legal estate in the land was by compelling all those who were made parties to the suit, and brought before the jurisdiction of the Court, to join in the conveyance to a purchaser, which then derived its validity, not from the adjudication of the Court, but from the acts of the parties. The Court gave no title to the land sold; caveat emptor was the

maxim on which it acted; and hence the necessity of the complexity of the suit and multiplicity of parties, the rule being, that every person who by possibility had an interest in the estate, or the proceeds of the sale, should be made a party to the suit. But the institution of such a suit did not prevent others; many such suits might be instituted by the several creditors on an estate, and fortunate indeed was the inheritor or nominal owner whose estate was the subject of only one suit in Equity, and not the prey to be pulled in pieces by rival suits in the same or rival Courts of Chancery and Equity Exchequer. To enhance the burden on the already oppressed proprietors, the legislature thought that impoverished estates and needy creditors were suitable objects for bearing taxation, and the several proceedings in the Equity Courts were subject to heavy and repeated stamp duties and fees of office. Every defendant to the suit was at liberty, and many were forced, to put in "answers" to the plaintiff's bill. This answer was a long, minute statement, prepared by counsel, and verified on the oath of the answering defendant, admitting or denying the formal allegation in the bill, and if he had any rights submitting them to the judgment of the Court. When all the answers were put in, then followed the necessary proofs on the part of the plaintiffs and defendants, another fertile source of great delay and expense; and if the suit, originally perfect, did not experience some of the many cross accidents and expensive fractures caused by deaths, insolvencies, bankruptcies, marriages, assignments of the old parties, or births of new necessary parties, the case was brought to "a hearing." The preliminary stamp and fees may here be stated, and they, it will be noticed, are exclusive of attorneys' charges and counsel's fees. On filing the bill a sum of 12s. 6d. was payable; on each *subpoena*, which included four defendants, and of these there might be many score—in *Mahony v. Glengall* there were eighty answering defendants—10s. 2d.; on attested copies of all pleadings in the Court or Master's office (and the cause could not be heard without one complete set of copies taken out and paid for), 6d. per office sheet of seventy-two words was payable. This was so great a tax that £10 to £20, and even more, was a sum not

unfrequently paid for an attested copy of the plaintiff's bill, or a defendant's answer; and the stamps on the other documents, as affidavits, &c., were equally oppressive.

Suppose, however, all this expense was incurred, that every necessary party, whose presence before the Court was essential to make the suit complete, was properly represented, that the suit had not been subject to or had survived the various cross accidents before alluded to, it was in due time, after many months had elapsed from the commencement, frequently after some years' delay, brought to the first hearing. The great delay which usually, and indeed almost necessarily, elapsed from the institution of a suit to this hearing, may be best judged of from one of the Orders of Chancery, made in the year 1843, and which had for its object the cheapening and expediting proceedings in the Court. By the eighty-first Order, it is provided, "that if, after the expiration of *ten* years after the filing of an original bill, the cause shall not have been heard by the Court on the pleadings, the same, and all supplemental bills and bills of revision shall, at the expiration of such *ten* years, be dismissed out of Court without costs, unless, upon application to the Court by motion before such period, the Court shall think fit to allow the plaintiff further time to prosecute his cause." This period of ten years was then deemed a reasonable time to allow the plaintiff to mature his cause to the first hearing; and those who have had any acquaintance with the practice of the Court will readily admit, that this period was not too hastily or unnecessarily adopted. Similar delays produced a corresponding rule in the Court of Exchequer. The cause being set down for "a decree to account," or first hearing, briefs were given to counsel for the plaintiff and the several defendants who appeared in the cause. Plaintiffs generally had three counsel; defendants two; and the importance of the hearing, and the utility of this expense, which could not be avoided, may be judged of from the fact, that an ordinary mortgage or judgment creditor's suit was usually heard as a "short cause," and occupied not more than five minutes in the hearing and solemn adjudication. The plaintiff's junior counsel said, "I open the bill:" the

several counsel for the defendants said, "I open the answer of A. B., one of the defendants;" and then, the plaintiff's senior counsel generally stated his client's case, thus:—"This, my lord, is a bill filed by C. D., a judgment-creditor of E. F., deceased, or creditor by mortgage of E. F., to raise the amount of the incumbrance vested in him, and affecting the lands in the pleadings named, and prays the usual accounts; and the rights of the plaintiff are not contested, and we shall therefore, with your lordship's permission, take the usual decree to account." This, or some similarly short sentence, being uttered, the Lord Chancellor added a brief assent, and the decree was afterwards drawn up formally, by which one of the Masters of the Court was required to report what was due for principal, interest, and costs, on foot of the plaintiff's demands, and also to ascertain the sums due to all other parties having incumbrances, such as judgments, mortgages, family charges, &c., affecting the lands sought to be sold. We shall not more fully describe the practice and evils of this expensive absurdity, by which years and vast expense were consumed in obtaining a formal preliminary inquiry by a subordinate officer of the Court. They were forcibly detailed in the evidence of Isaac Butt, Esq., and of Sir Edward Sugden, formerly Lord Chancellor of Ireland, before the Committee on the Poor laws, which sat during the Session in the year 1849.

After the great delay, and heavy labour, and vast expense of this formal adjudication, it might, perhaps, be expected that but little else remained to be done, to entitle the patient incumbrancer to get his money, and to release the unfortunate proprietor from the toils and horrors of equity suits. Not so. The plaintiff having obtained a decree to account, thought that a vast feat had been accomplished, and generally recruited his exhausted strength and purse by a long sleep of months, and then leisurely proceeded to have the account of his demand, and those of others affecting the estates, taken in the Master's office, where every part of the machinery was calculated to create delay, and could not be set in motion without expense. First, a copy of the decree was brought into the office; the time allowed for this step was two months from the

pronouncing of the decree; and then at the same measured pace followed a summons to all parties to take the Master's directions, on which summons, of course, was a stamp, amount thirteen shillings, and a fee of one shilling was payable for each party served; these charges, filed at long intervals by each claimant, which were in fact half-length portraits of the bill and answers, set out with great prolixity the nature and amount of the claims; and if these were disputed, a discharge denying or qualifying each statement was filed by the plaintiff, or other party authorised by the Master; summons and additional meetings followed for each charge filed, and at last, after a necessary delay of many months (it was very seldom indeed that the accounts were taken within three years), the report was drawn up, and, if no objection was made, settled and approved of by the Master. This report, as was every pleading in the Courts of Equity, was a long document, stating the date and substance of every mortgage, charge, or judgment affecting the lands, which was proved before the Master, and finding the relative priorities; and annexed to the report were generally attached schedules, which were repetitions, in a concise form, of all the previous reports, and were usually the only intelligible or useful part of it.

The report of the Master being at length obtained, the cause was a second time set down for hearing on report and merits, when a repetition of the expensive formalities of the first hearing took place, and then what was called a *final* decree, but which term "final" by no means included a termination of the proceedings, was made, directing payment of the several incumbrances by the owner of the lands within six months, and in default that the lands should be sold for payment of the several reported charges. The time passed without payment, and the preparations for sale were made in the same leisurely manner that characterised all the previous proceedings. We before stated that the Courts of Equity did not attempt to warrant the title to a purchaser, and conferred no title by its decree. Hence, all persons claiming interests in the estate were made parties to the suit, and the final decree being pronounced, the title to the lands was rigidly investigated by the plaintiff's solicitor, previous to obtaining a posting

for sale of the premises. An abstract of the title was drawn out from such information as he could obtain, and submitted to his counsel. His duty was to read the abstract and all the proceedings in the cause, and then state his opinion whether a good title was made out, and all proper parties before the Court, to force a purchaser to accept the title, or what the defects were, and how they could be remedied by conditions of sale, additional bills, and decrees, or otherwise. Supposing the title good, and the proper parties before the Court, the property advertised, and the day of sale arrived, it did not at all follow that the lands were sold; on the most frivolous suggestion of any of the parties, on the complaint of some creditor whose demand the fund never could pay, on a hint from the plaintiff that some fifty pounds more might be obtained at another time, the sale was postponed, and this might occur frequently. The person having the carriage of the sale had almost an absolute control over it, and repeated adjournments were usually the course before the estate was finally sold.

But when at last the land was sold the delays were not over; the purchaser had to investigate the title, and to be satisfied that the facts were correct; frivolous objections were made and removed, substantial ones argued before the Master, and from his decision there were appeals to the Master of the Rolls and Chancellor, and after another delay, always of months, often of years, the title was perhaps accepted by the purchaser; and then if the funds were more than the expenses of the suit, the money was distributed, after another prolix document was prepared, called the allocation report, attended with the same formal preliminaries of orders and summonses.

We have, perhaps, been ourselves guilty of the faults which we ascribed to equity proceedings—of great delay and prolixity; but it is necessary to bring before our readers the very great evils attending proceedings in these courts, that they may judge how urgent was the necessity for applying some prompt and effectual remedy; and if that remedy is attended with some inconvenience, how greatly the advantages preponderate. In fact, the mischiefs arising from the former state of the law and the practice of

Courts of Equity can scarcely be over-rated. The general result may be briefly stated, that they produced to proprietors the most grievous oppression, to creditors the most extensive injustice, and to this kingdom the most alarming social and political evils. The most cautious and prudent owner, inheriting property even slightly burthened, when once involved in the meshes of a Chancery suit, could never extricate himself; his property was squandered, his family and creditors ruined by the wasteful delays and the expensive litigation which he could not avoid, and all control over his tenants and the management of his estate, assumed by an irresponsible Court and careless official receivers. Such a proprietor could not hope by even a proceeding in a Court of Equity instituted by himself or a friendly creditor, to sell a portion of his property sufficient to defray the charges on it, for the same expense and delay were incurred, and the same clogged machinery was to be worked, whether the suit was by the owner or creditor. All efforts to retrieve his affairs, when once involved, were vain; and while he beheld the gradual approach of certain ruin to himself, his family, and his estate, his creditors were equally unfortunate; a period of twenty years could not ensure the estate being sold, and the proprietor was oppressed and the creditor defrauded. We need scarcely add, that to this system of expensive procedure there was but one more evil which could enhance the oppression and injustice—that was, the appointment of receivers over the proprietors' property. Each suit produced its receiver, and there were many more under the joint operation of Pigott's and the Sheriffs' Acts. No worse system can be devised for the interests of debtors, creditors, or indeed of the country generally, than the appointment of receivers; and we are happy to see that by an Act which has just received the royal assent, the nuisance of receivers, as to all future judgments, has been abolished. They are persons who fulfil the hardest duties of agents, without having any power to improve the estate of which the nominal management is confided to them. No leases can be made, nor indulgence given by them to encourage good tenants; and they are powerless to correct or exclude bad tenants. Their

sole interest is to collect as much money as possible from the tenants, and this without the least reference to the advantage of the inheritor, while the estate is burthened with far greater costs than are incident to ordinary agencies or the general management of estates; as no step can be taken by a receiver without laying a previous statement of facts before the Master in Chancery, and obtaining his sanction for his proceedings, and the receiver's solicitor cannot discourage proceedings so profitable to himself, and without which his client's safety might be compromised. The management of an estate by receivers has, from these causes, been found most demoralising in its influences; there is no kindly intercourse or sympathy between landlord and tenant; and the tenantry are generally the worst in the country, there being a total absence of all useful superintendence or control over them. These evils are confessed by persons most competent to form a correct judgment on them—the present Master of the Rolls and Sir Edward Sugden, in their evidence before the Poor Law Committee in 1849; but it is unnecessary to confirm by authority facts unhappily too notorious to the landed proprietors in every county in Ireland.

While the lands were rapidly deteriorated under the management of the courts, and the tenants neglected and demoralised, the appointment of a receiver was always a great inducement to the parties in the suit to delay proceedings; the rents, such portions of them as were collected, were brought into Court, and served as a spoil, from time to time, to pay interest and defray costs; and creditors who would have urged their solicitors to increased diligence, rested silenced, if not satisfied, so long as some part of the interest of their demands was paid, and expected with more patience the long-deferred period for the liquidation of their claims. In no case will it be found that an estate subject to receivers was well managed or the rents well paid; the tenants invariably fell into arrear; and as instances, out of many, we may mention the Morganure estate of Mr. D'Arcy of Clifden, on which, during the period it was subject to receivers, eight years' arrears of rent were suffered to accumulate; and *in re Perceval*, where, in a rental

of £800 *per annum*, the arrears due in 1849 amounted to £6000.

Such was the unsatisfactory state of the law in Ireland when the Corn Law Bill of Sir Robert Peel passed. The predictions that the value of land and the amount of rents would be depreciated by its influence were, unfortunately, too soon realised. Four years of unexampled famine—wasteful expenditure of *poor rates*, added their influence—and rents fell nearly one-third, and the desire of possessing land and the value of it fell also in an equal ratio. Those proprietors who before, by rigid economy and good management, had succeeded in keeping down the interest on the incumbrances, and were free from the trammels of the Court of Chancery, found themselves unable any longer to struggle with circumstances; their rents were unpaid, they became unable to pay the interest with which creditors were before content, and their estates were subjected to receivers, and all the attendant evils, and they had nothing to look forward to but the long-deferred fate reserved by the Court—a sale of the estate when wasted under the management of receivers, greatly deteriorated in value, and with vastly increased liabilities. It was impossible to adjust the claims of creditors to the altered circumstances of the times; and while the property, to meet their demands, was depreciated, the creditors' claims were increased by an accumulation of interest. It was universally admitted that some sharp and decisive legislation had now become necessary to extricate all classes, proprietors and creditors, from the ruinous delays of Chancery, and to atone for long past neglect, if that indeed were possible, by recent vigilance over those interests which had before been fatally neglected. Accordingly an Act to facilitate the Sale of Incumbered Estates in Ireland was passed in the year 1848; but this statute, 11 & 12 Vict., c. 48, owing either to the original error in the conception of giving summary jurisdiction to the Court of Chancery, or to the rules framed for its working, was wholly inoperative; and it is sufficient to state that under its provisions not a single estate was sold. Some attempts were indeed made to avail of the powers conferred by it, but no sale had taken place, and it was generally considered that as a measure

to facilitate sales of landed estates, it was an entire failure.

The utter inefficiency of this Act was exposed in the evidence to which we have more than once alluded, given before the Poor-law Committee of 1849; and it became an object of much importance to Government to correct former errors and retrieve blunders by some more successful legislation. The hint for a measure more extensive in its nature, and potent as a corrective of the social evils under which this country laboured from the difficulty of selling incumbered estates, and from the long oppression of the Court of Chancery, was afforded by a speech of a statesman now no more, Sir Robert Peel, a speech as specious and brilliant as his best efforts were, and which must be still fresh in the recollection of our readers, from having excited into a momentary enthusiasm to do good to Ireland, without a view to profit, the Corporation of London. The then Solicitor, now Attorney General, Sir J. Romilly, quickly acted on the hints derived from the large views of the former premier, and the Act 12 and 13 Victoria, c. 77, was brought into parliament, and after receiving some useful additions and amendments, obtained the royal assent 28th July, 1849. We scarcely recollect any instance in which an Act of so great importance met with such general approval in both houses; and the scope and object of it, apart from its details, were hailed with satisfaction by all classes in the community.

We shall now lay before our readers the chief objects of the Act, the mode in which it has hitherto been worked, and its probable effects on our social system. The Act now familiarly known as the Incumbered Estates Act, empowered her Majesty to appoint, during her Majesty's pleasure, three persons to fill the office, and to be styled "The Commissioners for Sale of Incumbered Estates in Ireland." The duration of the appointment was not to exceed five years from the passing of the Act. The Commissioners were to be a Court of Record, and were empowered to frame general rules for regulating the proceedings under the Act; which, when approved of by the Privy Council, and enrolled in the Court of Chancery, were to have the same effect as if they had been enacted by authority of parliament. They were

also directed to frame and promulgate forms of application and other directions for the guidance of the suitors. These and some other provisions, principally incidental to the proper discharge of their duties, may be briefly stated. The important powers confided to them were, that the Commissioners were empowered in a summary way, on the application, within three years from the passing of the Act, of an owner or incumbrancer, as defined by the Act, on land or leases, to sell the lands or leases for payment of the charges affecting them; and that the effect of a conveyance executed by the Commissioners should be to pass the fee-simple and inheritance of the land, thereby expressed to be conveyed, subject to such tenancies, leases, and under-leases, as shall be expressed therein, discharged from all former and other estates, rights, titles, charges, and incumbrances whatsoever, of all persons, including Her Majesty and her heirs, whomsoever. Similar stringent effects were given to the Commissioners' conveyance of a leasehold interest, and thus the Act confers on the purchaser, in the execution of his conveyance by the Commissioners, a perfect unquestionable parliamentary title. The importance of this provision is immense; the saving to purchasers will, in each instance, be very great; that to the estate will not be inconsiderable; but the increased confidence from increased security has, in every case, added much to the present value of property, while the new owners will have a title marketable with perfect readiness and security to future purchasers. The Commissioners were to investigate the title, might sell by public auction or private sale, and might distribute the purchase-money; or in fit cases pay the sum realised by the sale into the Court of Equity, in any suit pending there. But there were other provisions of nearly equal importance to those enumerated. On the order for sale being made by the Commissioners, they were directed, by certificate under their seal, to notify their order to the Courts of Equity in which any proceedings relating to the lands to be sold were then pending; and then all proceedings for or in relation to a sale under the decree of said Court were to be stayed. The importance of this provision, and the relief to incumbered proprietors and long-delayed debtors,

may be judged of from this one fact, that by the 231 petitions first presented no less than 400 suits in Equity, pending for sale of the lands comprised in the petitions, were stayed. Other powers, such as of exchanging lands, apportioning rents, and partition, were given to the Commissioners, and the cheapness and expedition of their proceedings in partition cases can be advantageously contrasted with the partition suit of *Herbert v. Hedges*, in the Court of Exchequer. It was commenced in the year 1829; prosecuted with diligence; was terminated in 1842; and the stamp-duty alone paid on two decrees was over £100. The entire effect of this suit would have been obtained from the Commissioners in a few weeks, and at an expense not greater than that of the stamps paid on the Exchequer decrees.

Such is a very brief outline of the powers vested in the Commissioners; and when we add, that their decrees and orders were to be absolute and conclusive, no appeal lying from their decision, save on their permission; that their general orders were to have the effect of Acts of Parliament, and that the title given by them is conclusive against the world, it is at once manifest how large, and extensive, and arbitrary were these powers, and how great was the trust confided to Government in the selection of men to fill the office of Commissioners in this new tribunal. Baron Richards, one of the judges of the Court of Exchequer, Mountfort Longfield, Esq., Q.C., LL.D., Professor of Law in our University, and C. J. Hargreave, Esq., who filled a similar situation in the University of London, were nominated Commissioners, and they immediately applied themselves to framing rules and forms for the regulation of the proceedings in their court. These rules received the sanction of the Privy Council on the 17th October, 1849, and thence may be dated the constitution of the Court; and in a few days after the Commissioners sat publicly for the dispatch of business, and have since continued their labours without intermission.

We shall now state some of the startling results exhibited by the working of this tribunal. The torrent of litigation long pent and dammed up in the Courts of Equity found a free outlet; inheritors oppressed with receivers,

and nearly ruined by the expensive litigation to which their property was subjected; creditors before hopeless of ever realising their demands, all sought relief in the exercise of the powers vested in this untried tribunal. The number of petitions or applications for sale made to this Court from 17th October, 1849, to 1st August, 1850, is 1,085; and of this number, those by owners amounted to 177—very nearly one-sixth of the whole. The rental of the estates thus sought to be sold by the nominal proprietors, anxious to be relieved of their burdens, was £195,000 per annum, and the incumbrances affecting them amounted to £3,260,000! The rentals of the estates included in the 1,085 applications amounted to £655,470 18s. 7d., and the debts to £12,400,348.

Now, certainly this shows a state of things which called loudly for remedy. The estimated rental of the entire of Ireland was, in 1841, £5,600,000. The latest poor-law valuation makes the net value of all landed property rateable to the relief of the poor, £13,187,421 5s. 8d.; and whether we regard the one calculation or the other, we here have presented to us, in the schedules of these petitions, facts showing how considerable a portion of the landed estates in this kingdom was only nominally the estates of those before considered as the proprietors, and how vast and pressing were the evils of those courts of equity by which persons were allowed to have the nominal proprietorship in the soil, and those really interested were prevented from recovering the debts due to them. Even had the rush into this new court ceased on the 1st August, the number of petitions previously presented, and the great extent of interest affected by the working of the Court, would have justified and even demanded its institution, and would have shown the desire to avoid the Court of Chancery, even by resorting "to the ills we know not of." But there does not seem as yet any likelihood of a pause or check to the number of petitions which will be presented before the expiration of the three years limited for that purpose; for though it might be naturally thought that the largest properties and most embarrassed estates would at the first be brought before the Court, since the 1st of Aug. to the 12th, the day we are

now writing, forty-five additional petitions have been lodged, many of them for the sale of large estates—one including a rental of £14,800 per annum, by the owner, a titled individual.

But the really frightful state of litigation in which creditors have been long kept in the Court of Chancery, the difficulties, almost reaching to impossibility, of recovering just and well-ascertained demands, will be most forcibly illustrated by reference to a few cases now brought before the Commissioners, to redress, if possible, the wrongs of former generations of litigants. In one matter, in which the estate is now brought before the Incumbered Estates' Court, called *In re Hamilton*, a series of Chancery receivers has been over the property for the last seventy years, the original bill having been filed by the great Lord Mansfield in the year 1781, to raise the amount of a clear, uncontested mortgage; and since that time every species of bill named in Lord Redcliffe's "Treatise on Equity Pleadings," and facetiously enumerated by Mr. Keogh in the House of Commons, has been filed; and now, after this litigation, at how vast an expense it is almost needless to hint, the estates, which should have been sold more than half a century since, are brought for sale before the Commissioners. In other cases the litigation, or rather vain effort at deriving some benefit from the Courts of Equity, commenced more than forty years ago. *In re Lysaght*, the first bill was filed in 1802, and after a sacrifice of successive estates for the mere costs of the proceedings, any one of which would have paid debt and costs if sold in this court, the remnant is now brought into the Incumbered Estates' Court.

We may incidentally mention many others, in which the earliest generation of litigants have long passed away; and after forty years' unsuccessful attempts to realise demands by sale, a new generation, heirs to the claims and suits, have brought their petitions before the Commissioners. *Re Cooke*—first bill filed in 1811; and since that there have been five different suits, which were all heard together in the case of *Bennett v. Bernard*; and the only questions in the case arise from the long litigation. *Re Sir J. Bourke*—the first bill was filed in 1817; and since that there have been

fourteen bills in all, and the Commissioners have now the task of selling the estates which those suits vainly sought to do. *Re Mansfield*—first bill was filed in 1801; and this property now is one of those to be sold by the Commissioners. *Re Knox*—the first bill was in 1811; and thousands of pounds were first squandered in the great case of *Scott v. Knox*. But we will not weary our readers by enumerating such instances of long and fruitless litigation. We must claim credit, however, for not having selected them with any particular care, and also that they will believe us that they are not solitary instances of the long-protracted and hopeless attempts made by creditors to realise their demands in the courts of justice, mis-called equity. The files of proceedings before the Commissioners will, on inspection, show many and frequent instances of similar delays and ruinous proceedings; and from the cases brought into the Incumbered Estates Court it would appear that a creditor could not reasonably hope to realise his demand by sale of his debtor's estate in Chancery, in a less term than twenty years. Now, when it is re-

membered that the costs of a suit, which are always in proportion to the time it is pending, are borne by the estate, the grievous oppression on creditors, the absolute confiscation of property of debtors necessarily caused by the proceedings in Chancery, the mere saving of time and expense will appear a benefit to the suitors in this new court which can scarcely be too highly estimated.

But we must state the results of the working of this new Court in the first year of its operations. There have been sales of property under it, up to 10th Aug., realising £748,474 12s. 10d. These sales have comprehended 99 estates, and 360 lots. The amount of money brought into court, produced by these sales, to the same date, is over £400,000, and of that a sum of £240,000 has already been distributed. The Commissioners have made 817 absolute orders for sales, and 1,226 miscellaneous orders, including those in distribution of money.

The following table gives a concise view of the several counties in Ireland as at present affected by the Commissioners' sales:—

GROSS PRODUCE OF SALES OF ESTATES IN THE INCUMBERED ESTATES COURT, TO THE 10TH AUGUST, 1850, INCLUSIVE.

Counties, Cities, and Towns.	Produce of Sales.			Counties, Cities, and Towns.	Produce of Sales.			Counties, Cities, and Towns.	Produce of Sales.		
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Antrim			Kilkenny	49,596	2	0	Waterford	48,215	0	0
Armagh			King's ...	4,080	0	0	Westmeath	40,325	0	0
Carlow			Leitrim			Wexford...	5,100	0	0
Cavan ...	6,945	0	0	Limerick	47,267	10	0	Wicklow...	12,457	9	0
Clare ...	13,240	0	0	" City of	2,450	0	0	Total ...	£748,474	12	10
Cork ...	62,345	0	0	L. Derry...	2,650	0	0	SUMMARY.			
" City of	5,620	0	0	Longford...	32,275	0	0				
Donegal ...	11,680	0	0	Louth			Leinster ...	366,510	15	4
Down ...	5,655	0	0	Mayo ...	11,250	0	0	Munster ...	242,452	17	6
Dublin ...	5,750	0	0	Meath ...	10,989	4	6	Ulster ...	27,670	0	0
" City of	15,160	0	0	Monaghan	740	0	0	Connaught	111,841	0	0
Fermanagh	...			Queen's ...	57,442	19	10	Total of			
Galway ...	93,591	0	0	Roscommon	6,550	0	0	sales to			
" Town of	450	0	0	Sligo			Aug. 10,			
Kerry ...	49,745	0	0	Tipperary	18,540	7	6	inclusive	748,474	12	10
Kildare ...	3,825	0	0	Fyrone						

We shall now explain to our readers the mode in which the business is conducted in the Incumbered Estates Court, and the beneficial differences in its proceedings from those in Chancery.

A person who has an incumbrance affecting an estate, for example a mort-

gage, or judgment, or portion of a family, or other charge, on a fee-simple property, lease for lives renewable for ever, bishops' lease, or lease for a term exceeding sixty-one years; or the owner of such a property which is subject to such an incumbrance, and who wishes to sell the estate to discharge

the claims on it, presents a "petition" to the Commissioners, verified by the affidavit of himself or his solicitor. The petition states, in the shortest and simplest language, the date and parties' names to the mortgage or judgment; that the mortgagor had such an estate in the lands sought to be sold, and which are described by reference to a schedule annexed to the petition, as enabled him to execute the mortgage, or charge the lands by judgment or otherwise; that the petitioner is owner of the charge or lands, as the case is, and states who is in receipt of the rents of the premises, and whether as mere tenant for life or absolute owner, subject to the charges thereon. If any proceedings have been taken in Chancery or Equity Exchequer, the petition briefly states the dates, and shortly the object and effect of them; and if decrees or reports have been made in these suits, refers to copies of those decrees, &c., sent with the petition to the Commissioners. The petition also states the sums remaining due on account of the petitioner's claims; whether any infants or other persons, such as idiots, married women, or lunatics, are interested in the estate to be sold, and that in another schedule has been set out the several incumbrances affecting the premises, and in whom the same are vested, according to the petitioner's information, and prays a sale of the lands in the said schedule, or of a competent part, for the discharge of the incumbrances affecting the premises. Annexed to the petition are two schedules, the blank forms of which are printed and sold by all the law-stationers, and which can readily be filled up by any solicitor; one setting out, in columns, under appropriate heads, the names of the lands; stating whether held in fee or under lease; and tenants' names, tenures, rent, and arrears, &c., as far as is known to the petitioner. The other states, in similar columns, the dates of the several incumbrances, including petitioner's, how created, by mortgage, judgment, or otherwise; for what amount, what rate of interest, and what is due at the foot of each charge. In these schedules is presented, at one clear view, to the Commissioners, the state of the property, and the amount of incumbrances affecting it. There is then an abstract of the petitioner's title, which often is similarly concise, and stating in plain

language, stripped of technical formalities, the date of petitioner's claim, how and by whom it was created, and how by assignment, or as executor, or otherwise, it is vested in the petitioner. All these documents are verified by a short affidavit, made by the petitioner or his attorney, stating that he has read the petition, including the schedules and the abstract of title, and that he believes the said petition and schedules to be true, and that he believes the abstract to be a correct and fair abstract of the petitioner's title. Such is the form of application to the Court, and the petition, which need not be prepared by counsel, or even by a solicitor (in practice, however, it is prepared by a solicitor, and often perused by counsel, with a much smaller fee than is paid on preparing a bill in Equity), is really not much longer than the account which we have in these few lines given of it; and even with the easily-drawn schedules and abstract, is a much shorter document, more useful and intelligible, than a short bill in Equity. If the abstract is a full one, it saves expense at a subsequent stage of the matter, and hence sometimes a long full abstract is presented; but it is not at first required by the Court, and a perfect petition, schedules, and abstract may be presented for the sale of extensive estates, which, printed all together, would not occupy four columns of this magazine. The entire number for this month would not suffice to contain one such bill as was filed in *Mahony v. Gilengull*, or in *Blount v. Portarlington*.

The petition being presented, and on which, or on any proceedings in the court, no fees or stamps are payable, accompanied with copies of any decrees or reports in Chancery or Exchequer, if proceedings were pending there, is sent in its order to one of the Commissioners, who thenceforth has the entire control or management of all matters connected with or arising out of it, subject however to the right of any party to refer any matter to the full Court by a simple motion. The Commissioner reads the petition, looks at the schedule, peruses accurately the decrees and abstract, and if he sees that the petitioner is entitled to have the lands sold, makes a conditional order that they shall be sold, unless cause is shown to the contrary, within a period fixed in the

order, after service on the parties named by the Commissioners. This period is twenty-eight days, when no proceedings have been pending in a Court of Equity for a sale of the lands, and ten days when proceedings are pending, to which the persons served were made parties, and appeared by a solicitor. The Commissioner from reading the various documents sent to him readily discovers who are the parties interested or entitled to oppose a sale, and directs service of the conditional order on them, always including the person in receipt of the rents of the lands to be sold. This order being served, at the expiration of the time limited, if no extension of time is applied for by the party on whom the order is served, and no cause is shown, the order for sale is made absolute; and thus in about six weeks the entire effect of the decree to account, and final decree for a sale, is produced by the order of the Commissioners, and made generally at an expense not exceeding the costs of a single brief at the first hearing of an Equity suit. If any person insists that a sale should not take place he files a short affidavit, stating his objections, and then on a motion to the Court, and at a very trifling expense, the cause is discussed, and the petition dismissed, or order for sale made absolute.

Such is the outline of the preliminary formalities attending the mere order for sale. It is evident, however, that this is the least important part, though so great a source of expense in Chancery, and that the subsequent proceedings, arranging the mode in which the estate is to be sold, investigating the title, the sale, and the distribution of the purchase-money, are the substantial parts of the proceedings, and of these we shall shortly detail the management. Each Commissioner writes in his book the date and person who presents the petition, and every future step in the matter is also entered by him under the same head; and thus, as in a well-kept ledger, every transaction with the same is from time to time noted; the Commissioner has constantly before him a record of the commencement and progress of each matter in his chamber. The person entrusted with the carriage of the proceedings must, on the order for sale being made absolute, proceed with due diligence to ascertain the tenants on the es-

tate to be sold, who they are, how and at what rents they hold, and all other necessary information connected with the estate; and for this purpose, from such information as he can collect, he draws up a rental, and serves a copy of the part relating to him on each tenant, requiring him to object if his tenure has been improperly stated. He must also advertise, in papers having general circulation, for all parties having claims or charges on the estate to send in to the Commissioners a notice of their claims before a limited time, and must deduce a full abstract of title, from deeds or memorials in the registry, to the estate to be sold. All these steps are progressing simultaneously, and hence the rapidity of proceedings in this Court, the useless and most expensive steps of formal hearings having been discarded, and the really useful proceedings being contemporaneous and not consecutive. The Commissioners proceed, indeed, in an inverse method to the Court of Chancery. There the course was, first, a hearing and decree to account, then an order for sale; in the Incumbered Estates Court the order for sale precedes the account—the investigation of title and accounts proceeds together. The abstract of title is most rigidly investigated by the same Commissioner, and compared with the title-deeds, which every one having must bring into court; and searches in the registry-offices of deeds and judgments are directed, both to prevent any imposition on the Court, and to discover all parties having by possibility claims on the lands to be sold, or on the proceeds of the sale when brought into Court. The title being approved of and searches completed, tenants' leases and other documents lodged, a posting for sale is permitted, the rental is prepared, surveys and valuations, if deemed advisable, ordered; and if no eligible price is offered in a private bidding, the estate is, after full and repeated advertisements in Ireland, in England, and at times in Scotland, sold by the Commissioners by public auction in open Court, the money lodged immediately by the purchaser, and a final schedule of incumbrances being prepared from the searches and claims, on further advertisements, the purchase-money, after payment of costs of sale and other proceedings, is distributed to the creditors.

The full Court sits twice a-week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, for motions, at twelve; and generally has sales also twice a-week; and the Commissioners on other days sit in chamber at eleven, *v. m.*, for routine business.

Such is an outline of the course of proceedings before this new tribunal; and we must at least admit that it has been found most effectual for the despatch of business. The amount of sales effected and the sums distributed would alone show that much has been done by them, and that the rapidity of their proceedings contrast most happily with the former grievous delays in Chancery. Indeed it will be but necessary to state that in one case—Mr. D'Arcy's—where no proceedings were pending in Chancery, an owner having family charges affecting a large property in the county of Westmeath, presented his petition to the Commissioners in December; part of the estate was sold, perfectly to his satisfaction, for nearly £50,000, and all parties paid their demands before the 10th of August; and the expenses were defrayed by the slight gain on the stock in which the proceeds of the sale were for a few weeks invested previous to distribution.

How great is the contrast in mere rapidity here presented to the cases we have enumerated, and to the hundreds of others, which, after pending for many years in Chancery, have been at length brought before the Incumbered Estates Court. So there have been many cases of partition completed by this Court since it first sat in October, 1849, and each of them, like the suit of *Herbert v. Hedges*, would have consumed years of time, and in costs have nearly exhausted the estate, if the proceedings had been in Chancery.

But the important question after all is, how far does this arbitrary Court give satisfaction to the public, and distribute justice to its suitor? It is admittedly superior in all the great advantages of facility and economy, as well as rapidity, to the time-preserved tribunal of the Court of Chancery; its efficiency in merely selling estates will not be denied; but has it received the confidence of the public, and have not loud and frequent complaints been made, even in parliament, of the great injustice which it was instrumental in effecting, and the ruinous sacrifices of

the estates sold by the Commissioners, and the tardiness with which they distributed the sums realised by the low prices obtained for them? Complaints have been made, and in both Houses of Parliament, but we believe without foundation. They have unfortunately assumed too general a form, and they cannot, therefore, be specially refuted, nay, even examined. There will at all times be a considerable number of persons interested in upholding old institutions, though requiring the severest amendments; many practitioners of both branches of the legal profession, who love not to deviate from the well-worn and familiar track in which their younger days were passed, and many whom mere jealousy will lead to condemn any innovations on well-established routine. The complaints of such persons, and their censures of the Incumbered Estates Court, would be readily received; and we think that the very arbitrary power with which the Commissioners are invested, and their Court being, in some respects, a departure from former principles, should entitle such complaints and censures to indulgence; but they may, if too carelessly credited, injure the efficiency of a Court whose jurisdictions they are not calculated to improve, but wholly to annul. That those complaints are not generally considered well-founded may at once be seen, from the confidence reposed in its proceedings by those most interested—the owners of estates and their creditors. We have before given the number of petitions presented; and the large estates daily brought within the jurisdiction of the Commissioners, notwithstanding the celebrity of the strictures on their acts, is a fact which, with candid minds, would outweigh any censures, however loudly and often repeated, which did not particularise the instances in which error or injustice had been committed. It has indeed been frequently stated, that the estates sold by the Commissioners have been sold much below their real value, and that they have refused to permit adjournments of the sales. Now as to the estates sold by them having been generally sold at an undervalue, we suspect there has been a very great misconception prevailing. The Commissioners have always taken care that the conduct of the sales should be en-

trusted to those most interested in bringing the estate most judiciously and profitably into the market. If the owner is petitioner, or that, by any fair estimate of the value of the estate and of the debts, he can hope for a surplus, he will, if he pleases, be entrusted with the conduct of the sale; when any contest arises as to the proper person, the owner's choice and those of the creditors will be deliberately weighed; every precaution is taken in settling rentals, and publishing advertisements to make the estates appear eligible investments; and hence it would appear that some unhappy fatality, some important causes, exist to make the estates sell badly, other than any misconduct or want of judgment in the Commissioners. They indeed have means of forming estimates of the true value of the properties sold, which the public generally are not aware of, and which, for obvious reasons, they do not always too readily circulate. They have the poor-law and Griffith's valuation for guides as to the estimated value; if those interested in the conduct of the sales require it, other surveys and valuations by most competent parties will be ordered; where receivers have been over the estates, their accounts are produced; thus the Commissioners are enabled to compare the actual produce of the estate with its estimated value, the receipts with the rental, the real with the nominal worth of the property. The attention and competition of the numerous moderate capitalists is invited by offering estates for sale in lots, which it would be utterly impossible to effect in Chancery, while large capitalists have ample choice of extensive purchases in one lot, when, from the nature and circumstances of the estate, it would seem an eligible one to be sold undivided. In many cases, and we more particularly allude to the sales of the Bodkin Galway property, and such parts of the large Portarlington estate as have as yet been offered in the market, prices have been realised ranging from twenty-two to twenty-seven years' purchase, from the judicious management of the sales, and the prudence with which the lots have been arranged; and we may add, that while sales in small sections can be effected in the Incumbered Estates Court, almost without additional expense, it

would be impossible to sell in Chancery a large estate in moderate lots; and we have been assured by the highly intelligent solicitors by whom the sales of the Portarlington estate are conducted, that if they were to be sold in similar divisions under the Court of Chancery, the expenses would most probably far exceed £50,000. In the Incumbered Estates Court the expense will scarce be one-tenth of that sum.

But in forming any opinion on the prices at which the estates have been sold, it must be remembered how greatly rents have been practically abated within the last few years, though the rents nominally reserved still contribute to swell the rentals. There has been no general legal reduction of rents to suit altered prices and diminished values of produce; but when any payments of rent have been received, large temporary sacrifices have been made by the proprietors with the hope, vain, far, and distant though it was, of rents and prices, at some future period, reaching their former state, and then that they might have the tenants bound to pay the rents which were originally stipulated. But to a purchaser, as well as to the proprietor, the only correct way of estimating the true value of an estate is from the rents which have been paid, not from a rental deduced from the lettings made long prior to the present fall in prices and value of land. The county or poor-law union in which the lands are situated naturally exercises a great influence on bidders; for it is vain to tell the public that an estate is sold at a sacrifice, because no more than ten or twelve years' purchase on the rental is obtained, the estate, perhaps, being in some notorious part of Tipperary or Limerick, or in the poor-law union of Kanturk or Ballina, Westport or Clifden, and the rental payable by cottiers, whose highest rent may average some ten or fifteen pounds, and whose families are receiving relief from poor-rates. Now, indeed, former mismanagement of estates is severely visited, sometimes, perhaps, on innocent proprietors. The desire to create a numerous class of voters, or exact a high rental from small tenants, is now punished with high poor-rates and low prices for estates managed in such a spirit; but whenever the estates sold have been eligibly circumstanced as to

tenants and poor-law unions, the prices obtained by the Commissioners have given the most ample satisfaction to all the parties interested; and, as instances, we may bring to the recollection of our readers the estates of Mr. D'Arcy in Westmeath, of Mr. Bodkin in Galway, of Lord Portarlington, Mr. Je-sop, and portions of Mr. O'Connell's estate in Kerry. Thus, out of the entire estates sold, considerably more than one-fourth has, it is well known, brought *high* prices.

But there have been three cases adduced by the censurers of this Court, and on which all their general condemnation is, we suspect, attempted to be justified. One, the oft-mentioned property of Mr. McLoughlin in Mayo; another, a portion of Mr. C. D. Purcell's estate; and another, a farm of Mr. Syme's. The first was eagerly seized on—the property had been sold at *one and a half* years' purchase on the *rental*. Now the facts of this case, and which, though often exposed in both houses of Parliament, are still relied on as condemnatory of the conduct of the Commissioners, are these: the tract of land sold was a leasehold interest, subject to the rent of £210 per annum; it was situated on a promontory of the County of Mayo, opposite the Island of Achill, and in the line of unions, Ballina, Westport, Clifden, all insolvent; the rental, payable by wretched cottier-tenants, many of them holding, too, *in common*, was £800 per annum, but this was purely ideal; it had not been paid for years, and the head-rent was in arrear. Under such circumstances few would, we think, like to accept this estate as a present; and accordingly, the hardy purchaser who bought it for £600, or one and a-half years' purchase on the profit-rent, very soon discovered the extent of his bargain, paid the costs of the sale, and got discharged from the purchase. This estate was a second time sold, and then brought £450, and the second purchaser quickly followed the example of the first; and, so far from thinking the purchase a bargain, took advantage of some informality in the rental, and he too was discharged from his purchase. But in each case the proprietor and those interested in having the lands sold to the best advantage, thought the farm sold at a high rate, and wished to retain the pur-

chaser; and the sympathy lavished in Parliament on this sacrifice of the estate by the Commissioners merely excited the ridicule of those parties. So, that part of Mr. Purcell's estate which was sold at about seven and a-half years' purchase on the rental, was a leasehold interest in the county of Cork, subject to a rent of £400 per annum; the sub-tenants were in arrear, and an ejectment had been brought for part of the premises. The owner and the creditors thought the estate sold to advantage. The purchaser soon found out that his bargain was not desirable, and he, too, notwithstanding the opposition of the persons having the carriage of the sale, was discharged from his purchase on account of misdescription in the rental. In Mr. Syme's case, the farm, which sold at one year's purchase on the nominal profit rent, was offered to be surrendered to the landlord, an offer which he refused; it was deserted by many of the tenants, and was subject to a rent of £200 per annum. In truth, what have been called "sacrifices" of property under the Commissioners remind us too strongly of shopkeepers' advertisements, "selling off at a ruinous sacrifice." Whoever buys will find out his error in thinking he has got a bargain, and he will be convinced that he would have been a more substantial gainer by purchasing for a higher price a less showy article. It may, indeed, be stated as the result of all the sales hitherto effected by the Commissioners, that well-circumstanced fee-simple estates sold at a high rate, and leaseholds indifferently. The latter are not in request, as the rent to which the purchaser is subject is certain, and the profit rent in general is badly secured and uncertain in amount.

There have been complaints, too, that the Commissioners do not readily attend to suggestions for an adjournment, if the price offered is not clearly inadequate; but in this instance, too, we think there can much be said to justify the Commissioners. The effect of adjournments is generally to depreciate the sale of the particular lot; it is an advertisement that, however flattering the description may be, there is some reason why it has not been considered an eligible purchase, or a fair price would have been offered when it was first put up; and the prac-

tice of adjourning the sale of estates has also a most injurious effect on sales generally. A recent sale in Chancery fully illustrates the probable effect of an adjournment on the future sale of an estate. In the year 1846 the sum of £30,500 was offered at a public sale in the Master's office for a portion of Lord Blessington's estate, and the sale was adjourned on some allegation that the price was insufficient. It was sold in the early part of last month in the same office for £23,000. In the Court of Exchequer a property was offered for sale in a cause of *Haines v. Powell*, in the year 1846, and £8,000 was bid for it; some puisne creditors, whom such a price would not pay, demanded an adjournment, and succeeded in procuring it. The estate has since been offered for sale, but without bidders. This depreciation is generally the effect of adjournments, and we could give many more instances of such consequences. We believe that not the least evil attending sales in Chancery was the facility with which an adjournment of the sale was permitted, thus certainly injuring creditors whose demands should be paid by the produce of the sale, in any event, for the sake of a possible service to puisne creditors, whose neglect it was to accept securities which could not be paid except the estate sold at some imaginary value. Adjournments of sales are so well known to be prejudicial, that the words, "To be sold without reserve," are notoriously adopted to secure spirited competition, and have that effect. As a mere question of right, no puisne creditor or inheritor can, with justice, peremptorily demand an adjournment, because he is dissatisfied. As well might a person who had pledged a horse or bale of wool, insist that the creditor should adjourn the sale, because the borrower disliked the sum offered. All that in justice can ever be required is, that the sale be public, honestly conducted, after due notice and sufficient advertisement, and all these requisites are secured by the Commissioners; the carriage of the sale is intrusted to those most interested; they have peculiar means of knowing how far the price offered is clearly inadequate—if it be so, the sale is adjourned; but they do not accede to applications for

adjournment without some security that a higher price will be procured on a re-sale of the estate. The facility with which purchasers can pay their money and get into possession of the lands, the security of title, and the great economy hence attending sales in the Incumbered Estates Court—as the purchaser has not to incur any expense in investigating title, and knows he gets one under the authority of Parliament, and which will always be readily marketable—have a most beneficial effect on bidders, and we are unwilling to see those effects counteracted by adopting the bad practice of the Equity Courts in permitting adjournments on trivial suggestions.

It was also stated as a complaint against the Commissioners, that they would not distribute the purchase-money of the estates sold by them, and would pay it into the Court of Chancery, and that thus all parties would be again involved in litigation in that Court which it was the object of the legislature to supersede by establishing the Incumbered Estates Court. On this head we must allow the Commissioners to justify themselves. We have before given a statement of the sums distributed by them, and we shall add their return to the House of Commons, bearing date July 25, 1850:—

"INCUMBERED ESTATES (IRELAND).

"Return to an Order of the Honorable the House of Commons, dated July 25, 1850,

for
Copy 'of any observations of the Commissioners upon the subject of their distribution of the Funds arising from the Sale of Incumbered Estates in Ireland, and the transfer of any part thereof into the Court of Chancery.'

"As to the transfer of money into the Court of Chancery, the matter stands thus:—

"Under the 41st section of their Act the Commissioners have power, whenever they think fit, to order any money to be paid into a Court of Equity in any suit or matter there pending.

"But as the Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery cannot receive any money without the order of that Court, the Commissioners recommended that a general rule of the Court of Chancery should be made, to enable them to lodge money in the Court of Chancery without the expense of a separate order in each case. The Chancellor agreed to this suggestion, but the Master of the Rolls (without whose consent no general order of the Court of Chancery is made) re-

fused his consent, apprehending that the Commissioners would lodge so much money in the Court of Chancery as to load the Masters and other officers there with more business than they could perform.

— "But in fact the practice of the Commissioners is not to lodge money in the Court of Chancery in any case in which it can be avoided. They have sold more than half a million's worth of property, and at that sum they hope to distribute the entire in their Court, with the exception of about £25,000, or five per cent. on the whole, which they may possibly have occasion to transfer to the Court of Chancery. About £100,000 has been already distributed; only two sums have been lodged as yet in the Court of Chancery; one in the case of *W. R. Munce*, where the rights of the parties had been so much affected by the proceedings already had in the Court of Chancery, that it appeared more convenient to have the money, about £5,200, distributed there. The other case was a sum of £4,230, which the Commissioners were about to pay to an executor; but a bill was filed, in the case of *Irvine v. Dorey*, to have the accounts of that executor taken; and by the executor's consent, on a suggestion made by the Master of the Rolls, without any requisition by the Commissioners, the money, instead of being paid to the executor, was ordered to be lodged to the credit of the cause in which he was a defendant, and in which (if he had received the money himself) he could have been compelled to lodge it. The Commissioners hope, without any assistance from any other Court, to distribute £200,000 before vacation, and £200,000 more in the month of October. There is no part of their practice which gives the public such satisfaction as the readiness with which payments are made when the rights of the parties are correctly ascertained.

"JOHN RICHARDS.

"M. LONGFIELD.

"C. J. HARGREAVE.

"Incumbered Estates Commission,
July 17, 1850."

Their promise to distribute the produce of sales has been more than realised.

There are, however, some defects connected with the Court which must be noticed; one is, its very inconvenient situation. We presume that there was no great choice of localities, and that the exorbitant demands made on the Government, and the necessity for promptly procuring some place to hold the Court in, led to its being placed in Henrietta-street; but some exertions should be made by the Government to remove the Court and offices to some more central situation,

and nearer to the other Courts. The other defect is, in the number of the subordinate officers, which is now becoming inadequate to discharge the multiplied duties imposed on them, notwithstanding the courtesy and diligence which they exhibit in their various departments. At the institution of the Court, when it could not be known how great would be the extent of business, it was right not to appoint too many officers, who might be wholly unnecessary, or who might be dismissed after a short service; but now that the Court has received such an influx of business, the Government are bound to take care that, from motives of economy or other ill-judged reasons, the machinery of the Court should not be clogged for want of hands to work it.

We have thus given a history, and, but for its importance, we would almost fear a tedious one, of the origin and working of this Court, and contrasted its procedure with that of the long-condemned Court of Chancery. We have stated the complaints made, and examined and expressed at least our disbelief in their justice; the public confidence in a tribunal, where new and arbitrary power might have aroused their jealousy, is expressed by the number of persons who have presented petitions to the Court, and the vast amount of property and of interests already brought within its jurisdiction. At first we are not surprised that creditors should have resorted eagerly to its powers—anything was preferable to the evils of Chancery; they continue to trust in the Commissioners, and the embarrassed proprietors of estates now, too, feel how great are the benefits likely to result to them from the powers vested in this new Court, and are generally availing themselves of its machinery to extricate themselves from hopeless though deferred ruin.

But much interest is felt as to the social and political consequences which may result from the operation of the Commission. It is apprehended that the scattering of the large properties which must shortly be offered for sale will lead to a re-plantation of Ireland—one fatal to the Conservative cause and to Protestantism, while it will not conduce to the improvement of the kingdom; but we are inclined to think, and assuredly we hope, that no such dis-

astrous effects will flow from a necessary measure of justice, the only object of which was, that, in the spirit of the great Charter, justice should not be longer denied, nor deferred, nor sold, and at a most exorbitant price, too, as in Chancery. We believe, on the contrary, that the advancement and prosperity of Ireland will be greatly assisted by the operations of the Incumbered Estates Court. Adam Smith remarks, that mercantile men and purchasers of estates are generally improvers. We do not, indeed, expect that all the new proprietors will resemble Mr. Mechi, but we do anticipate that men, who by steady habits of business, by energy, and perseverance or prudence, have been enabled to become purchasers of estates, will also be improvers of them; and, at the least, there is a far greater probability of this, than that embarrassed proprietors, involved in debt or litigation, could be judicious or useful managers of property.

It is often said, too, that there will no longer be vast estates and large proprietors; but the advantages of both have been greatly overrated. Ireland long had both classes; and we cannot perceive of what advantage this has been to her; while in the south and west of Ireland, where estates were the most extensive, we recognise the most destitution and slowest improvement, and greatest priestly despotism over ignorance. We confidently expect that not only the nation, but the causes of enlightened Conservatism and Protestantism, will be gainers. Already, while the sales have not been confined to the estates of Protestants, the purchases made by Protestants have shown that the preponderance of property will still continue on their side, while it will be more equally and usefully divided among a greater number of Protestant owners; and if some few Roman Catholics, laity, priests and bishops, have become purchasers, they have also become landlords; and this will be no small gain to the peace of the kingdom. Heretofore the landlords were few, and were Protestants, not having the influence of numbers, and so embarrassed as to lack the influence generally annexed to rank and the proprietorship of the soil. The tenants were principally Roman Catholics;

and there was a constant unchecked aggressive movement, partaking also of a religious enmity, of the tenants against the landlords, which the latter, being few in number and weak in influence, could not repel; and which, it is notorious from their speeches and attendance at public meetings, was, if not fostered, at least not distasteful to the Romish priesthood. Now that there is likely to be an increase in the number of Roman Catholic proprietors, and that Bishops Mac Hale, Cantwell and O'Donnell, with some priests, have become purchasers, we incline to the hope that the denunciations of landlords as exterminators will be less frequent in their dioceses and parishes, and that they will set useful examples of improvement, and not confine their influence to fierce censures or denunciations; they will practically experience the difficulties to be contended with in the judicious management of property, and will be inclined to make some allowance for the errors and failings of neighbouring proprietors, while interest and policy will alike suggest that it may not be prudent to excite a storm, in the violence of which they too might be overwhelmed. There will be fewer jealousies, also, from the proprietorship of the soil not being, as heretofore, confined to a few large and embarrassed nominal owners, and almost inaccessible to others; and what will be lost in rank and seeming vastness to the Protestant owners of estates, will be more than gained to them in their numbers, intelligence, and useful energies. We cannot, indeed, be sanguine of immediate beneficial results from the operation of the Incumbered Estates Act. The improvement of a nation and of a people, not dull, but obstinate, irritable, and easily led astray, is not the work of months, but of years—nay, almost of generations; but we still confidently anticipate, that while we cannot refuse to sympathise with the sufferings of all classes, owners and creditors, not caused, or even increased, but only exhibited, concentrated and mitigated, by the necessary institution of the Incumbered Estates Court, it will, by its working, contribute, it may be gradually, but decisively, to the advancement in prosperity and the stability of all the valued institutions of the kingdom.

THE NEW POEM BY WORDSWORTH.*

THE domain of poetry is boundless. From the thunder-cloud that browns and mutters in the heavens, overshadowing the earth with sensations of awe and terror, to the lowliest flower that blossoms in the most hidden nooks of solitary glens, the wing of the poet ranges. Nor is he less conversant with the affairs of men, their business and their pleasures. Incident and adventure are by some thought to be the only path in which the poet can walk with that buoyant delight which enables him to give delight to others. Love, fear, hope, joy,—such as they are made by the intricate circumstances of man's various and many-coloured life—are thought to be the only proper theme of the poet's song, and from the minstrel, it is said, we want not philosophy but a story and a tune. But this were to set limits to the domain of the poet, which we have said is boundless. Beyond the utmost range of external nature, and above the circumstances of man's various life, and all the thrilling interests connected with them, is the sovereign mind of man, revolving all things; and there too the poet is privileged to range, to discover what a poet alone can see, to tell what a poet alone can utter. Who has given us so sublime a view of this province of the poet, as he whose latest published work we are now about to review? In that wonderful extract from the conclusion of the first book of the *Recluse*, which he gives in the preface to the *Excursion*, he says:—

"All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form—
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting angels, and the empyreal
thrones—

I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams—can breed such fear
and awe

As fall upon us often when we look
Into our minds, into the mind of man—
My haunt, and the main region of my song."

From the time he first began to write, until this day, the poetry of Wordsworth has been slowly, but steadily, and of late years with accelerated pace, advancing to the highest point of public respect. And whence this slowness and hesitation? Why had so much reluctance of taste, as it were, to be overcome? Why had so much of the light rubbish of ridicule to be cleared away, before the name and fame of Wordsworth could stand confessed upon the loftiest pinnacle of the temple of poetic fame? The reasons are manifold, and we shall attempt to indicate a few of them. In the first place, it was because he deliberately chose for the haunt and main region of his song a height of serious contemplation, up to which the many and the hasty cannot attain; and as he led the minds of his readers rather into habits of religious reverence of an abstract kind, than into those positive religious truths which Cowper was wont to insist upon, the devout for a long time regarded his works rather with suspicion than with favour. Again, he set at naught all the habits of association which had been formed in literature. He was the founder of a new school; and though much good has no doubt resulted from his irregularities, yet he suffered the common fate of those who will not go with the stream, and who have not the power to compel the stream to go with them. He set out with the theory not only that common words were the best for the expression of excited or poetic feeling, but that in people of common and low condition the loftiest thoughts might be found; and that in association with the circumstances of their lives, might be brought forward all that is touching and terrifying, all that is sublime and beautiful, in the world around us, or in the intellect of man! He says:—

"Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and
Hope,
And melancholy Fear, subdued by faith;

* "The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind, an Autobiographical Poem." By William Wordsworth. London. 1850.

Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength and intellectual Power;
Of Joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolable Retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all—
I sing."

Of nothing nobler could he have sought to sing; but with what persons did he think fit to associate that splendid train of moral, philosophical, and poetic subjects? Why, with a retired pedlar—"a vagrant merchant under a heavy load," who supplied rustic wants, or pleased rustic fancies with the contents of his pack, until, provision for his own wants having been obtained, he retired upon his savings and his philosophy, to instruct, by his wisdom and experience, those who had the happiness to converse with him. Now there is nothing in the abstract nature of things to forbid a poet from creating a pedlar, and endowing him with thoughts as sublime as his condition is humble. He may give him a hardy intellect, and moral feelings strengthened and braced by breathing in content the keen and wholesome air of poverty. He may describe him as attending to his trade so as to make money, and at the same time being a lone enthusiast in the woods and fields, keeping in solitude and solitary thought his mind in a just equipoise of love. The poet has no doubt a right to do this if he pleases, and to make his lowly merchant utter as noble truths as ever were uttered by philosopher, in language of the finest poetry; but in doing this he directly wars with the common associations of men's minds, and he must therefore expect a storm of opposition and of ridicule. It certainly was a wilful thing of Wordsworth to choose a pedlar, "among the hills of Athol born," for his philosophic hero; for since common experience associates (not unjustly) thoughts the very reverse of generous, and grand, and philosophical, with such men and with their office, it required a breaking down of such associations, and an entirely new conception of the facts, feelings, and circumstances of a pedlar's life, before it was possible to admit him in the character with which Wordsworth had clothed him.

But though, in this great and notable instance, Wordsworth may have carried his system too far, he has done

incalculable good by teaching thousands who otherwise had not been taught that useful lesson, to associate the noble in thought with the simple in circumstances; to believe that there may be, and that there ought to be, "plain living and high thinking;" and that as the lord of thousands a-year may be, and very often is, a creature of mean and grovelling spirit, with no conceptions to lift him above the lowest of the low, so the poorest may be rich in elevated thoughts, and that

"A virtuous household, though exceeding poor,
Austere and grave, and fearing God,"

possesses a true dignity, which voluptuous princes in their palaces cannot achieve. Wordsworth has taught, with more effect than any one before him had taught, that there is a presence and a power of greatness open to all who behold the stars come out above their heads; and that to the feeling heart the meanest flower that blows can bring thoughts that often lie too deep for tears. For this cause, blessings be with his name. But he has pronounced his own benediction:—

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

The poem, now first published in the goodly tome before us, contains about nine thousand lines of blank verse, divided into fourteen books. It was completed some five-and-forty years ago, when the author was thirty-five years old, his genius matured by reflection, and his intellectual character fixed and determined. We may expect, then, to find the full fruitage of the poetic faculty he possessed, and herein no reader capable of appreciating the highest order of poetry will be disappointed. But he will also find more of the eccentricities of this great author than his own later judgment would probably have approved. There are many heavy and prosaic passages, and some matters of familiar, and not very important, narrative are given with a solemnity which cannot but provoke a smile. But these are but casual clouds floating in the pure Wordsworthian sky. Ever and anon, he springs from level talk or ponderous triviality into the most glorious heights of poetry, and we hear, as it were, a voice of more than mortal music reverberated from the mountains, and

filling the valleys with sounds of melody sweeter than the fall of their own rivers. But why was this poem left for five-and-forty years unpublished? It was, we presume, because the author considered it to be in some sort of a personal character; and though he did not seem at any time to be much afraid of indirect egotism, yet he may have thought that becoming modesty required this poem should be left for posthumous publication. He says of it (Book III.) :—

"A traveller I am,
Whose tale is only of himself; even so,
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt
To follow, and if thou, my honoured friend,
Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps."

The friend thus apostrophised was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to whom the whole poem is addressed. It is called, in the title-page, "A Biographical Poem," and also "The Growth of a Poet's Mind." Probably the author considered it to be such a history, because he had noted in it those incidents and reflections which seemed to himself to mark certain epochs of his mental progress. Any one, however, who shall expect to discover, from this poetical autobiography, the way in which a poetic mind may be built up of such structure and dimensions as the mind of Wordsworth, will certainly be somewhat disappointed. There is nothing here to contravene the ancient canon—*Poeta nascitur, non fit*. Wordsworth was a poet, because God gave him the poetic faculty in large measure, and the peculiarities of his genius were fostered by his taste for retirement, and his disposition to hold communion with external nature, and with his own deeply-meditative soul, rather than with the minds of other men, and the thoughts and business of the world. In the second book of the *Prelude* he tells us :—

"My seventeenth year was come,
And whether from this habit, rooted now
So deeply in my mind, or from excess
In the great social principle of life,
Coercing all things into sympathy,
To inorganic natures were transferred
My own enjoyments; or the power of truth,
Coming in revelation, did converse
With things that really are: I at this time
Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.
Thus, while the days flow by, and years
passed on,

From nature and her overflowing soul
I had received so much, that all my thoughts
Were steeped in feeling: I was only then
Contented, when, with bliss ineffable,
I felt the sentiment of *Being spread*
O'er all that moves, and all that seemeth still;
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought
And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;
O'er all that leaps, and runs, and shouts, and
sings,
Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave—yea, *in the wave itself*
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
Communing in this sort through earth and
heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love.
One song they sang, and it was audible,
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
Overcome by humblest prelude of that strain,
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed."

These lines have, perhaps, a little of the heaviness, and we think we may, with truth, add, a little of the obscurity, which not unfrequently belongs to Wordsworth's narrative manner; but as soon as he leaves narrative, and soars into poetic speculation, then what a glorious burst of elevated song pours from his lofty muse! The following is in continuation of the passage above quoted :—

"If this be error, and another faith
Find easier access to the pious mind,
Yet were I grossly destitute of all
Those human sentiments that make this earth
So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice
To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
That dwell among the hills where I was born.
If in my youth I have been pure in heart—
If, mingling with the world, I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have
lived
With God and Nature communing, removed
From little enmities and low desires—
The gift is yours: if, in these times of fear,
This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown:
If, 'mid indifference and apathy,
And wicked exultation when good men
On every side fall off, we know not how,
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
Of peace and quiet and domestic love,
Yet mingled not unwillingly with ours
On visionary minds; if, in this time
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
Despair not of our nature, but retain
A more than Roman confidence, a faith
That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
The blessing of my life—the gift is yours,
Ye winds and cataracts!—'tis yours,

Ye mountains!—things, O Nature! Thou
 hast fed
 My lofty speculations; and in thee,
 For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
 A never-failing principle of joy
 And purest passion."

It is difficult to imagine a grander strain than this, or a more perfectly bard-like exultation in a near communion with the soul of nature. It may be objected, as it has long been to much of Wordsworth's poetry, that its philosophy is Pantheistic. This does seem to have been the sentiment of the poet's mind, but he never sought to teach it as a religion which should take the place of Christian verities. In whatever dreams of imagination he may have indulged, he never, either by precept or by example, gave any encouragement to depart from Christian faith or practice, but, on the contrary, supported both the one and the other with all the weight of his personal example, while his poetical works seemed to acknowledge a continual sense of the presence of spiritual power manifested either in the stupendous magnificence or the exquisite simplicity of nature. And in respect to this poetical appreciation of natural objects, it should be observed, that though many other poets have felt, and have made others feel, the influence of such objects in some degree, yet no other poet seems to have had the extreme delicacy of sensibility in this respect that Wordsworth had, or to have exhibited so deep a passion of love for the awful and the beautiful. In poetical fervour he could not exceed Burns, nor in lyrical sweetness equal him; but in comparing these poets, and the genius which respectively distinguished each, while we are led to marvel at the variety of excellence which poetry affords when different minds dwell upon the same theme, yet we must confess that, both in the massiveness and grandeur of his conceptions, and in the refined delicacy of his perception, Wordsworth is greatly superior. This we must acknowledge, even while proclaiming that Burns seems a more genuine, unsophisticated, spontaneous poet of nature than his philosophical successor, besides that he took nature in phases more familiar to ordinary minds than Wordsworth did, and the associations of his fancy were more level to general apprehension, and more

closely connected with ordinary sympathies.

The allusions in the above-quoted passage to the melancholy waste of hopes overthrown, the defections of good men, and the exultation of bad, have reference to the course of events after the great French Revolution, towards the close of last century. Of that outburst of the spirit of liberty, which, being under no moral guidance, soon became the most frantic explosion of wickedness and cruelty that ever disgraced a civilised age, Wordsworth was at the beginning an ardent admirer; and he appears not to have quite lost hope of it, even when many who had been friendly to it began to fall off in weariness or in dread. In many parts of the poem we find that deep disgust at abuses, and that ardent, enthusiastic belief in the possibility of replacing them by a kind of poetical perfection, which, no doubt, were the cause of the poet's sympathy with the "patriots" in France, so long as circumstances left it possible for him to believe that the French were really seeking for liberty and justice. But when he found them ready to become, and actually becoming, the instruments of a military tyrant, and ruthlessly robbing other nations of the freedom which they had pretended to desire for themselves, then his sympathy with the French was at an end. He lived to believe that liberty and justice were more likely to be found under a system of authoritative government, based upon sound and settled principles, than under the sway of those specious contrivances to which knots of ambitious adventurers give the name of "liberal measures," or under the dominion of passionate decrees, suggested by demagogues and affirmed by mobs.

Proceeding from school to Cambridge, the poet philosophises with much severity upon what he saw there; but first he gives some narrative, which, as it illustrates the livelier attempts of the poem, we shall transcribe, though we must confess our fear that the smile which the lines may provoke will not be likely to be a smile of admiration:—

"I roamed
 Delighted through the motley spectacle;
 Gowns grave or gaudy, doctors, students,
 streets,
 Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers;

Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,
A northern villager.

As if the change
Had waited on some fairy's wand, at once
Behold me rich in moneys, and attired
In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair
Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.
My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by.
With other signs of manhood that supplied
The lack of beard. The week went round—
ly on,

With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit—
Smooth housekeeping within, and all without
Liberal, and serving gentleman's array."

The poet did not give himself with
much intensity of purpose to college
studies:—

"Of college labours, of the lecturer's room,
All studded round as thick as chairs could
stand

With loyal students faithful to their books,
Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants
And honest dunces—of important days,
Examinations, when the man was weighed
As in a balance! of excessive hopes,
Tremblings withal, and commendable fears,
Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad,
Let others that know more speak as they
know.

Such glory was but little sought by me,
And little won."

He confesses, however, that he had
at the time some qualms about his fu-
ture worldly maintenance: but it is
remarkable how fortunate he appears
to have been in this respect. A little
sufficed for a man brought up with
frugal habits, who, when he travelled
abroad or at home, trusted to his feet,
and carried his wardrobe in a knap-
sack. But a friend, Mr. Raisley Calvert,
who died young, left Wordsworth £100
a-year, because he saw that, though he
had very great ability, he was by no
means likely to be able to make £100
a-year for himself. And thus it ap-
pears that, from 1790 to 1802, when
he married and settled in Westmore-
land, Wordsworth did little else than
roam about in the most beautiful parts
not only of England but of Europe,
and store his mind with the images,
and his heart with the love, which then
and afterwards he poured out in poetry.

Here is the account of his *actual*
education—self-education, even at col-
lege—and nobler passages of poetry
than those lines afford we are not
likely soon to see again:—

"Whate'er of terror, or of love,
Or beauty, nature's daily face put on
From transitory passion, unto this

I was as sensitive as waters are
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
The passion: was obedient as a lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind.
Unknown, unthought of, yet was I most
rich—

I had a world about me—'twas my own;
I made it, for it only lived to me,
And to the God who sees into the heart.
Such sympathies, though rarely were betrayed
By outward gestures and by visible looks:
Some called it madness—so indeed it was,
If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,
If steady words of thoughtfulness, matured
To inspiration, sort with such a name;
If prophecy be madness: if things viewed
By poets in old time, and, higher up,
By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
May in these tutored days no more be seen
With undisturbed sight. But leaving this,
It was no madness, for the bodily eye,
Amid my strongest workings, evermore
Was searching out the lines of difference,
As they lie hid in all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast:—an eye
Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens,
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power
might sleep;

Which spoke perpetual logic to my soul,
And by an unrelenting agency,
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain."

At that time, however, it was only
when alone that the musing spirit fell
upon the future poet. His heart, he
says, was social, *and loved idleness and
joy*. He recalls, in splendid verse, the
names of poets who had been at Cam-
bridge before him, and thence pro-
ceeds to tell his vision of what a uni-
versity should be, with stately groves,
and majestic edifices, and *not wanting
a corresponding dignity within*. Alas!
how is any such vision to be realised?
The grove and the edifice are indeed
within the power of the artist, but who
shall give dignity to peccantry or fri-
volity, or who shall so govern the pride
of youth, and the audacity of wealth,
as to make grave and gentle students
of those who have just escaped from
the restraints of school, with the deter-
mination to obtain as much pleasure
as they can from increased liberty of
action, and an augmented allowance
of money? Beautiful, however, most
beautiful, is the poet's description of
what a university might be, could the
dreams of a poet be realised. Even
he, however, is obliged to break off
thus:—

"Alas! alas!
In vain for such solemnity I looked;

Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears
vexed
By chattering popinjays; the inner heart
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
Of a too gaudy region."

After the university, we have the summer vacation, its rambles, and its amusements, full of the *freshness* which he tells us he found at that time in human life. Then a book on the subject of "Books," which is certainly best when it leaves criticism to open the pages of the book of nature. The return to Cambridge, and a journey to the Alps, a residence in London, a residence in France, continued through three books, a poetic dissertation on Imagination and Taste, in two books, a retrospect and a conclusion, make up this autobiographic poem, which is rather a chain of reflections than an autobiography, in any strict sense of the word.

In spite of the heavy passages—in spite of the somewhat cumbrous gravity with which trivial matters are sometimes narrated or discussed—in spite of the absence of that graceful ease, and occasional humour, which Cowper's blank verse so eminently possesses, the poem of the *Prelude* has the strongest claims to the respectful admiration of the reflecting portion of the public. The finer passages have all the grandeur of the *Excursion*, with, as it seems to us, more vigour, and buoyancy, and fresh delight of composition. When the poet takes up a strain congenial to him, he seems to go on rejoicing in his strength, and pealing out tone after tone of rising grandeur and increasing melody. One great charm of the book is the ardour of the friendship over and over again expressed for Coleridge. In one place he breaks out thus:—

"I have thought
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,
And all the strength and plumage of thy
youth,
Thy subtle speculations, tells abstruse
Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms
Of wild ideal pagantry, shaped out
From things well matched or ill, and words
for things,
The self-created sustenance of a mind
Debarred from Nature's living images,
Compelled to be a life unto herself,
And unrelentingly possessed by thirst
Of greatness, love, and beauty."

Coleridge had gone to the Mediter-

ranean for the recovery of his health,
and thus his friend addresses him:—

"A lonely wanderer art thou gone, by pain
Compelled, and sickness, at this latter day,
This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.
I feel for thee, must utter what I feel:
The sympathies erewhile in part discharged,
Gather afresh, and will have vent again:
My own delights do scarcely seem to me
My own delights; the lordly Alps them-
selves,
Those rosy peaks from which the morning
looks
Abroad on many nations, are no more
For me that image of pure gladness
Which they were wont to be. Through kin-
dred scenes
For purpose, at a time, how different!
Thou takest thy way, carrying the heart
and soul
That Nature gives to poets, now by thought
Matured, and in the summer of their strength.
Oh! wrap him in your shades, ye giant woods
On Etna's side; and thou, O flowery field
Of Enna! is there not some nook of thine
From the first play-time of the infant world
Kept sacred to restorative delight,
When from afar invoked by anxious love?"

This seems to us to be a passage of great fervour, sweetness, and dignity.

The two books on "Imagination and Taste," though frequently less distinct, and less easily understood than will be found agreeable to readers even of an inquiring spirit, have in them, nevertheless, much mental philosophy of the highest interest. He commences by shewing how nature teaches wisdom to those of an observant eye and a feeling heart. The motions of delight that haunt the sides of the green hills, and the subtle intercourse of breezes and soft airs with "breathing flowers" might, he says, if feelingly watched, teach man's haughty race—

"How, without injury, to take, to give
Without offence."

The breezes which bend the complying beads of lordly pines, or shift the stupendous clouds through the whole compass of the sky, shew the wondrous influence of *power gently used*. But the happiness which this didactic dominion of Nature at first gave him, suffered, it seems, an interruption. The intellectual power which fostered love and dispensed truth, and which diffused over men and things ("where *reason* yet might hesitate")

prophetic sympathies of genial faith, gave way under the pressure of the times, and the disastrous issues of those events from which fervent and enthusiastic men had expected so much good. He became dissatisfied with his kind, and the sense of love and fraternity suffered an eclipse:—

"Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,
And hope that future times would surely see
The man to come parted, as by a gulf,
From him who had been; that I could no more
Trust the elevation which had made me one
With the great family that still survives
To illuminate the abyss of ages past.
Sage, warrior, patriot, hero; for it seemed
That their best virtues were not free from taint,
Of something false and weak, that could not stand
The open eye of reason."

Under this strong impression of disappointment and distrust, he *unsullied* by syllogism and severe logic

"Those mysteries of being which have made,
And shall continue evermore to make
Of the whole human race one brotherhood."

Nor was this all; for under the dominion of that *less spiritual* taste which now possessed him, he began to look at the visible universe with a microscopic eye, and, as we gather from his description, with a kind of artistic fastidiousness:—

"Although a strong infection of the age
Was never much my habit—giving way
To a comparison of scene with scene;
Bent over much on *superficial things*;
Pampering myself with meagre novelties
Of colour and proportion."

This is a remarkable confession from Wordsworth. They who have learned from him so much of the deep sentiment which natural objects can impart to the mind, will be surprised to hear that the time was when he occupied himself with that study of nature which belongs rather to the painter than the poet:—

"To the moral power,
The affections, and the spirit of the place
Insensible."

But still, though a mere superficial, he was yet as ardent an admirer of nature as ever. In proceeding with

the description of his then state of mind, there is a singularly beautiful transition (though abrupt) to a woman's right view of those things which he, through a false and shallow refinement, had ceased to contemplate as he ought:—

"My delights
(Such as they were) were sought insatiably.
Vivid the transport—vivid, though not profound;

I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock,
Still craving combinations of new forms.
New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,
Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced
To lay the inner faculties asleep.

Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife
And various trials of our complex being,
As we grow up, such thralldom of that sense
Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a maid,

A young enthusiast, who escaped these bonds;
Her eye was not the mistress of her heart;
Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,
Or barren intermeddling subtleties,
Perplex her mind; but wise as women are
When genial circumstance hath favoured them,

She welcomed what was given, and craved
no more.

Whatever the scene presented to her view,
That was the best—to that she was attuned
By her benign simplicity of life;
And through a perfect happiness of soul,
Whose variegated feelings were in this
Sisters, that they were each some new delight.

Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,
Could they have known her, would have loved; methought

Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,

And everything she looked on, should have had

An intimation how she bore herself
Towards them, and to all creatures. God delights

In such a being: for her common thoughts
Are piety, her life is gratitude."

How inexpressibly delightful is this portraiture! Ah, it is our human sympathies that are strongest still; and whatever admiration, whatever profound serenity of joy we may have in the poet's association of the grand and beautiful in nature with the lights of reason, and the more sublime aspirations of a pure abstract philosophy, yet our hearts and our eyes fill most readily, when that which is gentle, good, and kind, and *therefore* wise, in man or woman, is brought before us

in happy combination with nature's loveliness. The purity—the domestic purity we may call it—of Wordsworth's descriptions of woman, entitle him to all the favourable regard with which he is contemplated by the womanly intellect of his country. We do not seek to disparage the passionate strains in which Burns, Moore, and Byron have sung their devoted admiration, yet who would not rather have his daughter or sister praised in such lines as the following, than in any that Burns, Moore, or Byron ever wrote?

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records; promises as sweet,
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

*The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."*

But this is a digression. Wordsworth tells us that the *degradation* of his taste into critical examination of mere outward forms, was transient:—

"I shook the habit off
Entirely and for ever, and again
In nature's presence stood, as now I stand,
A sensitive being, a creative soul."

His sympathy with nature was completely restored, but either from never having quite shaken off the disappointment regarding human progress, which the course of events in the French Revolution had occasioned, or because in his mountain retirement he looked with a more severe judgment upon men, than those in closer intercourse with the busy world are wont to do, he certainly never did largely sympathise with other thinkers of his own time, and still less with other writers. Perhaps the more accurate way of stating the truth is to say, that he did form a judgment, while men who live in the world do not take the trouble to do so, but go with the *set* to which they happen to belong; saying every day flattering things which they do not think, either from a mere habit of

saying them, or from a belief that the manners of the world render it necessary or becoming so to do. It is very true that a man in comparative solitude may permit to himself the habit of being too coldly critical, but it is no less true that literary men of the world are apt to be but too tolerant of successful genius, no matter what evil things may be associated with it. One can scarcely imagine a more marked contrast than that which subsisted between Scott and Wordsworth in this respect. Scott's good nature, and his toleration of ability and good intention, were boundless. He did not think literature of such importance, but that irregularities in it of almost any kind might be pardoned. Wordsworth had higher views of the importance of literature, and could not bear what seemed to him to degrade so high a calling as that of the literary man. He was, therefore, most undoubtedly, far less "liberal" than Scott, and he was also, in this respect, less agreeable to the many; but it is not to be inferred from thence that he was less just, or that he less worthily supported the dignity of literature. Upon this question, however, most persons will form their judgment according to their own temperament, and perhaps according to their own success in life. Wordsworth might have been a much more distinguished man in society, and a more successful man in the world—that is, a richer man, and of more consideration and influence in London, if he had not had a pride of judgment and of feeling, which kept him aloof from such things. Of all men of his time he most cultivated imaginative literature for its own sake, and least for the sake of popularity and money. In literature he was difficult to please, and sparing of praise. Unlike other men, he was often impatient even of praise himself, for it frequently was based upon grounds which he thought erroneous or contemptible. One extract more, however, that he may himself describe what he was:—

"I had been taught to reverence a Power
That is, the visible quality and shape
And image of right reason; that matures
Her processes by steadfast laws; gives birth
To no impatient or fallacious hopes,
No heat of passion or excessive zeal,
No vain conceits; provokes to no quick turns
Of self-applauding intellect, but trains
To meekness, and exalts by humble faith;

Holds up before *the mind, intricate*
With present objects and the busy dance
Of things that pass away, a temperate
shew

Of objects that endure; and by this course
 Disposes her, when ever fondly set
 On throwing off incumbances, to seek
 In man, and in the frame of social life,
 Whatsoever there is desirable and good
 Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form
 And function, or, through strict vicissitude
 Of life and death revolving. Above all
 Were re-established now those *watchful*
thoughts.

Which, seeing little worthy or sublime
 In what the historian's pen so much delights
 To blazon—power and energy detached
 From moral purpose—early tutored me
 To look with feelings of fraternal love
 Upon the unassuming things that hold
 A silent station in this beautiful world."

The attentive reader of the last eight lines will plainly discover the secret of Wordsworth's cold appreciation of ordinary literature, and his slight sympathy with literary men in general. He looked for something worthy or sublime—he looked for a moral purpose, as well as that power and energy which

are the grand characteristics of genius. Nee! we say that of this he found little.

Upon the whole, the book before us, though often obscure, abounds with instruction and with elevated poetry. We have extracted much, and yet we feel reluctant to forbear culling more flowers from so splendid a garden. When we turn over the book, we are struck more and more with passages which seem to come like streams of light upon the mountain-tops, and to reveal beautiful heights of the mind of man, which, without the aid of this great poet, we had never been able to see. We have by no means extracted the finest passages of the book, being anxious rather to give, as far as our limits would permit, a notion of its general plan, and its general merits, than to cull the most striking passages of the poem. Though the work affords plenty of occasion for critical fault-finding, we yet feel satisfied that, such as it is, it will elevate even the fame of Wordsworth. Greater praise than this we cannot bestow.

GRACE KENNEDY.

It was on a raw evening in December, 183—, just after dusk, that a wild-looking, haggard man entered a little hovel near the side of a by-road between Hollywood and Escar, in the Queen's County.

"Well, what have you got?" cried a shrill voice from the interior of the hut, which proceeded from a woman crouching over a turf fire, burning dimly, from the damp of the material placed on it.

"Ye got nothing?" she asked again, not having received an answer to her former query.

"Nothing!" was the sullen rejoinder, as the man, approaching the fire, drew a broken stool to him and sat down amongst the ashes; on one side of him the female half sitting, half lying against the corner of the recess in which was the fire, her covering being a thin, turn blanket on her shoulders, and a ragged black petticoat about her loins. Opposite to her were two little children, from about three to five years, the younger

altogether naked; the other with a ragged piece of linen hanging about it; both crouched over the burning turf, looking up to the man with their dark, inquiring eyes.

After a short silence, the woman again addressed her husband, for such was the relation of the parties—

"An' did ye get no work?"

"The sorra bit."

"Was'nt Mr. Rawson at home?"

"He was."

"Well?"

The man made no answer but asked—

"Where's the ould pot?"

The woman sprung to her feet, and brought over an old pot, with a triangular piece broken out of the side.

"Well, honey," she said, in a soothing voice.

The man put his hand in his pocket and drew out a dead fowl, with the neck twisted. The children uttered a cry of delight.

"Here, Pather," said the woman, "go an' wash the pot, and bring some

elane wather out of the hole—half-full, Pather."

The urchin darted off.

The man had by this time drawn some turnips out of his other pocket, and handed them to her.

"Yer a good man the day, Pather Kennedy. We have something, at any rate."

And she busied herself in cutting up the turnips, and put them and the fowl, unplucked, on the fire, when the boy brought in the pot.

"Tell us, Pather, agra, how did ye get it?" she said, putting on more turf, and again cowering over the fire.

"Let me alone," he said, harshly; "ye have it—there; isn't that enough for ye?"

"Had Rawson no work," she continued, changing the subject.

"No he hadn't; yet he tuk in the two Byrnes last week. He gave me a penny, and tould me to go to the poor-house," he added, with a scornful laugh.

"Give us the penny," she whined, coaxingly; "it'll do for male in the mornin'."

He looked at her for a moment.

"It's not worth givin' or houldin'," he said, as he threw it to her.

A noise was heard outside the door.

"Here's the childre," she said. "Let none of yez say what's in the pot."

A little girl entered, hardly better dressed than those before described: a ragged cotton frock, with a dirty handkerchief round her, was her only covering; her age might be eight or twelve; from the emaciated state of her face—unnaturally pale from the glare of a dim rush-light—it was not easy to form an exact idea. Her eyes were blue, her hair light—that colour which deepens to a pretty brown in womanhood.

"Well, Grace, is that you?" said her father—the first uncalled words he had yet spoken.

"Yis, father dear, it's me. Ah, bud it's cowl'd," she continued, getting between the little ones at the fire.

"Did ye bring nothin' wid ye," cried her mother, sharply.

"It's down the road," she said; "the sack was big, an' I got tired, so I left it in the ditch, as I seen the light in the house, an' I knew father was here, an' he'd go back and bring it in."

"That I will, alannah," replied the man, rising. "Whereabouts is it?"

"Just at the ould mile-stone, this side of the bridge, down in the ditch."

It was speedily brought, and the contents emptied on the floor. Potatoes and skins of the same, the inside wanting though, turnips, cabbage, bones, meal, and rags tumbled out.

"Haith, Grace, you're a wondher entirely," said her mother, in a tone of commendation.

"Ye've a good dale, Grace, darlint," said her father, half mournfully.

"An' didn't stale a ha'porth there," cried the little girl.

"Ye didn't stale it; an' how did ye get all this?—ye bought them, maybe?" asked her mother, with a sneer.

"No, mother; I went to a big house a long ways off, an' the mather seen me first, an' he brought me in to give me a bit in the kitchen; and thin the misthress gave me the ould duds, an' the servants the rest; an'——"

"An' what?" said her mother, seeing her hesitate.

"An' the little one gev me this"—showing a sixpence as she spoke.

The mother snatched it from her.

"Arrah, Grace, bud yer a rale darlint the day."

Her father drew her towards him, and kissed her.

"Ye stole nothin' the day, thin, alannah machree?" he asked.

The girl did not answer; she fixed her large eyes on her father, as if she sought silently to tell him something.

The mother turned round—

"Answer yer father, will ye?—have ye nothin' more?"

The girl drew out of her bosom a handsome cap, all crumpled.

"I stole this," she said.

The mother attempted to take it also.

"I got it as I was goin' up to the big house, on the hedge near the avenue, an' it belongs to thin, an' I am goin' to lave it back to-morrow," said the girl, eagerly.

"Lave it back, indeed!" cried her mother, standing up, and taking it from her. "A brau new cap, I declare!—the lady's, I'm sure!—lace an' fine ribbon!—lave it back? 'Haith yer no sich fool."

"Ah, mother!" pleaded the little girl, "they're good people—ye wouldn't stale from thin yerself; sure they gave me all thin; and there was a poor ould man wint up after me, an' maybe they'll think it's him that took it."

"An' let thim—who cares?" answered her mother, still examining the cap.

"Ah, mother, darlin'! give it to me, an' I'll bring you somethin' as good; let me give it back to the lady."

"Divil a fut ye'll go wid it, there."

"Ye may as well give the child the cap," said the husband.

"Is it to have me 'rested, and put in gaol, ye want, Pather? Arrah, man, are ye a fool, at all, at all?"

This silenced him; but the child still importuned for the cap.

"Go along wid ye," said her mother, striking her; "go an' blow the fire, till we ate our supper."

The girl whimpered, and proceeded to her task.

Soon after a lad of thirteen or fourteen came in, with a sack on his back, which he threw on the floor as he came in.

"Well, Mick, acushla, yer welcome. What have ye to-night?"

"Faix ye have a bit o' mate, an' some piaties and cabbage from ould Worrell's garden."

"An' the mate, Mick, honey, how did ye get it?"

"Oh, give me my supper first, an' thim I'll tell you."

The pot was boiled by this time, or sufficiently so for them, and they took out the fowl, pulled off the feathers, and divided it between the father and mother, and the boy last named, giving a little bit to the girl, which the father added to from his share. The mother gave the little things some turnips, and told them to roast some potatoes for themselves in the ashes.

"Where's Ned, I wondher?" asked the father.

"Bad luck to him," said the mother, "he's always last, and niver has a ha'porth; and when he does get anything, it's into throuble he brings us for it."

"He's so small," urged the girl.

"Arrah don't be talkin'; aint he as big as you?" said the mother, angrily.

The object of the conversation here appeared at the door—a little child of seven or eight years, with only a ragged pair of trowsers and an old shirt on him.

He stood shivering at the door, with a little bag in his hand, empty; one would think he had heard what they said.

"Come in, Ned," said his sister, who first saw him.

"Well," said his mother, savagely, "where's what you got?—where's your bag?"

"I couldn't get anything all day?" he whimpered.

"Ye dirty vagabone!" cried his mother, starting up, and cuffing him on the head and ears, "is this the way yer to go on always? Ye'd rather be fed here for nothin', and do nothing for yerself; night after night the old story—the empty bag, an' 'I couldn't get anything.' Were ye at Worrell's?" she asked, fiercely.

"I was," he sobbed.

"An' ye could get nothin'?" she again asked. "Will ye answer, ye blackguard?" she continued, as the boy cried on.

"We niver take there," he sobbed again.

"Well" she repeated after him, "an' who's we, ye omedhaun? Have I niver tould you not? And why don't you take there?" she continued, mimicking him.

"Because," said he again, still sobbing, "they give us our dinner."

"And who's us?"

"Grace an' me."

"Come, my man, none of yer nice humbug; out wid ye, and don't dar' come in here without yershare. Come, be off."

"Ah, mother!" cried Grace, springing up, "don't ax him to go to-night—it's cold, an' wet—don't ax him—sure he's small."

"Lave me alone," she cried, her anger rousing her—"he must go. I'll tache him to come in again this way. Out, ye cur!"

"Let him ate a bit first, thim, mother jewel."

"Divil a taste, till he brings his bit. Come, out wid ye!" she shouted.

"Arrah, Katty, can't ye let the child alone," said her husband.

"Hould yer tongue, and ate yer supper," said she; "and don't crass me, I'd advise ye."

The poor child still lingered at the door—the mother rushed at him, and he disappeared.

"I'll go wid him," cried Grace, about to follow.

"Will ye?" said her mother, giving her a slap; "go sit down, an' don't stir again widout my lave."

The poor little girl sat down in the chimney-nook, sobbing bitterly.

"Sure we had enough widont his share," said the father.

"Much ye know," answered his wife. Is that the way ye'd have me bring up the childre, in idleness—walkin' about all day, an' nothin' home at night. I'll tache them, I'll engage."

They finished their meal, and lay down on some straw, covering themselves with their clothes and rags of blankets. They all huddled together—the children at their parents' feet. They slept; Grace was still awake—still crying within herself. She got up softly, and looked out: dark as pitch and no sign of her little brother! She crouched over the remains of the fire, and every few moments went to the door and looked out. Still the absent one came not. Grace looked at the wet turf, smouldering by degrees to ashes; the half-burned sod, growing smaller and smaller, crumbling away—a little red here and there, just showing how it went; at last 'twas out, and then a heap of ashes in its place—now warm, less warm, cold, and colder—till at last as cold as the clay floor it rested on. So Grace watched; and in her grief forgot to keep alive the embers she had raked up from the ashes; each one burned slowly away and disappeared; and so she watched, and, watching, slept.

She dreamt. She thought her little brother came in, his little bag empty still, but all wet and black; the water running from his hair, and down his cheeks, and neck and little shirt—all wet; and still he looked at her and smiled. She wandered in her dream: and his darling blue eyes looked into her's, so happily, as they used to do long ago; she wished to speak, but could not; and still he looked at her so pleasantly; she tried to get up and go to him, and awoke crying.

He was not there; but the first dawn of day streamed through the little window. She put her hand where the fire had been—all heat gone—the ashes cold as stone. She was very cold herself. She looked out again for Ned—no sign yet. "He'll soon come now," she thought; the day-light still came

on; the stars one by one were lost. She went back to the house—all slept still; her mother, roused up by the draught from the open door, muttered to her to shut it, and slept again. Grace closed the door, and going to the little broken window-hole, still watched. Still the day dawned, brighter and brighter still. Two men are coming down the road—they walk rather slowly—they are carrying a sack between them; they get over the ditch, into the bog opposite the hovel; one of them is young Worrell, and the other his servant-boy.

"It's not a sack they have—'tis a boy!—it must be Ned."

Grace rushed out; a few bounds brought her to the men—it was Ned. Oh! there was a scream, a long, long scream, and then another; and then the pent-up anguish of her soul found vent in tears. It was Ned, poor little Ned! The men laid him down—he was wet and dirty—his eyes shut—his face wet, and pale, and cold. Poor little boy—he was quite dead. And the little girl knelt by his side, and held his moist hand so cold, and kissed the dirt from his lips, and called for Ned, "her brother, alannah machree!" "her brother jewel!" "her darling!" but Ned awakened not; and the men stood by and wiped the corner of their eyes with their coat-sleeves.

The father had come out and the eldest boy; the former ran up and looked at the corpse—he said nothing; he raised it in his arms and bore it to the house; his wife still lay asleep; he laid the body on the floor.

"Get up!" he said to her, shaking her arm.

"Let me alone, will yez?" she cried, half asleep.

"Get up!" he said, sternly, taking her in his arms, and putting her in a sitting posture.

"Arrah bad luck——" She stopped, her eyes opened. There was the corpse at her feet, and the circle round it in silence. She burst into a loud cry, rocking herself to and fro.

"We found him in a bog hole near our house," said young Worrell as he went away.

CHAPTER II.

THEY were: the father with his arms folded, leaning against the wall, near the fire place, looking with a stare

of vacancy on the face of his dead child; the mother still sitting on the bed, whining, and rocking herself, with

her head on her knees; the two younger children kneeling on the straw at the foot of the bed, looking at the corpse; the eldest son leaning against the door-sill, with his hand in his pocket, looking out listlessly on the beautiful morning; and Grace knelt beside the body. She no longer cried aloud, but the tears rolled silently down her cheeks; the large drops one after another poured from her eyes; she took one hand in her's, and gazed at the little pale face before her; and then from time to time she put her other hand on his breast, or raised the closed eyelid, and then moved it quickly away, as the dull, cold eye met her view—that eye which used to smile so lovingly on her. Or she would open his lips; whatever little red was in them once, quite blanched away; and then another passionate burst of inward grief, as she kissed again and again that dear mouth, never more to press her's in answer. At last the mother looked up.

"What's the girl whinin' for?" she asked, harshly. "Will that bring him back? Arrah, who let the fire out?" she continued, looking round at the hearth. Go along, Grace, and get some kindlin' over at Micky Byrne's; sure we can't stay here in the cowlid."

A stifled sob escaped the child; she appeared as if she heard not.

"Will ye go?" said her mother again, imperatively. "God knows the little varmint is no loss, anyhow."

Grace, with a scream of agony, threw herself on the body.

"Ah, woman!" said her husband, "howld yer tongue. The poor gorseon's gone; let him lie in pace."

The woman commenced an angry rejoinder, but changed it into her former whine, as a step was heard approaching the door, and a stout, respectable-looking man, followed by young Worrell, passed the boy at the door, and entered the hovel.

"Och! Mither Worrell! Mither Worrell! Mither Worrell!" screamed the woman, rocking herself on the bed—"Och, my poor boy! an' he's gone from us, my fair-haired little child! Oh, what'll I do?—what'll I do? Look at him, Mither Worrell, the little darlint. An' he out lookin' for a bit to ate, the cratur, and niver kem near us, an' we wondherin what was keepin' him. An'thin, dhrowned in

a bog-hole. Oh, wurrasthrue! what'll become of me at all, at all?"

The eyes of the good man addressed were full of tears, as he turned to the father, and said—

"Kennedy, I'm very sorry for you. It's a sad accident; but sure it's the Lord's will. Mrs. Kennedy," he continued, "don't take on so—he resigned to the will of Providence. It was a poor end for the little fellow. And Grace, dear, you have lost your companion. Send her up, Mrs. Kennedy, in the course of the day, to my wife: I dare say she has something for you."

"Thankee, sir," said the woman. May the Lord of heaven power a blessin' on you and on yer family."

"And, Kennedy," continued Mr. Worrell, "you know we must have the coroner here; just form, you know—accidental death, of course. Don't look frightened, Mrs. Kennedy; it's only just a form—necessary, though, in a case of this sort. I'm going down to Baccar, and I'll mention it to the police there. Maybe the coroner will be here to-day; if not, it will be early in the morning. And you'll want a coffin, too, Kennedy: I'll just tell Jem Flynn, as I'm going down, to make one. And, Mrs. Kennedy," he added, going, "don't forget to send Grace down to our house."

"May the poor man's blessin' be wid you this day!" said Kennedy, warmly.

"May God's blessin' rest upon you an' your's for ever!" shouted Mrs. Kennedy after him.

As soon as the footsteps were lost leaving the house, she turned to her husband—

"Pather, man, sure you're not goin' to stan' there all day, are ye? Come, start off, agra; go over to Rawson's, an' tell them the story—an' tell it *well*, mind. Ye'll get yer breakfast, anyway, and yer day's work and dinner, too, I'll go bail. We'll not want you at the 'quest. Come, man, go; we've nothin' worth talkin' of for breakfast here, and ye'll be sure to get somethin' there."

The man in silence took his hat, and went slowly out.

"Come, Grace," she resumed, in a milder tone than before, "dart off to Micky Byrne's for the kindlin'. There, run, and take the pot with you."

As the little girl went, she called her eldest son; and handed him the

sixpence that Grace had brought in the night before.

"Here, Mick avourneen, go up to the shop, and buy a twopenny loaf, a pen'orth of butter, a pen'orth of sugar, three-hap'orth of tay, and a hap'orth of milk; an' don't hurry yourself too much, 'till I send Grace to Worrell's whin she brings in the fire."

Mick departed, and soon after Grace came in with the lighted turf in the pot.

"There, that's a girl," said her mother. "Now go up to Mrs. Worrell, and she'll give ye yer breakfast; an' ax her for a sheet to lay him out wid, an' some candles; an' may be ye'd get a grain o' tay to watch him by. But hurry up now."

The little girl, subdued and silent, did her bidding.

When she was gone, her mother bustled about, laid the dead boy on the bed in the corner, kindled up the fire, got some water, and put it to boil in the old pot; took a dirty teapot from a corner, and a broken cup and cracked bowl, and laid them on a three-legged stool, supported on a sod of turf, in front of the fire. The two little children resumed their place in the chimuey-nook, following their mother with their eyes, everywhere she turned.

The water boiled as Mick entered.

"Just in time, my darlin', every thing's ready. Where's the tay, 'till I wet it? Draw the stone over and sit down. Begor that's fine sugar; but, be aisy, what sort of butther is this? 'Haith its half suet. Show us the milk an' the bread; but its stale—two days ould I'm sure. Here, alannah, take a bit of stick an' toast a bit. I don't think the stale bread agrees wid me, an' the butther's only middlin. Make room for the tay-pot, 'till I put it to stew. Now, Mick a hagar, you must mind and say, whin the crowner comes here, how that Ned wint out in the mornin' to look for his bit, as we were all starvin', and that we didn't see a sight of him 'till they carried him in this mornin'."

"Oh, lave me alone," answered the boy, cunningly; "won't I make a movin' story. Am I to cry?"

"Ay, a little, but spake plain at first. But if they go to ax ye too many questions, ye must cry so that ye'll not be able to spake."

"That's enough," said he, winking.

"An' childre," she continued, turning to the little ones, "was Ned here last night?"

"Yes, mother," said they both.

"No he wasn't!" she shouted.

Now answer me, "Was Ned here last night?"

"No he wasn't," said they, hesitatingly.

"When did yez see him last?"

"I seen him —," said Peter.

"Yesturday mornin'," suggested his mother.

"Yesturday mornin'," echoed Peter.

"Come now, say it again. When did you see Ned last, Pather?"

"Yesturday mornin'."

"Katty?"

"Yesturday mornin'," she replied.

"Give us the tay, mother," said Mick, beginning to get tired of the instruction.

So she poured out and tasted it.

"That's rail good, faix," she said, sipping it; "an' I'm expecting Mrs. Worrell will give us some more. Be dad we'll make somethin' by Neddy now that he's dead, more than we did when he was alive, at any rate."

And so the mother and son took their buttered toast and tea, with the drowned son and brother lying beside them! And so they joked upon his death—the mother and son—and she the cause of it! And so they sat by their little fire, eating their comfortable breakfast, having sent out the father and daughter to beg the meal! And so the mother catechised the children in lying and dishonesty, bringing them up as dark spots to taint the fair face of God's creation!

The coroner came, and the police, and the neighbours, and Mr. Worrell, and young Worrell, and the labourer who found the body, and with some difficulty they collected a jury.

Young Worrell, an intelligent lad of nineteen, was examined, and related that he and a servant boy of his father's had accidentally found the body that morning, as they were going to work; that they had been attracted to the bog-hole by the barking of their little dog, who had found his cap.

And Mick and his mother were sworn, and, with every appearance of bitter grief, deposed that the little boy had gone out to beg on the morning of the day before, and was not seen by any of them till he was brought in lifeless by Worrell.

So the jury considered, and agreed, that the child was returning home after dark, had mistaken the path, and had fallen into the hole; they therefore, after a few moments, returned a verdict of accidental death.

And they all went away, and the family were left alone again with the corpse. The little children again cowered round the fire, and Mick stood in the corner of the chimney nook. And the mother sat over the fire, her elbows resting on her knees, and her hands supporting her chin, rocking herself to and fro. And Grace stood in the far corner, again crying silently within herself. And the solitary candle against the wall shed a dim mournful light through the cabin; and the dead boy lay on the floor where he had been placed for the inquest.

There was the perjured mother that killed her child; who there, before her other children, had sworn to a lie;—the mother that brought them with pain into this world of sin;—the human mother, placed by the Almighty as the natural guide to lead the offspring on the way to heaven;—this mother teaching them the path direct to hell;—the mother, the bane or blessing of the child; for as she is, so will he be.

Grace sat in the corner, still crying; her mother stood up and approached her; she seized her by the shoulder—

“Go along,” she said, “an’ wash that brother of yours, bad luck to him, and lay him out, and then put on the turnips. Will yestir?” she continued, pushing her. “Come Mick, agin,” said she, as Grace prepared to do what she had told her; “I’m goin’ out. Will ye come?” And wrapping a tattered cloak about her head, she left the house followed by her eldest boy. And Grace washed her little brother and laid him out, and lit the other candle Mrs. Worrell had given her; and produced a bit of brown bread, which she divided between Peter and Katty; and put on the turnips, and gave the little things their supper, and put them to bed; and

they went to sleep. She sat by the fire to watch. She was not crying now. She thought, where was her father—he was not coming in. He might have fallen into a hole too. And then she cried. Again she thought—where was Ned gone—how did Ned die—would it not be better for her to go with him, away from trouble. And she looked over at the dead boy, and cried again. And her eye rested on the two living children—their eyes shut too, lying without noise. And she thought again, were they not all asleep? and two would awake, but one would sleep on. And so Grace pondered within herself, and cried, and thought, and dosed—then dreamed, and woke to cry again.

At last the door was pushed open, and her brother Mick came in, supporting her mother, drunk, hardly able to walk.

“Ye hell hound—bra—t,” she stammered to Grace; “wha—t are ye d—d—oin’ ther. And making a blow at her, she fell on the floor.

Mick lifted her to the bed, and after a few inarticulate words she fell asleep. Mick lay down beside her, and slept too; and the little girl was again alone. Where was her father, she thought—out the whole night. And the wind blew, and the rain pelted against the house, and he came not. Where could he be? And Grace thought on, and cried. The candles burnt down—the wicks grew longer and longer, and the light dim and more dim; and a kind of awe stole over Grace. She felt afraid, she knew not of what. She was very sleepy, too; and there was no room for her on the straw. And she went over to her brother, and stooped to kiss him. How cold were the lips! And she lifted the little body over to the fire, and took his hand from under the sheet, and clasped it in her’s, and nestled down on the hearth beside him, and fell asleep—the dead body her companion—the cold clay giving her confidence in the solitude of night!

CHAPTER III.

THE day was just breaking, when Grace awoke. There was her little brother’s ghastly face just beside her’s. In spite of herself she shuddered, and let go his hand; but then, as if ashamed, she kissed him again and again.

She replaced the body in the corner and glanced at the sleepers. All were silent still! She observed something white amongst the straw near her mother’s head; she looked close; it was the cap she had stolen. “Shall I take

it?" she thought. She put her hand out—no one stirred—she had it. She opened the door gently, and ran out to hide it under a furze-bush. The children soon awoke; her mother still slept heavily on. There were some turnips left since the night before—she heated them for their breakfast.

Mick took his bag and went out.

Her mother still slept, and her father came not yet.

And so they waited at the fire. Grace told the children little stories, and they forgot their hunger. And then, as they laughed in their childish glee, she would cry, and point to their dead brother, and they were hushed.

At last her father came; she sprang to meet him, and he stooped and kissed her. A man followed him with a coffin. Grace knew what it was for. She cried again; Ned was going home. They put him into the coffin—they put on the lid.

"Ah, father, dear!" she cried, rushing to it, "wan look more, just wan."

She pushed the lid off, and knelt down, and kissed his face.

"Ned, honey, your goin'; I'll nivir see you again. Ned, achorn, we'll nivir go out again in the mornin' to look for a bit to ate. It's by myself I'll go now. Ned, darlint, ye'll lie aisy—wont ye?" And she smoothed and settled his head. "Och, jewel of my heart, I wish I was with ye."

And with a passionate burst of grief she threw herself on the body. Her father lifted her off; the carpenter put on the lid and nailed it; the noise awoke the sleeping mother; she sat upon the bed and looked on in silence. Her husband approached her.

"Here, Katty," said he, "I'm in work at Mr. Rawson's, and here's somethin' for you," handing her sixpence at the same time.

She took it from him, but said nothing. Kennedy then took his daughter's hand, and followed the carpenter and the coffin out of the house.

The old churchyard was about a mile away, near Holly-wood. They found a little grave dug, and Worrell's servant standing beside it; a couple of neighbours went with them; the coffin was put in the ground and covered in. Grace cried in silence. It was all filled up; the sods were laid on the top—Ned was gone home.

"Now, Grace," said her father, "I must go to my work. Go home to

yer mother, an' I'll bring you somethin' in the evenin'."

When Grace returned to the house her mother was not there.

"Pather," she asked, "where's mother?"

"Gone to the shop," answered he, "for bread for us; Katty an' me is to wait here till she comes."

"Wait, then, quite, like good children, wont yez? an' tell mother that I'll be back soon," said Grace.

"Yis, Grace," replied they.

And Grace got the cap she had hid, and started off for the place where she had been two days before. A bright-eyed little girl and smiling boy were playing in front of the hall-door.

"Oh, Charles!" said the former, "there's the little girl was here the day before yesterday. She has no bag to-day."

"Well, little girl," said the boy, addressing her, "what do you want?"

"I want to see the misthress, if ye plaze, sir," answered Grace, curtsying.

"What do you want with her?" asked his companion.

"I want to tell her something, Miss."

"But you know you got a great deal here the other day, little girl," said the boy; "and you ought not to come so soon again."

"I have somethin' to give her," persisted Grace.

"Children, children!" cried a voice from the hall-door, which had just opened. "Charles—Jane! come here!" And the lady of the house came out on the steps. "Well, my little girl, so you want to speak to me. What have you to say?"

"Not to them," said Grace, colouring, and pointing to the children.

"Children, go into the hall for a moment. Well, now, what do you want?"

"Ye gave me a grate dale, lady, dear; and — and — here's this," she added, bursting into tears, and pulling the cap from her bosom.

The lady took it.

"One of my caps," she said, "that was stolen! How did you get it?"

"'Twas me, ma'am, that took it," said Grace, sobbing.

"And what tempted you to take it? This cap could have been no use to you if you were hungry."

"Mother 'ud sell it, ma'am. An' 'twas comin' to the house I took it, afore I knewn you; an' I was goin'

to put it on the hedge afther, an' there was people lookin' an' I could'nt; an' thin I thought it betther to come an' give it to yerself."

"And you came of your own accord?—your mother did not send you?"

"Mother, ma'am! Mother wanted to keep it, but I took it this mornin' whin she was asleep, an' hid it to bring it to you."

And the child looked up into the lady's face, and the latter saw truth stamped in the mournful blue eyes that looked into her's; and a tear quivered on her own eye-lash as she turned towards the house, and called her children.

"Come here, Charles and Jane. You see this little girl. She was here the day before yesterday, as you both know, and received a great deal from me. As she was coming to the house on that day, she was tempted to do very wrong—she broke one of God's commands, and stole this cap. She might have kept it without even being suspected of the theft, for we thought that it was the beggarman stole it. Well, this little girl was moved with gratitude towards me, and, of her own accord, brought back the cap to-day. I do not know if she is aware of the great sin of which she has been guilty; but what I wish to call your attention to is, the remembrance of a kindness, and her modesty in confessing her fault. Go, my little girl," she continued, addressing Grace, "go to the kitchen, and I will send you something to eat."

The lady returned to the house with her children, and ringing for the servant, desired him to tell the cook to give the little girl some food, and to let her know when she had finished.

Presently the man entered, saying that the girl wanted to go.

"Why, she had not time to eat anything," observed his mistress.

"She hasn't eaten anything, ma'am; she says she wants to take it home."

"Come, children, let us go and speak to her."

They found her in the kitchen, tying up some bones and potatoes in an old handkerchief.

"Why won't you eat anything, my poor girl?" asked the mistress of the house.

"Ah, lady, I'm not hungry, an' its late, an' a far way off, an' — an' —"

And the remembrance of her little brother stole across her mind, and she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said the lady, kindly. "What's the matter?—come, now, tell me."

And the voice of kindness went to her heart—how little she knew it—and she sobbed more bitterly.

"Come, dear, tell me," said the lady, more kindly.

Poor Grace!—the good lady called her "dear"—her, the poor beggar-girl. And the corresponding chord in her own heart, till then unstrung, answered the tender word! She screamed, as she threw herself at the lady's feet—"Ned, poor Ned, was drowned yesterday, an' — an' — berried the day." She was choked with sobs. She knelt there—the servants stood round her. There was hardly a dry eye—the children wept bitterly—the good old cook raised her up.

"There, mavourneen, don't take on so. And your brother was drowned, acushla machree? Is there any more of yo'?"

"Two little wans," sobbed the girl.

"And, my poor child, you came over here to return my cap on the day your brother was buried," said the lady, actually crying herself.

"Yis, ma'am," answered Grace, not exactly understanding why she should not have come on that account. The poor seldom allow the death of friends to interfere with their occupations.

"Where do you live, and what is your name?"

"Grace Kennedy, ma'am; and I live about four miles from this, beyant Escar, near Mr. Worrell's."

"Margaret," said the lady, addressing her cook, "give her some broken meat and potatoes, and let her go home."

So Grace hurried home, and found her father there, who had just arrived before her. And the children had been left all day by themselves, for their mother had not been home at all; and their fire had gone out; and there they cried all day, cold and hungry.

How their eyes glistened when Grace produced her store. She had not touched a bit herself—she waited to eat with them; so she set to work, and heated some, and the four had a happy, comfortable meal. Mick and his mother arrived late—the latter again drunk. Some brawling and

abuse took place, until she was at last persuaded to go to bed. And Grace lay down beside her little brother and sister, and slept more happily than she had done for some time.

To return to the family who had been so kind to her.

The lady whose cap she had returned was wife to a Mr. Saunders, agent to a considerable property in the neighbourhood.

Little Grace had excited a warm interest in Mrs. Saunders's heart. The children had become quite fond of her, and eager to learn how her little brother was drowned.

As the family sat round the fire after dinner, she mentioned the circumstance to her husband.

"I do not think," she continued, "that it was an honest principle which induced her to return the cap, so much as a fine feeling of gratitude, which would not allow her to injure one who had been kind to her; but it is a fine noble nature on which to graft good principles. Do, dear John, let me try an experiment with that little beggar-girl. Let me take her from her poverty, and bring her up as a servant, say, and see what that fine disposition will be with education. The expense will not be great, as she is quite old enough to be useful in many ways in the house."

"Oh, do, papa," cried Jane, "and I will hear her lessons."

"I see no objection to your plan, Ellen, if you wish," answered Mr. Saunders; "but I would recommend you to make more inquiries relative to her parents and their character. Where does she live?"

"Beyond Escar," she said, "near a Mr. Worrell's."

"Oh, I know Worrell very well; he is a most respectable man, and will, I dare say, be able to give us every information. I have some business in Hollywood to-morrow; I will drive you round by Escar, if you wish, and you can ask Worrell all about her."

"That will do exactly, John," said the lady, as she left the dining-room.

The next day was wet, greatly to the disappointment of the children; but the day after the sun shone out beautifully, and the whole party set out on the car. Mr. Saunders did his business in Hollywood, and then turned to go home by the Escar road. They learned from Mr. and Mrs. Worrell a

full and true account of little Ned's death, and also the cause of it, as appeared on the inquest. Mrs. Worrell was loud in her praise of Grace's disposition, saying what a pity it was that she had such a bad example before her.

"The father's good enough," said her husband, "if he had work, but the mother's a terrible bad woman. It was only the other night—the very night the little boy was buried—that I saw her dead drunk above at the shop."

"Shall we venture to rescue this child from such depravity?" asked Mrs. Saunders of her husband.

"It will be hazardous," he replied. "We can see them, however. Where is their house, Mr. Worrell?"

"Why, sir, it hardly deserves the name of a house. They live in a little hovel about an hundred yards off the road, in on the bog, about a quarter of a mile on the road to Escar. I will go with you and show it."

"Oh, pray do not think of it," said both lady and gentleman; "send a boy with us; it will do quite as well."

"Well, ma'am, if you'll allow me I'll go myself; the boys are all at work, and I've nothing particular to do; and to tell you the truth, I am rejoiced that you are going to do something for our little favourite, Grace, for she has really ideas above the rest."

So they set out towards Kennedy's abode, accompanied by the good-hearted farmer. As he walked by the side of the car, Mrs. Saunders told him how Grace had attracted her notice.

"That is just what I and my wife have observed in her," said Worrell—"a warm affection, and great thankfulness for whatever little kindness is done to her."

They approached the hovel; it was a desolate looking place: the straight road on for a long way, and on each side bog and heather; nothing to break the eye but the black turf-clamps here and there.

"There's the house," said Mr. Worrell, pointing in to the right off the road.

"That!" said Mrs. Saunders, as they looked towards what appeared at the distance only a raised bank. "Is it possible that human beings live there?"

Yet so it was. Half stuck against a turf bank, a little raised above it, were the walls forming the hovel in which the Kennedys dwelt; a hole in the top for a chimney, and the door not above

four feet high, with a little hole in one side for a window, the entire not higher than six feet, roofed with large rods taken from the bog; all round the house bleak and cold; hardly a path to it.

"And her liv'ly beings such as we are," said Mrs. Saunders, turning with a tearful eye to her husband—"Christians, with the same feelings, afflictions, and perhaps talents that we have, if they were only cultivated, and look—such a wretched, wretched hovel! I could not imagine anything worse; and so dreary and cold all round. Oh, does it not teach us to value what we have, when we not merely think of, but look on the misery of others. Dear John, I should so like to go up to the house."

"My own love, it is very wet and dirty; you would be sure to catch cold."

"But I have strong boots on. Mr. Worrall, could I venture to go to that house?"

"Why, ma'am, it's very wet; but if you were as far as that big stone, there's a sort of a path from that up to the door."

"Come John, let us try," said the lady, jumping from the cart. And she did try, and reached the low door with her husband, and stooping, went in. Grace was sitting at the fire mending something; the children were crouching over it; their mother was sleeping on the bed. Grace coloured as she recognised the lady, and stood up, giving her mother a push. Mrs. Saunders looked round in astonishment. The bed of straw, without bed-clothes—the half-dressed woman on it—the naked child beside the fire, and the other hardly better off!—the smoky atmosphere, and the damp floor and walls! Mr. and Mrs. Saunders looked at each other with looks of pitying commiseration.

"A nice place you come to choose a servant," said the former, smiling.

"Oh, John, John! is it not horrible?"

Mrs. Kennedy had by this time roused herself, and stood up.

"Oh, me lady, an' I haven't a chair or a sate to offer ye."

"My good woman," said Mrs. Saunders, "are you the mother of this little girl?" pointing to Grace.

"Yes, yer ladyship."

"Will you allow her to come to my house for a month; and if I like her, and she proves honest, and obedient, and truthful, I may teach her to be a servant?"

"Oh, I'll go bail for her bein' honest, yer honor."

"It is because she *honestly* brought me back a cap which she was tempted to steal, that I am induced to take her on trial. Will you allow her to come?"

Her mother darted a look at Grace.

"Ye'll be givin' no hire, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, thinking perhaps of the generally successful foraging of Grace.

"Oh, come, Ellen," said Mr. Saunders, going to the door.

"Oh, mother dear!—oh, ma'am!" cried Grace, springing forward with her hands clasped.—"I don't want hire; I'll go with ye, ma'am dear; I love ye. Nevir mind mother."

"I can't take you, though, without your mother's consent; and as I will not undertake to give you any wages, she does not appear to wish you to come."

"Oh, in God's name take her, ma'am," said her mother. "I didn't mean anything when I spoke of hire. Take her wid ye."

"I am not going to take her now," said Mrs. Saunders, smiling. "I will send for her to-morrow, and my messenger will bring some clothes for her, and then she can give those on her to the poor little children there."

Thus it was arranged. And Grace felt her father's cheek wet with tears as she kissed him, and told him, that night, when he came home from work. And he hugged his little daughter, and tried to think of some prayer he had been taught in the bright days of childhood, long ago. And he saw a gleam of happiness to cheer him through the dark mist of misery. The next day Grace went to her new home.

THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the sunless stream,
To wandering boyhood dear,
And treasur'd still in many a dream,
They are no longer here ;
A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
The stream so cold and clear ;
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

Nor this alone—for many a mile
Along that iron way,
No verdant banks or hedgerows smile
In summer's glory gay ;
Thro' chasms that yawn as though the earth
Were rent in some strange mountain-birth,
Whose depth excludes the day,
We're borne away at headlong pace,
To win from time the wearying race !

The wayside inn, with homelike air,
No longer tempts a guest
To taste its unpretending fare,
Or seek its welcome rest.
The prancing team—the merry horn—
The cool fresh road at early morn—
The coachman's ready jest ;
All, all to distant dream-land gone,
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,
And eyes that own no tear,
'Tis nothing now, the space which parts
The distant from the dear ;
The wing that to her cherish'd nest
Bears home the birds exulting breast,
Has found its rival here.
With speed like hers we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

For me, I gaze along the line
To watch the approaching train,
And deem it still, 'twixt me and mine,
A rude, but welcome chain
To bind us in a world, whose ties
Each passing hour to sever tries,
But here may try in vain ;
To bring us near home many an art,
Stern fate employs to keep apart.

FRENCH NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.*

THE French are great writers, whether we measure them by the quantity or quality of their productions. Their merit, however, is most considerable in the aggregate. Individual instances of the highest original genius are certainly rare among them. In the crowded pages of their literary history, we cannot put our finger on the names of a Bacon, Shakspeare, Dante, or Milton. Nor is Bossuet equal to Jeremy Taylor. Pascal is undoubtedly their greatest mind, and a world-wide light he might have diffused, had not his frame been worn down by mortifications, and the bright blaze of his genius crushed out on the cold walls and pavement of a dim damp cloister. We owe the French a vast meed of gratitude and praise for the persevering exercise and improvement of their national talent as historians. On this field no difficulty has daunted them. Hospitable and inhospitable—savage and civilised, regions and races have found industrious annalists in the French; and with an ingenuity peculiarly their own, they have collected and arranged these scattered materials. In the middle of the eighteenth century the best history of England was to be found in the volumes of Rapin; and whether we now possess a better is a question which we leave for more experienced critics to decide. Let it be remarked, that among the subscribers to the edition of the original, printed at the Hague in 1724, very few English names are to be found, making all due allowance for the corruptions of French orthography, when proper and surnames are concerned.

The bibliography of natural history and science teems with the names of Frenchmen; they have been most laborious and disinterested expositors and explorers of the secrets and wonders of our earth. It demanded almost the zeal of an apostle to carry the wealthy, well-born, luxurious Buffon through his colossal undertaking. The "*Recherches sur les Ossements Fos-*

siles" of Cuvier heralded the mighty discoveries of modern geology, and lured us to seek in her deeps and strata the unwritten chronicles of the world. Almost unknown in England is the enterprise which led Le Vaillant to publish his magnificent, and of course unprofitable, works on the ornithology of Africa. It is to Audubon, the son of a vice-admiral of France, that Europe owes the birds of America. He sought them among the magnolias of Louisiana, and the stunted pine-trees of Labrador. He has placed them before our eyes in their dazzling plumage amid the long waving grasses of the prairies, or the glowing berries of their native tracts of woodland. The same number of important and laborious works have been written in no other modern language, though most of the great critics and scholars of France have enshrined the fruits of their researches in the unchanging idiom of a dead tongue. Possessing a large share of very beautiful and spirited prose, it is notorious that little poetry of a high order is to be found in French.

We know not where the cause of failure lies, whether in the language or the mental characteristics of the race; but certain it is that the radical superiority and defects of English and French poetry commence, and are evident, in the very cradle. Compared with the natural beauty and vigorous tone of those fine old ballads which have floated down to us, often by nameless authors, the graces and prettinesses of the poets of the *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oïl* seem as the chirping of the chaffinch, to the clear, strong tones of the thrush—untutored and harsh sometimes, but seldom feeble. One babe seems to have been a pale, weedy, sprawling infant, whom its mother decked with "pompoms" and laces, sometimes, perhaps, bestowing on its cheeks a daub of rouge; the other was a handsome, uncouth, vigorous man-child, swathed in its empen swaddling-clothes, kicking lustily amid the fogs and frosty mornings of a

* Balzac—Sand—C. de Bernard—Sue—Dumas—Raybaud—Sandeau—Brisset, &c.

sharp, northern climate: perhaps its infant senses were braced by the vague rumours of the chaunts of Ossian and his unknown brothers in poesy—the strong sharp wail of the persecuted native bards may have thrilled on his ear, as they hovered between earth and heaven in their mountain fastnesses. Whatever may be the cause, the poetry of each country possesses in its maturity the same character, the same beauties, graces, and defects which marked the half-formed features of its infancy. In their personal memoirs, the French own a mine of wealth; they have an army of delightful writers of this class, tinctured, to be sure, with personal and national vanity, but, nevertheless, most charming and valuable, while we starve upon a few volumes. Would there had been more sweet Mrs. Hutchensons and Ladies Fanshawe—more Sir Simon D'Ewes, Evelyns, Pepyses, and Burnets among us. They would have rendered the paths of English history more flowery and agreeable.

The genuine wit of the French must strike every reader of their literature; it is eminently compact and keen; compared with ours, it is as the blade of a lancet to the rusty, coarse-grained steel of a schoolboy's bread-and-cheese knife; its meaning may travel from one mind to another, by the airy conveyance of an intonation, an interjection, a single word. It is playful, brilliant, intangible as the sunbeam, which we might as well attempt to catch and shut up in an oak box, as to pack in the strong practical sounds of Saxon English, French wit, or the delicate beauty of French sentiment—they belong neither to our mind nor our language; they shrink from our grasp; they grow pale and spiritless when we attempt to embody them.

At the present moment we may call the French the novel-writers for the world. Widely in every quarter is the use and knowledge of their language spread, and thither travel those cheap, light ~~soft~~ ^{silken} coloured and pale-grey volumes, which contain so much of the prose-poetry of passion and sentiment, and a subtle and sparkling humour. These books have become almost a necessary luxury to those who read without a plan, and for the amusement of the passing hour; and we do not hesitate to say, that such works exercise a most enervating and deteriorating moral influence. We cannot wonder at

the zest with which they are perused, for the writers, in very many instances, possess great power; they hold at their command a passionate and melting eloquence, an exquisite sensibility to grace and beauty, the acute delicacy of the most vivid perceptions, and the resources of the most expressive of living languages. Disguised and coloured by these precious properties, for the last twenty years the novelists of France have been laying before the reading world their perverted notions on the laws of God and man, on the subjects of right and wrong, of morality and immorality; they have been endeavouring to excite our feelings and enlist our sympathies in behalf of the woman, *bien conservée* of 45, who employs herself in the artistic seduction of some handsome youth—in the unnatural rivalry of mother and daughter for the affections of one man—in the betrayal at the same time of the erring, confiding mistress, and her ignorant, hapless *femme-de-chambre*—in the love of the high-born countess for some intelligent peasant or mechanic. At other times, to give an additional zest to the narrative, we are kept quivering through the whole of two volumes with the fear that our interesting heroine may be unknowingly involved in an intrigue with her own natural son; or, by way of variety, the whole treasure of an innocent young heart is lavished on some abominable criminal; and others contain scenes and passages with the mention of which we dared not sully our page. To deal rightly with a great proportion of these books—so remarkable for perverted power—we should possess Hugh Latimer's heroic gift of plain-speaking; and did we arraign at the bar of critical justice, by their right names, the sins to which those pages are dedicated, we can assure the reader we should startle their ears by a very ugly and ill-sounding nomenclature.

We particularly object to these writers when they assume the tone of piety, and treat of mercy and repentance. The comparisons which involve the mention of names and characters, sacred and divine, are remarkable for their ignorance and profanity. It reminds one of Madame, when she likens her son, the Regent Orleans, to the Psalmist King of Judah, founding the comparison *solely*, we presume, on the affair of Bathsheba. In a like spirit the "*pauvres anges dechus*" of these

novelists comfort themselves with the incidents and characters of Holy Writ. It was well for the morality of our higher and middle classes, and especially for the young, that the memorable article on this subject in a leading cotemporary scared the public with the mention of some of the grosser denominations in which many of these writers have dealt. We assume to ourselves a more pleasant task. It is to mention some volumes that may be read fearlessly, and an author who may be perused with delight by the most scrupulous. Let us say also, in justice to our French neighbours, that many a husband who values his own peace, and almost every priest in any degree eminent for zeal and sincerity, forbids the most objectionable of these works to his wife, daughter, or spiritual charge.

For the genius of Balzac, one of the master novelists of his time, we have a profound admiration, mingled, clouded, and embittered with regret and indignation. Superior to all the other writers of his country, he is a leader among their errors. Capable of portraying, with the exquisite simplicity of the most perfect art, every phase and shade of character—a great dramatist, and powerful narrator—he has over the feelings of his readers the same control

which the musician exercises on the strings or keys of his instrument. He holds us for the time bounden slaves to the lump of his genius. His humour is playful and variable; we laugh and sigh at his bidding. Alas! that he should have so often and so shamelessly employed these fair and gracious gifts of his Maker in the service of vice and seduction, and swelled his pages with a wit so unpardonably gross, profane, and blasphemous. He has taught us himself that he was formed for better things, as the beauty of Milton's "Fallen Angel" streams through all the horror and depravity of his fall. The man who could write the histories of the "*Recherche de l'Absolu*," and "*Eugenie Grandet*," is deeply culpable for lending himself as a minister to the evil tastes of his time and country. He who could trace, in "*Le Doigt de Dieu*," the sure punishment that visits in some form the household treachery of adultery, is a mighty criminal to devote himself to its praises and illustration. In many of his books there stand characters so pure and beautiful in their conception, we think

he must have placed them there to do penance for the sinners who surround them, and to blush for the scenes in which they act a part not always consistent with their general excellence. Prout might paint the streets of an old provincial town from his description; Creswick might garner up in his memory hints for a future picture from his well-told landscapes. The skill of a Flemish painter guides the pen of Mous. de Balzac—his interiors glow. Look long and steadily at the picture that he lays before you—fresh objects ever start out from the dim, yet transparent, shades of his background. The quaint forms of the old-fashioned furniture—the ancient household utensils—his brazen pans and pewter platters—his tall goblets of Venice glass—they gleam, they glance with well-managed lights into observation; and among them move the hardy peasant-servants of the provinces, and the *Demoiselles de Guenies*, de Pen Hoels, and de Cormons. His good angel might be predominant, or a penitent mood possessed him, when he traced the character of Margaret Claes. It tells of truth, and patience, and the holy charities of the household hearth. It is an illustration of the self-denial, forbearance, and child-like belief and practice of the woman-Christian. We delight to imagine the calm, blooming, Flemish face of the heroine—the broad, thoughtful brow—the clear eyes—the happy contentment of the young face—the close, white cap, and dark rich velvet robe. Such a form and countenance have now and then looked down upon us, almost majestic in their placid simplicity, from a canvass marked in some shadowy corner with a famous monogram. The "*Recherche de l'Absolu*" is a master-work—national, yet true to that nature which is of all countries. "*La Vieille Fille*," is a fair specimen of the ability and faults of M. de Balzac. We meet there his eminent descriptive powers, combined with the irresistible wit which he mingles with indecency and impiety. The monotonous life of the country town and the characters of the inhabitants are drawn with admirable skill. "*Modeste Mignon*" is among the least objectionable of Balzac's writings. Many of the "*Scenes de la Vie Privée*" seem to have been written with what the author considered an honest and good inten-

tion—to inculcate a valuable moral—an impracticable undertaking for a genius so perverse. The scales sometimes waver, and the balance seems to be trembling toward virtue; but it speedily kicks the beam, and the evil principle prevails. We would pay our homage *en passant* to that great moralist in disguise, Charles de Bernard, who often turns the laugh against vice, and superannuated pretensions, and follies, though he sometimes forgets the part which he has enacted so well, and weakens, by the tone and details of his story, the moral which he works out irresistibly at the end of his book. His polished old men of the world, and his faded beauties, grasping at the last straws which vanity flings to them, are studies from life—in spite of wrinkles and rheumatism, they trip well-dressed and graceful into the grave. “*La Femme de Quarante Ans*” is such an exquisite morsel of satire, so pointed and strong in its ridicule, that we wonder it has not driven from the face of society the character of “*la femme incomprise*.” In “*Gerfaut*,” where a criminal passion is described with more force, and as much decency as is to be found, perhaps, in any of these books, we would whisper to Monsieur de Bernard that he has committed a gross treason against the laws that govern the school of novelists with which he mingles, as the author of that exciting tale: for the husband, with his high sense of honour, his confiding love, which expends itself in no pale sentimentalities, and condescends not to suspect—with his courage and proud inflexibility—is a far more attractive character than the Parisian dandy who undertakes to dishonour him. “*L’homme Serein*” will provoke many a laugh, though it seems inferior to our vivid recollections of the wit and merit of “*La Femme de Quarante Ans*.”

Of Mons. Paul de Kock we shall say but little. His wit is untranslatable, for two reasons—it is so purely national, and often so indecent. We confess, however, that it is perfect of the kind. We defy the sternest moralist to restrain his laugh, even had he sat down, as many a critic does, resolved to reprove and condemn. This author does not attempt to seduce us by false philosophy and vicious sentimentality. He is content with making us acknow-

ledge that he is master of the subjects he handles, and evidently holds himself to be rewarded by the mirth he provokes. He is a modern Smollett, and a Hogarth without his moral intentions. We think, however, that his readers must sometimes be reminded, while engaged with his pages, of one of the discoveries of modern agriculture—namely, that it is possible to manure too highly. Partial translations have made Sue and Dumas better known to the English readers. They recall, by their gaudy, exaggerated style, the paintings of the revolutionary David; and like him, they love to grind up their colours with blood. Possessed of powerful imaginations and much industry, they are both writers of considerable ability, who blend with all that is false and immoral in their brother scribes, a coarse taste for the melodramatic and horrible. They can give us a kind of waking nightmare, and make one's hair stand on end with the powerful narration and strong colouring of some of their scenes. This quality is remarkable in “*Atar Gul*,” and “*La Vigie de Koat Ven*.” To the reader who wishes to judge of the writings of these authors, in their least objectionable productions, we would recommend “*La Dame de Monsoreau*,” “*Georges*,” and “*Les Trois Mousquetaires*,” by Dumas; also, “*La Barbebleue*,” “*Aventures d’Hercules Hardi*,” “*Jean Chevalier*,” and the afore-named “*Atar Gul*,”

who has commenced 1850 with “*Des ysteres du Peuple*.”

It has been much the fashion to ex-
the merit and productions of George Sand. We believe this judgment to be false—that time and posterity will not establish and corroborate the praise. In giving this opinion, we set aside the fact, that this intellectual hermaphrodite exhibits in her works the frailties and weakness of the woman combined with the vices of the man. She is elaborate and lengthy, when it were a merit to be concise and simple; her longer works are tedious, and seem to be written without a plan—bursts of passionate verbiage and eloquent essays confuse the details. It is a great point gained, when a female author weighs with a sound judgment the depth and grasp of her own ability. Now in this most valuable knowledge she is utterly deficient. She plunges into great social questions and philoso-

phic dispositions with the same confidence that she handles a crim. con. She ministers largely to the vicious appetites and dangerous ambition of a depraved democracy. Her frequent and irreverent mention of Him who bore our sins and knew our sorrow, shocks and startles us. Thoughts beautiful and poetical are scattered over her pages, and put in the mind or mouth of some hero or heroine, whose notions on virtue and vice are as confused and perverted as her own. Yet while charmed by her eloquence, it is rather what this author *might have been*, than what *she is*, that impresses our mind after a perusal of her works. It is yet day with her, and may she amend! At present she seems to be seeking public esteem and influence by espousing the cause of the people and the poor—a great mission worthily fulfilled—may it find a better prophet than either herself or Sue! “Little Fadette” and the “Peché de Mons. Antoine,” are translatable; but in the “Piccino” we meet with the same odious combinations, and loves, and crimes, which startle us, and jar so unpleasantly on our minds in the works of these novelists; but enough of a writer who has maintained that virtuous dispositions and purity of mind may remain uncontaminated, and exist in a wilful and willing harlot.

Madame Charles Reybaud is but little known to the English reader. She is a good and captivating writer, of considerable ability. Her numerous productions may be perused without fear by the conscientious and scrupulous reader. We are doing them a service in recommending this interesting author to their notice. She will cheer many a winter evening, and the pleasant languor of a July noon; she will occupy very agreeably the odd hour between the return from the drive and the appearance at the dinner-table. Her intentions and tendencies are good; her sentiments very sweet and delicate; a strong sense of religious and moral responsibility evidently pervades her mind. She introduces her readers to the antique relics of that beautiful and graceful aristocracy—let us give all their due—which was destroyed by the first French revolution. We seem to move with her through the wide salons of her old chateaux, among their obsolescent fauteuils, and tarnished gilding, and heavy faded damask—the pleasant

prospects of the once gay France spread forth before the windows. She describes with a glowing pen the beauties of the provinces; she is at home in the passes of the Cevennes and the narrow streets of the old towns, in whose tall houses wintered the provincial nobility of by-gone days. In one of her later works she selects a fruitful theme—the “Annals of the Old Convents of Paris.” These foundations received into their bosoms, and hid beneath their sheltering walls, heroines of histories sadder and more piteous, sufferers under woes more intense, than the public grief and pompous penitence of any king’s mistress. Bossuet and Flechier did not commemorate these, nor make them live among the standard divinity of France, but Madame Reybaud has undertaken the task of imagining their narratives. To some the monotony and seclusion of the cloister was a blessed exchange for the scorn and abhorrence which they excited as the children of great and notable criminals. To these their fathers’ name was a curse; men gazed on them with curiosity and turned aside; the sin of the sire, who was broken on the wheel, fell with every circumstance of shame and humiliation around his offspring. The touching little story of “Felise” is founded on this situation. Her father had committed a double murder by the destruction of his wife, the mother of Felise, and of an officer to whom his beautiful sister-in-law was affianced. He had prepared the way for marriage with the latter; but the secret witness of crime was abroad, and the guilt was traced to the criminal. Felise is consigned to a convent by her aunt, the innocent cause of these tragedies. This hapless lady, with beauty prematurely faded, and shattered nerves, dwells in a large dismal house in Paris, with two old servants, nursing her feeble health and wretched recollections. The gay, beautiful, high-spirited child of the murderer and murdered grows into a glowing, passionate womanhood, and the Marquis de Gaudale waits upon her aunt to demand her hand.

“‘I refuse it, M. le Marquis,’ replied Mademoiselle de Saulieu, greatly agitated.

“‘And will you favor me with the grounds of your refusal, mademoiselle?’ said he.

“‘If you absolutely require it, sir,’ murmured the grief-stricken lady, almost inaudibly; ‘but be advised, and without explanation or details give up the hand of my niece.’

"The marquis only replied by an impatient gesture, and his pride and love seemed equally to offer an indignant refusal. Mademoiselle de Saulieu paused, as if to summon up all her strength, and then said, at first very slowly, but as she proceeded, in abrupt and hurried accents—

"It is a melancholy history that I am about to relate, sir—the frightful misfortunes of two families. An orphan from infancy, I was brought up along with a younger sister, by an uncle who adopted us. At sixteen my sister married a man of rank, while I remained with my uncle, now grown infirm. I deferred my own establishment in life in order to watch over his declining years, and I remained with him up to the age of twenty-five, persuaded that he would share his fortune between myself and my sister, whom he had already richly portioned. But these anticipations proved groundless. A will which he had concealed from us made me his only heir. Alas! how shall I recall the consequences of this preference. My sister's husband had long entertained a hateful passion for me; his avarice was equal to his depraved love. I was about to be married to one whom my heart had long selected. The wretch formed the project of marrying me, and getting rid of all obstacles previously. A dispensation from the Holy Father authorizes a man to marry two sisters in succession. The same night his wife was assassinated in her own chateau, while he to whom I was to have been united was shot through the head almost before my very eyes. The murderer had arranged his double crime with extreme address, but Providence willed his immediate chastisement. His crimes had secret witnesses; his victims were avenged, and he perished by the hand of the executioner. You have doubtless heard, sir, the dreadful history of the Count de Charlavon, who was broken on the wheel at Toulouse. He was the father of Felise. He had a young sister; she was called the fair Genevieve. Disgraced by his infamous crime and his no less infamous punishment, she died in a convent; and I, whom this monster had deprived of so many objects of affection, wear out the remainder of my life here with the old servants who have followed me, and this child, who accuses me of cruelty, but from whom I must forever hide our misfortunes."

"The Marquis listened to this narrative in silent horror; he bowed profoundly, and half sunk on one knee, as if to ask pardon from one whom he had forced to make such an avowal, then he slowly withdrew. As he disappeared, Mademoiselle de Saulieu perceived the pale face of Felise at the extremity of the salon. The unhappy girl, concealed behind the folding-doors, had heard every word that was uttered. Her look of calm and settled despair was terrible to behold.

"'Aunt,' said she, 'I must return to the Annonciades—my place is there. I have

reflected since yesterday. I see that Mademoiselle de Chameroy loves the Marquis de Gaudale, and, since I am the daughter of a criminal, he will marry her. Oh, Aunt! restore me to the convent, for, at this idea, I feel my father's blood flowing in my veins.'"

The same day Felise returned to the Convent of the Annonciades. When she crossed, for the second time, the formidable barrier of the cloister-gate, she was received by the superior and Father Boinet.

"'We were ever expecting you, my daughter,' said the good father. 'Come, my child,' exclaimed the superior, with accents of tenderness and joy. 'Oh, my poor bruised lamb, blessed be the Good Shepherd who leads you hither, and the day which restores you to the fold.'"

But we particularly recommend to English readers the story of "Clementine," which forms another part of the same series. The Marquis de la Rochefarnoux is warned by his incipient wrinkles that he is no longer an ornament to the court of Le Grand Monarque, who wished only to see around him a perennial maturity or bloom. He determines to retire to his castle of La Rochefarnoux, where one of his ancestresses had attained her hundredth year, and there to devote himself to the preservation of his life. He took with him his relations, Madame and Mademoiselle St. Elphège, who were to inherit a large share of his wealth; but, saith the Spanish proverb, "those who wait for dead men's shoes, may go all their lives bare-foot." And so it proved. Madame died; Mademoiselle St. Elphège grew withered and old in waiting for her inheritance, and her spirits were depressed by the formal tyranny of the narrow-minded old man. When the ninetyeth year of the Marquis's life was "bien sonnée," other candidates for the inheritance appear—Madame de Barjaval, his widowed niece, with her young son, the Baron; and the veritable heroine of the story, Clementine, in the bright bloom of sixteen, and the ignorance and innocence of a boarder in a well-regulated convent. We see the Marquis growing yellower and thinner every day, and his heiress more impatient.

The young Baron, who is devoted to the pursuits of a naturalist, is one

of the most charming characters in the book. He has all the simplicity and calm intelligence of one whose faculties and energies are devoted to an exalting and edifying study. We respect and delight in the boy who is so curiously active, and lives in so much happy excitement among his butterflies, chrysalides, and beetles. The industrious study of God's works and wonders, in the habits and forms of his minor creatures, preserves the delightful purity and integrity of his character to the end of the history. The heart aches for Clementine as the book closes, and the convent-gates shut over her sorrows and great mistakes in life—discovered too late to be retrieved.

Madame C. Reybaud excels especially in her descriptions of the landscapes of the tropics. Many of her best scenes are enacted in those glowing countries. She makes us sigh amid our fogs and frosts for the clear moonlight heavens, the luxuriant foliage, and the luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers of Southern America, Mexico, and the West Indian Isles. When we give ourselves up to the charm of her pages, the delightful odorous evening of the tropics seems stealing over the imagination; the exhalations of a thousand blossoms are breathing in the air; around the columns of the palm-trees, and through the rich verdure of the high wide boughs, fall the many-coloured cups and bells of the innumerable parasite plants which grow with the pompous luxuriance of savage vegetation, in a soil unturned by man. Similar scenes filled the heart of Heber with a glorious comprehension of the beautiful, while wandering "beneath the bamboo's arched bough"—

"Where gemming oft that sacred gloom
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom;
And winds our path thro' many a bower
Of fragrant tree and crimson flower.
The Celiba's gaudy pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake so wild and fair
The betel waves his crest in air."

We follow her among the Negro population, and the supple, indolent, passionate creoles, into the company of those Spanish nobles who carried with them across the Atlantic, among their sugar-canes and bananas, the proud prejudices of Europe, and old Spain. These are illustrated in the pretty story

of "*Mademoiselle de Chazeuil*." She is the daughter of a distinguished French nobleman, who had married a beautiful half-caste. This secret was concealed from Esther. Family misfortune and her father's death compel her to seek an asylum in the West Indies, in the home of her maternal grandfather, Simon Baëz, of whose station, habits, and extraction she is entirely ignorant, as also of her father's mesalliance. The old man, filled with kindly affection, hastens to meet his young descendant, and the daughter of one of the proud nobles of France finds herself embraced by a Mulatto. In Paris, in the days of her wealth and prosperity, she had been affianced to a creole of high birth, the Marquis de Palmarela. The lovers were devotedly attached to one another, though the gentleman found himself perplexed by a previous intrigue with his cousin, Louise de Villaverde, who had perseveringly pursued and finally entangled him in an illicit connection. To gain his love this lady committed dark and terrible deeds, for she had to remove two living obstacles ere she succeeded, namely, her father-in-law and her husband. Though no actual proof of her crime existed, an undefined suspicion of her guilt embittered every hour the Marquis was in her presence. She was like himself, a creole, and *Mademoiselle de Chazeuil* discovers that Dona Carlota, the proud aunt of the Marquis, and his cousin, Louisa de Villaverde, who had returned to America, lived very near to her grandfather, whose extraction quite places him beyond the pale of their society. In Paris the young ladies had met as equals—in South America how vast was the gulf between them! The unadulterated blood of the followers of the Cid flowed in her rivals' veins, while the nobility of her father, the Count de Chazeuil, could not make her more or less than the granddaughter of Simon Baëz, the freed man. When the fair Parisian first discovered her descent from slave-ancestors, and that her father had outraged the prejudices and opinions of his equals by his marriage with her beautiful mother, Esther's feelings are very melancholy:—

"My poor Catherine," said Simon Baëz to her, was sixteen years old, gentle and pretty, and nearly as fair too as thou art. The Count became attached to her, and she loved

him: then an event occurred which is, perhaps, without example in this country. The Count asked my child of me in marriage, and he wedded her. A month later they departed together; I did not attempt to detain them; they could not stay here.

"Could not remain near you!—and for what reason?" said Esther.

"Because thy father had made a marriage which drew upon him the disapproval and scorn of his own people," sadly replied Baëz. 'Here a white man cannot marry a woman of colour without incurring the contempt of his equals.'

"But have you not told me that my mother was as fair as I am," interrupted Esther, in a troubled tone.

"But her origin was known; all the world knew," said the old man, 'that she was of mixed race; besides, my child, there are signs by which persons accustomed to distinguish the difference of castes cannot be deceived. Even thou, fair as thou art, in thee thyself one can clearly see that thou hast in thy veins the blood of the Black.'

"Esther bowed her head; she saw the distance which prejudices, unacknowledged in Europe but all powerful there, placed between her and Palmarola."

The Marquis, however, seeks her out, renews his vows and protestations of attachment, while, with a fixed purpose, Madame de Villaverde endeavours to throw every obstacle in the way of the lovers, to separate and prevent them meeting. Heaven, however, favours them, and Mademoiselle de Chazeuil, reinstated in her fortune, sails from the Havannah with her good old *bonne*, Madam Abel, and her faithful lover, for a land where the daughter of the French noble will be no more despised as the grandchild of the good old slave. The heart of the reader will sicken over the despair of the deserted and guilty woman; from her quivering hands she drops the letter that announces, in the words of the innocent girl, her happy prospects and departure with her future husband. Louisa, then, had sinned and suffered in vain. "Her gaze was bent upon the ground; she seemed for a long time rapt in some mournful thought; then in a low voice she murmured, 'God avenges the dead.'"

"*Le Dernier Olat*" is a tale of great power and beauty. The sin of the mother, who had seen her lover lying murdered before her, is, through long years, sternly visited on the hapless offspring of her intrigue. The vengeance of the outraged husband is

steady and relentless. There is something terrible in the obedience of the conscience-stricken mother; it is painful to trace the tale of the hapless and guileless victim of a woman's frailty, and a husband's revenge. The latter portions of the narrative are inferior to the commencement and earlier chapters, in the same manner that the first part of Mrs. Marsh's very beautiful novel, the "*Provisions of the Lady Evelyn*," greatly exceeds the merit of the lately-written conclusion. This lady and Madame Reybaud possess the same class and grade of talent, and each country may be proud of these most agreeable and highly-gifted female writers.

We recommend "*Marie D'Ennambuc*," "*Gabrielle*," "*Mezelie*," and "*Madame de Rieux*," and did time or space permit, we could linger longer among the many pleasant volumes of this prolific writer. "*Helène*," one of her latest productions, is, perhaps, less striking than other tales which we have named; but it possesses the authoress's refinement of feeling and beauty of style.

"*Paul Pierre Rubens*," by Berthoud, is an excellent novel. The prosperous artist-life of the great painter is placed most pleasantly before the reader, who is introduced to the eminent pupils of that great atelier. We are made acquainted with many of the eccentricities and adventures of the jovial and gifted band. The series of historical novels written by Brisset, blend much information with a good style, and he interests his readers strongly in the characters called up to figure on the stage. Catherine and Marie de Medicis; the bevy of fair maids of honour; the history of Poltrot and his victim; the subtle ambition of the Guises; and the fate of the Concini, have occupied his pen, in common with Mons. Dumas, who has dealt with largely, and handled less scrupulously, some of the same characters and portions of history. His works are, however, better known in England. To this class of novels belongs "*Jacqueline de Bavière*," an interesting historical tale, which reminds us of Mr. Grattan's manner and choice of subjects.

"*Mademoiselle de Kérouare*," by Sandeau, is the brief sad story of a young heart, cast away in vain; and his later volume "*Un Héritage*," contains much true humour, and several

clever sketches. The idea of a gentleman travelling over the world in search of a half-forgotten tune, possesses some novelty. The task allotted to us has been painful. We are wearied by the consideration of so much ability, combined with deep-rooted heinous error. To form a correct opinion, we have perused very many volumes of the popular literature of France, and these, it is reasonable to suppose, are no unjust interpreters of the tastes, feelings, and sentiments of the mass of

readers. We will only add, that the present confusion and misery of that country is no longer matter of wonder to us—we can be no longer surprised that she has fallen from her place among the nations. The existing disorganisation is the ruinous climax of the corruption which has been gnawing within her vitals, for, at least, the last two centuries. It has now risen to spread over the surface of society—it has taken its seat by the domestic hearth.

ELFINAIR; OR, THE CHARMED BRACELET.

Three sisters dwelt in a castle old,
Three blossoms on one tree,
Daughters of Roderick O'Donnell bold,
A chieftain wild and free.

The first was a high and haughty dame,
With a dark and flashing eye,
A cheek all pale, but an eye of flame,
And a soul that would aught defy.

The next was a maiden fair and meek—
A simple maid and shy,
But the red rose blushed on her downy cheek,
And sweet was her loving eye.

The last was a maid of learning and song,
And a wondrous maid to see,
To this cold earth she could scarce belong,
So lovelily fair was she.

But that face so wild, so clear, so fair,
Was stamped with a misery;
For her soul seemed dark with a troubled care,
And her beauty was sad to see.

The first was called proud Isabel,
The next was Gertrude fair,
And the last was named from a fairy well,
And called wild Elfinair.

And when that beauteous child was born,
The loveliest ere had been,
'Twas said, on the early, misty morn,
That fairy forms were seen

Gliding around the mother's couch,
With many a charm and spell,
And beside the child they were seen to crouch,
And 'wilderer tales to tell.

For ever that babe's eyes wander'd bright,
 And smiled its rosy mouth,
 And o'er its head shone a beam of light,
 Like a ray from the sunny south.

'Twas strange to behold her wander there,
 Alone through the greenwood's shade,
 In her youth's sweet morn, with sadden'd air,
 And never of aught afraid ;

While her sisters strayed by their father's side,
 And he smiled on their childish glee,
 And he gazed on their loveliness with pride,
 Nor thought, Elfinair, of thee.

And dark grew the mind of that wild child,
 And her heart grew cold and lone,
 And away o'er the bleak and barren wild
 She would wander forth alone.

And far in some fairy dell at even,
 She'd stay till the dew-drops fell,
 And the starry eyes of the clear cold heaven
 Would tales of beauty tell.

At length she loved, but her love was wild—
 A thing to fear and dread—
 For it lay like a venom'd serpent coil'd,
 And its sting might leave her dead.

And beautiful shone that image fair,
 Her young heart's loving dream,
 And bright was the face reflected there,
 Like light on a silent stream.

At length to their father's halls he came,
 A suitor high and fair,
 And he falters forth the lady's name,
 Alas ! for Elfinair.

'Tis Gertrude's mild and beaming eye
 Hath won the young knight's love,
 'Tis Gertrude's low and whisper'd sigh
 He prizes all above.

Alas ! for lonely Elfinair,
 As she flies to that dell at even,
 To watch her there, oh ! none may dare !
 Her deed's between her and heaven !

She returned as soon as the clear cold morn
 Was shedding its silver light,
 And pale was her cheek as she asked a boon
 From Gertrude on that night :

“ Oh, sister fair, say, will you wear
 This bracelet of purest gold ?
 Forgive the slighted Elfinair
 If she asks a boon too bold !”

Fair Gertrude smiled, and for answer clasped
The bracelet on her arm,
Yet she turned all pale, and faintly gasp'd
As thrilled by a mighty charm.

" Oh, Elfinair, 'tis cold," she said,
" I feel all sad and chill,
And something weighs on my heart like lead—
Oh ! trembling heart be still !"

That even fair young Gertrude died,
And of all that mourned there,
None so deeply sighed, or so wildly cried,
As lonely Elfinair.

A year passed by, and the young knight's sigh
Was changed to a smile of love,
And he watch'd for the glance of a lady's eye,
Which shone like a star above.

And Isabel's smile is full of joy,
For she is the chosen fair ;
Isabel's hope is without alloy,
Alas ! for Elfinair !

She came to the bride, and wildly cried,
" A gift, my sister, I bear ;
She wore it with pride who lately died—
Oh, take it from Elfinair."

The circlet of gold the bride did hold
An omen of grief and harm,
But her eye ne'er told, for her heart was hold,
And she clasp'd it on her arm.

She felt a dread, and a cold like lead,
Yet she turned away with a smile,
The next morn, 'twas said, the bride had fled,
And they sought her for many a mile.

But she ne'er was found, nor above the ground
Was seen proud Isabel,
Though a low sweet sound from a fairy mound,
Down in that lonely dell,

Whispers a tale that would make you pale,
And chimes like a funeral knell,
And is heard to bewail, to the passing gale,
The fate of Isabel.

Years passed on, and their sire was gone
To the lone and silent tomb ;
The two had flown whom he loved alone,
And all the rest was gloom.

Mild Elfinair is mistress there,
Yet sad is her beauteous brow,
Though the love she bare seems answer'd there,
For her's is the young knight now.

Her love he had sought, but his hand was bought,
 By her gold and lands so fair,
 For the heart he brought was with misery fraught,
 Alas ! for Elfinair.

He flies to that fairy mound at eve,
 And weeps in the lonely dell,
 And there they believe he still doth grieve,
 For the lovely Isabel.

Oh, Elfinair, he now is there,
 And he finds thy vanish'd charm,
 Dark Elfinair, beware, beware—
 He clasps it on thine arm !

The maid doth start, for charm and art
 Were forgotten in her love,
 And wild pains dart to her trusting heart
 And she droops like a stricken dove.

Wild Elfinair lies dead and fair,
 With that bracelet on her arm,
 For none may dare, of the watchers there,
 To unclasp the wondrous charm.

G.

Said a star to a star, on a lovely bright night,
 " Oh how I would like to be yonder great sun,
 The admired of all, that look up with delight,
 And not the small speck I am, worshipped by none ;"
 And the other sweet star—'twas a beautiful one—
 Said thus in soft tones to the murmuring planet,
 " Thou shouldst not my friend, believe me, complain,—it
 Is said, that the sun in time yet to come, will
 Pass away from its sphere, to some prophesied doom fill,
 And then you and I may still glowingly shine,
 Something lowlier now, but then all divine."

And so, in this world, let the Christian not say,
 Tho' his lot should be cast 'mid the humble and poor,—
 " Oh why was my birth no, 'mid the splendid array,
 Of the noble in rank and the mighty in power ;"
 Let him think that man's days, are as frail as the flower,
 That the power, the rank, nor the riches may keep
 Him untouched and unharmed by sepulchral sleep ;
 That thrones, and dominions, and happiness come,
 When pomp and when glory retire, and the doom
 In which peace, and prosperity, to mortals is given.
 Is the one which excludes them for ever in Heaven.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEELE.

OF the father of the late Sir Robert Peel we are told,* that "he was the son of Robert Peel, a manufacturer of humble pretensions and small fortune, who died in 1736, leaving little more to his son than his good name and an unsullied reputation."

"From his boyish days," we are told, "he was impressed with the idea that he should accumulate great riches, and become the founder of a family;" a notion to which he did not hesitate to give frequent utterance, so as to provoke the sneers of some of the elder members of his family, who little dreamed that they themselves should largely profit by what they regarded as a very ridiculous delusion.

The truth is, he was "a man of hope, and forward-looking mind," of energetic perseverance and industry, and great practical shrewdness. He foresaw, *in posse*, the capabilities of the power-loom, and rightly judged that the machinery then in use was susceptible of improvements by which human labour might be vastly abridged, and the raw material turned into a merchantable commodity which would find remunerating prices in all the markets of the world. Nor was his sagacity at fault. Every year brought confirmation of the truth of his vaticinations, until England became the great emporium of the cotton trade, and he himself, as well he deserved to be, one of the most flourishing of those manufacturing and merchant princes of whom the empire may so well be proud, and whose affluence is not greater than the largeness of soul which makes it redound in blessings to all around them.

We find him, in 1773, at the age of three-and-twenty, conducting, in partnership with Mr. Yates of Bury, in Lancashire, an extensive cotton manufactory, and enjoying a career of uninterrupted prosperity for ten years; after which time he married his partner's daughter. He soon found his gains by trade equal to the purchase of some extensive estates in Lancashire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire.

Nor did he confine his attention entirely to matters of trade. The state of the finances and of national credit engaged a large share of his attention. A pamphlet of his, intended to dispel the gloomy apprehensions which seemed to have possessed the public, from the great increase of the national debt at the close of the American war, deserved and obtained considerable circulation. His object was to prove, by showing the difference between public and private engagements, that "the national debt" was "productive of national prosperity." We cannot here dwell upon this part of the subject further than to say, that in Mr. Peel's pamphlet there was much that was plausible, and something that was true; that the end aimed at was, to a considerable extent, attained, by cheering many to bear up under the public burdens; and that when he became a member of parliament he was regarded, even by the aristocratic assembly which then represented the Commons of England, with marked respect, as one to whose practical wisdom great deference should be paid in all our financial and mercantile arrangements.

Not only was he an able and enterprising tradesman and a useful senator, but he was a man of princely munificence. When the public credit was low, during the crisis of the revolutionary war, the free-will offering of his house was *ten thousand pounds*. This was in 1797, when we were threatened with invasion.

A living on his estate, in the gift of the Chancellor, becoming vacant, he solicited it, with every prospect of success, for a very worthy clergyman of his acquaintance. But the seals were suddenly transferred to other hands, and his reasonable expectations were disappointed. He, however, was resolved that his friend should not be disappointed, and he immediately purchased for him another living of equal value.

A rival house, of the first class in the cotton trade, having become, by

* "Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel," &c. London: Newby.

injudicious speculation, severely embarrassed, was upon the verge of bankruptcy, from which nothing could have saved it, had not a rumour of the fact reached Sir Robert, who, with a delicacy equal to his generosity, secretly advanced to the heads of the firm more than fourteen thousand pounds, by which timely aid the calamitous result was averted.

Another house, consisting of two sons and three daughters, whose property was embarked in trade, was suddenly reduced to a complete wreck. The large-hearted baronet immediately set himself about obtaining lucrative employments for the sons, which his parliamentary influence enabled him to do; and presented each of the daughters with a sum of one thousand pounds. May we not say to all overgrown capitalists, "Go, and do likewise."

Well might the late Sir Robert have been proud of such a father.

And that father was proud of his son. He was an idolator of Pitt, as "the statesman who weathered the storm;" and his highest aspirations after earthly happiness were, that his son should tread in the steps of that illustrious man; and, if the day of adverse vicissitude should come, be a stay to a menaced and a sinking country in its hour of adversity and tribulation. How far they were gratified the sequel will show.

The late Sir Robert was born at Bury, in Lancashire, on the 5th of February, 1788, being Shrove Tuesday; on which account he went during his childhood, amongst the numerous workmen of his father, by the whimsical soubriquet of "Pancake Bob."

When of a proper age he was placed at Harrow School, and was a cotemporary with Lord Byron in that establishment, where an intimacy commenced which was only terminated by the death of that distinguished man.

From Harrow he went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his quickness and diligence, both in science and classics, and took, at commencement, a double first-class degree.

He was now to enter upon the great theatre of public life; and he took his seat in parliament, at the age of twenty-one, in the year 1809, as representative of the borough of Cashel in Ireland.

Pitt and Fox were gone. These

great leaders had called around them—the one upon the anti-revolutionary, the other upon the revolutionary side—whatever of vigour or ability, either within parliament or without, championed the respective causes of reckless change, or of social order; and they departed, leaving for successors Lords Grey and Grenville, on the one hand, and Canning and Castlereagh on the other.

The two last able men were not at unity among themselves. Canning was brilliant and popular; Castlereagh solid, high-spirited, and serviceable. Both had been pupils of Pitt, and, had the master lived, they would have each contentedly occupied the posts he assigned to them, without the bickerings and jealousies which now arose to interrupt the continuity of their official connexion. But soon symptoms unmistakable manifested themselves, which evinced that they could no longer serve in the same cabinet, and the quarrel, which blazed forth in a duel, deprived them both of public employment.

This constituted a crisis in the Government, and Mr. Percival sought to strengthen his hands by the accession of Lords Grey and Grenville; but these noblemen could not then be induced to take office; and it was under the auspices of the cabinet of which Lord Camden was President of the Council, and Mr. Percival First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the young member for Cashel made his parliamentary *début*, as seconder to the address in answer to the speech from the throne, which was moved by Lord Bernard.

In this he acquitted himself creditably; so much so as not only to gratify parental pride, but to draw the marked attention of those who were best qualified to judge of rising eminence, and who did not hesitate to intimate their opinion that he would one day occupy a prominent position in the councils of the empire.

Nor was he long without office. His aptitude for business soon pointed him out to Mr. Percival as one well fitted to fill creditably the post of Under Secretary of State to the Colonial Department, the seals of which were then held by the Earl of Liverpool. "And thus, when scarcely of an age which qualified him to sit and vote in the Legislature, he became a member of the adminis-

tration of the day, and had the active duties of a very important department cast upon him."

His first appointment was important, as it may have led to his second. When Lord Liverpool, after the assassination of Mr. Percival, became the head of the Government, Mr. Peel, whose character and capabilities became known to the Premier from official connexion, was selected to fill the very important and responsible office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Ireland was then governed upon Protestant principles. The Test and Corporation Acts and the disabling statutes were then in force; and Mr. Peel entered upon his Irish administration with a firmly-expressed determination to keep the state of the law in these respects as he found it.

The Constitution, he saw, was both civil and ecclesiastical. Any tampering with the laws which guaranteed the security of the succession, or the inviolability of the Church, he regarded as fatal to public liberty; and accordingly, from the moment of his acceptance of office in Ireland, he proclaimed himself the most strenuous and determined opponent of what was called "Catholic Emancipation."

He had come into office under Percival. That distinguished man was, for a season, his political Mentor; and it was but natural that he should incline to the strong opinions which his guide and patron always expressed upon the subject of removing restraints which he deemed absolutely indispensable to the preservation of our constitutional monarchy, as established at the Revolution. But there can be no doubt that, as soon as he was removed, the young politician began to look at that and other matters with different eyes; and although he felt himself committed to the support of the Protestant cause, and did support it for some time with unflinching energy, it would not be difficult to find, in the strongest of his anti-emancipation speeches, passages which clearly intimated that he was not a very inveterate exclusionist, and that if any great and present tangible good could be confidently calculated upon by the removal of the disabilities, he at least would not be found very long amongst

those by whom it would be very strenuously resisted.

The truth is, that with the strong reasons against such removal he was very superficially acquainted. He had not studied the subject as it was studied by Flood, by Saurin, or by Lord Clare. He did not know how deeply the most inveterate dogmas of Popery had fixed themselves in the minds, and poisoned the hearts, of a vast majority of the Romish population. He conceived that the isolation in which they had been kept, and not the traditions of their Church and the spirit of their religion, had engendered that bitter anti-anglicanism, and hatred of the Established Church, which, from time to time, blazed out into outrage and sedition; and the conviction was more and more growing upon him, that, remove the cause, and the effects must cease—repeal the penal code, and you will have tranquillity and prosperity in Ireland.

His task, therefore, was a difficult one. He had to maintain what was called the Protestant interest, with a conviction that, sooner or later, that interest must be abandoned.

But there was another question which more entirely engrossed his attention, and the mature consideration of which led to a change of opinion which, until it was actually announced, and embodied in an Act of Parliament, could, by no sagacity, have been suspected. When, in 1811, Mr. Horner introduced his resolutions for returning to a metallic currency, he had no more strenuous antagonist than Mr. Peel. That gifted man contemplated the derangements in our monetary system with pained and anxious anticipations of evil, and deemed that nothing short of a return to cash payments could remedy that depreciation of the paper currency, and that unfavourable balance of the exchanges which resulted, as he maintained, from the Suspension Act of '97. We do not mean, indeed in such a paper as this we could not venture, to enter into a full discussion of that much-vexed question; but no doubt can be entertained that Mr. Horner's statements and reasonings were lucid and forcible in no common degree, and carried a conviction to the minds of thousands, that the measures which he

recommended were sound and good, and that the wisdom of parliament would best be shown in their entire and speedy adoption. Not so Mr. Peel, or his venerable and sagacious father. They maintained that no sufficient grounds were shown, either in the state of the exchanges, or the depreciation of the bank-note, for the resolutions upon which Mr. Horner proposed to found his bill. They referred to various periods when the variations in the exchanges were quite as striking, and when no such cause could be pretended. They alluded forcibly to the effect which a return to cash payments must have upon the magnitude of the national debt; how injuriously it must affect all debtors, while, in a corresponding degree, it must benefit all creditors. And they were able to persuade the house and the country, that whatever were the present inconveniences they had to endure, they were as nothing compared to the evils in prospect, if, from any hallucination of the political economists, the resolutions of Mr. Horner were agreed to; and that it was far better "to bear the ills they had, than fly to others which they knew not of."

Such were the opinions of Mr. Peel in 1811; and such they continued to be (at least there was no outward or visible sign to the contrary) until 1819, when he was appointed chairman of a committee to investigate and report upon the state of the currency. He entered upon his laborious duties with his accustomed diligence and energy, bringing all his financial knowledge and experience to bear upon the case before him; and it was not long before his sentiments were changed, and he came out of the committee as decidedly favourable to the views and opinions of Mr. Horner (whom death had prematurely snatched from witnessing this triumph of his labours) as he had been adverse to them, when that eminent individual had, with so much zeal and so much ability, introduced them to the notice of parliament.

Nor have we ever been amongst the number of those who vilified the late lamented statesman for this change of opinion. We believe it to have been sincere. We believe that nothing short of overpowering conviction could have compelled him thus to set himself at variance with the views or the opinions

of his venerable father, who undoubtedly felt it a stunning blow, that on such a subject he should meet his most formidable antagonist in his son.

We have no time, even if we had any disposition, to say more at present than that the truth may have lain between them. Regarding the currency as the life-blood of the commercial system, it is only in a healthy state when the serum and the crassamentum bear to each other a due proportion. Should the former unduly predominate, the circulation is languid and devoid of nutriment; should the latter, it becomes torpid, and but little of healthy nutriment can be conveyed. In either case, the evil is great: which is the greater we shall not pretend to say. "*Ad huc sub iudice lis est.*" It remains for the financial authorities eventually to decide whether, in reality, the late lamented statesman did more, by his important measures of 1821 and 1844, than substitute the one evil for the other—the evil of a restricted currency, screwed up to a metallic standard, for the evil of an unrestricted currency, which, while it injuriously affected our exchanges with foreign countries, encouraged, in our own, imprudent speculation, which resulted in crushing ruin to thousands.

That the late Sir Robert Peel could have ever contemplated his own personal gain by his monetary legislation, is a calumny too despicable to be noticed. By no one who had ever personally known him could it be for one moment entertained. Such, undoubtedly, was not his weak point. But that he had a most sensitive regard to the value of character, is equally undoubted; and that he prided himself upon the measure, which, while it somewhat damaged his consistency, he regarded as the basis of his reputation as a profound and far-seeing financial statesman, there are few who would deny; and we are not sure that he did not cling to it with a fondness of parental partiality, which rendered him blind to its defects, and insensible to its dangers.

We are not now discussing the measures, but endeavouring to estimate the character of this eminent statesman; and while, in the abandonment of strongly-expressed and long pertinaciously maintained opinions, we are not disposed to question his sincerity, it is yet a striking fact, that, for

any second abandonment of the new opinions which had been built upon the ruins of the old, he has always evinced an invincible repugnance, which no amount of subsequent conviction could overcome. He could afford to say he was wrong, upon any given subject, *once*; but to confess that he was wrong *twice*, would, he might well suppose, be destructive of his reputation as a public man. And therefore it was, that, once committed to a metallic standard, he made the whole question to turn upon "What is a pound?" and in his zeal that the promissory-note should be no counterfeit, but, in reality, what it pretended to be, neither more nor less than the *bonâ fide* representative of so much coined money, and convertible, at the will of the holder, into cash at the Bank of England, he did not, patiently and dispassionately, entertain the question as to whether some different arrangement might not be made, combining, more effectually, public security with mercantile accommodation. Certainly to the evils of a restricted currency, as he had restricted it, he seemed strangely insensible; nor can, in our opinion, this insensibility be fully understood irrespective altogether of a sensitive jealousy for his financial fame.

Let us give the late right honourable baronet his due. Panics and great banking insolvencies have been far less frequent since the passing of his measure than they used to be. But whether this object might not have been attained by a different measure, which should still leave the currency in a greater state of fluidity to permeate the veins and the arteries of the commercial system, affording to safe trading operations a salutary encouragement, without giving rise to rash speculation, is a problem which is still unsolved, and which no one would have been better qualified to solve than Sir R. Peel himself, had he met the state of the currency in the condition in which he found it.

We now come to his conduct and policy upon the question of "Emancipation." Hitherto he had maintained the Protestant cause upon some shew of principle; but, as we before remarked, his convictions were more complexional than real. They had no root in that thorough knowledge of the subject, or of human nature, which

would have taught him the real effects of the repeal of the disabling laws. His antagonists in the house were some of the ablest men of the day; and it was hard for him, under such circumstances, to maintain a struggle for an object the attainment of which was every day more and more doubtful. Besides, some of his strongest partisans were dropping off from him, and of the young men who were coming into parliament, a majority, and an increasing majority, inclined to the side of Catholic freedom.

Still, the Protestant was, in England, the popular cause. Canning was his rival in the cabinet. Lord Liverpool was too cold and wary to adventure upon untried changes. The violence of the Romish party in Ireland had disgusted their most ardent friends; and, obviously, the time was not yet when the great experiment could be made, with the prudence which was due to his own reputation, safety to the cabinet of which he was a leading member, or any reasonable degree of security for the public tranquillity, or the well-being of the empire.

Accordingly, when, upon the political demise of Lord Liverpool, and the exaltation of Mr. Canning to the premiership, there was a simultaneous resignation of every member of the cabinet who had resisted the Catholic claims, the brilliant orator was left alone to encounter the hostility of his former friends, or contend against them, as best he might, by new allies from the ranks of his enemies. Sir Robert openly rested the grounds for his resignation of office upon the known fact, that the Premier would possess greatly-increased power of carrying into effect his emancipating policy, to which, directly or indirectly, *he* would be no party. And such was the opposition to which the new head of the Government was exposed, whose nervous irritability but little fitted him to meet, with a phlegmatic indifference, what he deemed spiteful and ungenerous hostility, that his health rapidly gave way, and death surprised him amidst the cares of office, having inaugurated, but not accomplished, changes which were, at all events, bold and startling, whatever might be said of their wisdom or safety.

We believe the Protestant party, who had perceived his accession to power with dismay, felt his taking

away as a respite from danger; but they were soon to be undeceived.

The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel returned to office; and returned, as we believe, with a predetermination to concede "the Catholic claims."

The first ominous intimation of this was the omission of Lord Eldon's name in the list of cabinet ministers. This indicated a foregone conclusion.

A new Parliament had been called in 1826, which left parties much as they were before. No feeling had been evoked, nor had the attention of the country been turned to any particular dangers menacing Church and State. The hidden purposes of ministers had not been disclosed, nor even the public apprised of the measures which were in progress, until it was no longer possible to offer to them a constitutional resistance.

It was upon the 5th of March, 1829, that Sir Robert performed his act of self-immolation.

Upon the measure itself we shall not, of course, enter into any discussion; neither shall we suffer ourselves to speculate upon the motives of the late right honourable baronet. We are satisfied to allow them to have been none other than those which he professed. In our estimate of his character we are concerned only in the grounds of those motives and the wisdom and foresight of that measure, which has already been attended by consequences far the most momentous of any that have ever resulted from the deliberate councils of the sovereign's responsible advisers. We are testing his sagacity as a statesman, not questioning his morality as an honest man.

In the first place, then, we look in vain through Sir Robert's speeches for any defence of the penal code, upon grounds of state necessity or political justice. He maintained them because they were in existence, and because certain dangers to the Church were apprehended from their removal; and, in proportion as his fears on this latter point were diminished, so must his disposition have been increased to "blot them out for ever." Had he continued to believe that the dangers, which some of his friends clearly foresaw, really impended, no concurrence of circumstances could have induced a firm, resolute, and honest politician to

remove the barriers by which they might have been withstood. We therefore deliberately say, that Sir Robert sympathised with his old opponents in believing that the Church would be strengthened, not weakened, by the admission of Roman Catholics to seats in the legislature, or he would not have counselled the concession of their claims. In this we need not say that he was mistaken.

He aimed at the reputation of the great pacificator of Ireland. He hoped that by flinging his son to the Irish Cerberus, he should lull the monster into a tranquil slumber, and enter at once upon the Elysian fields of Irish happiness and prosperity. But he was deceived. The expected result was not produced; and the whet which had been given to the appetite for concession only sharpened what it was intended to satisfy; while the minister was still further crippled in his power to put down disturbance, by the accession of new allies upon whom the demagogues might count in the Imperial Parliament. *Sir Robert Peel did not know Popery, and did not foresee the effects of the measures upon which he fondly hoped to base his political fame.*

He complained of being deserted by the constituencies, who now very loudly exclaimed against him for his abandonment of the Protestant cause. They left him, he said, to fight the battle alone, and sent into parliament either neutrals or antagonists. This, to a certain extent, is true, but not to the purpose. Constituencies will always be inert masses, except as they are set into action by some leading mind. It is the duty of the far-seeing statesman to forewarn them of the breakers ahead; and Sir Robert Peel, systematically, and of set purpose, forbore to utter such timely warning. Had he done so, far different, in many places, would have been the results of the election in 1826. And had he believed, as Percival believed, that the question was a vital one, and that the admission of Romanists within the walls of parliament was just the same sort of treason to the constitution as the admission of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy, he would have acted as Percival would have acted, and denounced the apathy which made men indifferent to such dangers. More especially when the blindness in part

proceeded from a reliance upon *himself*—a reliance greatly strengthened by recent declarations, after Mr. Canning's accession to power; and which caused the Protestants universally to feel that Emancipation was impossible as long as *he* was faithful.

In all this we cannot praise the right honourable baronet's wisdom, while we are far, indeed, from inculcating his motives.

In the second place, he mistook "the sound and fury" of the Romish agitators for something far more formidable than it really was. He mistook the braying of the ass in the lion's skin for the lion. Had he grappled vigorously with such sedition as he had then to deal with in Ireland, he could, by a single well-weighed act of parliament, have effectually put it down, and *that* in such a way as to win popularity from a majority of the Roman Catholics themselves. Witness what Lord Clarendon, acting under a ministry sustained by a reformed parliament, has done as respects repeal agitation. It was, therefore, not *the power* but *the will* that was wanting. Sir Robert conceived that the time had come, when, by a dexterous, or rather ambidexterous, stroke of policy, a root of bitterness might be extracted, which, while it continued, must mar good government in Ireland; and he ventured upon his perilous measure in the confident expectation that such would be the result. In all this he may have been sincere; but was he wise? was he even sagacious? Time, which is the test of parliamentary measures, has already proved that he was mistaken.

In the third place, he did not duly estimate the effect upon his former followers of what was deemed by them his treachery and his tergiversation; nor the loss which the public sustained in the destruction of his character as a public man. In truth, he was haunted all his life by a passion for conciliating his enemies, even though to do so he should disgust and alienate his friends. He acted through life upon the reverse of the maxim, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and while he vainly endeavoured to wile down the one, he took no care to secure the other. But, in this case, the error was pregnant with consequences which may be deplored by our latest posterity. It destroyed the Conservative

party, made way for the Whigs to office, and led to the passing of the Reform Bill, by which the balance of the constitution has been destroyed. All this is to be included in the measure of '29, for which Sir Robert Peel was properly responsible. He has repeatedly said, that, with all these consequences fully in view, under the same circumstances he would act again as he did in '29. We would not hear his enemies say so; but, having said so himself, we must believe him. And what is the conclusion to which we are compelled to come? That wisdom and foresight regulated all his proceedings? No; but that so total an absence of foresight and wisdom argues a kind of judicial infatuation!

We have read of a noble Roman jumping into a gulf to save his country; but we are informed that by this self-sacrifice his country *was* saved. Here is a self-immolation which only results in plunging the country into the most formidable dangers. Do we blame him for this, as though he were criminally responsible for consequences so tremendous? No; but we cannot praise his sagacity, by which they were not foreseen.

In the fourth place, he was unaware, or heedless, of the progress which the reformed opinions were making in Ireland. That is a subject upon which we cannot afford to dwell; but we state it as a fact, of which we have perfect conviction, that, for some years before '29, there was a great awakening amongst the Irish Roman Catholics; education had begun to tell upon the masses; and the gentry, who were disgusted both by the violence and the ignorance of their priests, were rapidly arriving at more enlightened convictions. Had Sir Robert waited but a few years longer, when the disclosures respecting Dens were brought into the full light of day, he would have seen all who were worthy amongst the Roman Catholics emancipating themselves. But no such possibility presented itself to his imagination; and he proceeded upon the conviction that Popery was stereotyped upon them, and that by legislative enactment alone could they obtain civil freedom.

These are painful details—painful conclusions. Would we could reverse them; but we cannot. They will be chronicled in history; and by them this eminent politician must be judged.

Let the reader say whether by future generations they should be regarded for warning or for example.

In the fifth place, the concession was made just when the demands of the agitators should have been resisted—when it was regarded as the triumph of turbulence, not a compliance with the demands of justice. Sir Robert said the time had come when something should be done, and *that something* should be the removal of the disabling laws. The true statesman would have seen, in such removal, at such a time, anything but a pledge of tranquillity; he would have regarded it as a species of *black mail*; and, whatever might be his opinion upon the abstract question, he would first, and with a high hand, put down the disturbers. He would have felt that he was morally unable to emancipate, until he had proved himself able to deal effectively with bravado and sedition. This did not Sir Robert Peel. Either he did not know how easily the agitators might have been put down, or he wished to use their turbulence as a cloak for carrying out his policy, which could alone be done when he had frightened “the isle from its propriety” by a most unfounded dread of a civil war. In all this we cannot praise him.

Well, the time speedily came when the predictions of the emancipators were all falsified; when pledges were broken, when oaths were disregarded, when the Church Establishment was fiercely and virulently assailed. The Reform Bill (which, to use the happy phrase of Dr. O’Sullivan, “was carried by the back-water of Emancipation”) had largely increased the Popish and democratic interest in the House of Commons, and the impolicy of concession became immediately visible. The disaffected put no limits to their demands, and counted, as a host of strength, the feebleness of the minister by whom they were resisted. Church property was spoliated by legislative enactments. Agrarian outrages were aggravated by the tardy-gaited justice which encouraged rather than repressed them. The secret fomenters of the movement by which life and property were rendered insecure, were cherished and caressed. The countenance of the Government was withdrawn from the Established clergy. The grant to Maynooth was largely increased. The titles of the Romish prelate were recognised, and

precedence accorded to them above the peers of the realm. Everything seemed to be either done, or doing, to prepare the way for the plenary establishment of Popery in Ireland; even whilst amongst the Romish body there were daily manifested symptoms of the most unequivocal nature, demonstrating their awakening intelligence, and their disposition to throw off the trammels of Popery, and assert for themselves the liberty with which the gospel would make them free. And all this to buy off turbulence! To propitiate agitators whose appetite for concession only “grew by what it fed on”! Was this wise? Was it politic? Could it have any other issue than the strengthening of disaffection, which would not rest until it had dismembered the empire?

The reader will remember that we are not now discussing measures—the time for that is past. We are endeavouring, without partiality or prejudice, to estimate the character of an eminent politician, who has been permitted, for good or for evil, to exercise a great influence over public affairs, and whose authority is still considerable with the large party by whom he was supported. There are those who valued him for the very errors which we have pointed out, inasmuch as they all tended to the disturbance of establishments for which they entertained no special favor. There are others of a very different stamp, who surrendered to him their judgment with an implicit reliance upon his wisdom; and these may, perchance, be influenced by an impartial retrospect of his whole career, and a calm consideration of the results of his policy;—and be led, even at the eleventh hour, to pause ere they carry it out to its whole extent, by concession after concession to a blind and improvident democracy, who would accomplish the destruction of constitutional liberty by a criminal abuse of the blessings of freedom.

But not only did wisdom and policy require that this timidity and vacillation in the minister should be abandoned; his own express pledges and promise at the passing of the Emancipation Bill required that the blusterings of the agitators should be met with determination and rigour. The following are the concluding words of his speech on the 5th of March, 1829:

“I trust, by the means now proposed, the moral storm may be lulled into a calm,

that the waters of strife may subside, and the elements of discord be stilled and composed (hear). But if these expectations be disappointed; if, unhappily, civil strife and contentions shall still take place; if the differences existing between us do not arise out of artificial distinctions and unequal privileges; but if there be something in the character of a Roman Catholic's religion—forsooth, a something not to be contented with a participation of equal privileges, or anything short of superiority—still I shall be content to make the trial. If the battle must be fought, if the contest which we would now avoid cannot be averted by those means, let the worst come to the worst—the battle will be fought for other objects, the contest will take place on other grounds (hear). The contest then will be, not for an equality of civil rights, but for the intolerant religion (hear, hear). I say we cannot fight the battle to greater advantage (if, indeed, those more gloomy predictions shall be realised, and if our more favourable hopes shall not be justified by the result), we can fight the battle against the predominance of an intolerant religion more advantageously after this measure shall have passed than we could at present. Under these circumstances we shall have the sympathy of other nations; we shall, on entering the contest, have dissolved the great moral alliance that existed among the Roman Catholics in consequence of those disabilities. We shall have with us those great and illustrious authorities that long supported this measure, and which will be transferred to us and ranged upon our side. And I do not doubt that, in that contest, we shall be victorious, aided, as we shall be, by the unanimous feeling of all classes of society in this country, as demonstrated in the numerous petitions presented to this house, in which I find the best and most real securities for the maintenance of our Protestant constitution (hear, hear), aided, as I will be, by the union of orthodoxy and dissent (hear), by the assenting voice of Scotland; and, if other aid be necessary, cheered by the sympathies of every free state, and by the wishes and prayers of every free man, in whatever clime or under whatever form of government he may live."

Now have any one of these pledges been redeemed? Was conciliation, when tried and found wanting, followed, as he promised it would, by a policy of coercion? Turbulence did increase. Discontent did become audacious, and assumed an unwonted ferocity. All that had been done seemed to be regarded as an instalment, and that nothing worthy a note of triumph would be accomplished until the Union was repealed, and an Irish parliament seated in College-green. And yet Sir

Robert was altogether unmindful of his pledge, and never once raised his voice in parliament to intimate his disappointment at those sad results, or express his determination to meet with a proper spirit the agitation which was rending and convulsing the empire. He had promised that all parties would merge their differences in parliament, and unite for its repression. Was that so? He had promised that it should be put down with a high hand. Was that so? He had promised that any measure which might be necessary for that purpose would not only be willingly conceded at home, but regarded with approbation by sympathising Europe. Was that so? Alas! no such measures were taken; and Europe regarded rather with complacency than dislike a procedure on the part of the emancipated demagogues which so materially increased the perils of the empire. Either, then, Sir Robert was wrong in his predictions of peace, when wiser men clearly foresaw that there could be no peace; or he knowingly committed himself to pledges which he was either unable or unwilling to fulfil; in which latter case the pledges were given merely to blind the eyes of those whom he deemed shallow and bigoted antagonists, and in the confident expectation that they should be converted from their errors before he could be called upon to redeem them.

It is remarkable that all those important measures, which the late Sir Robert Peel at first resisted, he finally was the means of carrying. It was so with the currency question. It was so with emancipation. It was so with the substitution of Papist for Protestant corporations in Ireland. It was so with the corn laws. This last measure is still upon its trial, and should not be hastily prejudged. But, whatever may be said of its effects in cheapening food, no one can doubt that it has, even already, greatly reduced the influence of the territorial aristocracy, and affected the agricultural interest to a degree that almost threatens its extinction. Neither can it be denied that the party which, with so much care and labour, had been built up after the passing of the Reform Bill, was by this act of Sir Robert suddenly destroyed.

The question, then, is, were the benefits of the repeal of the corn laws so clear and indisputable, and the necessity for passing the measure at that

time so urgent, that it was a matter of imperious duty not only to strike a blow against the agricultural interest, by which their prosperity must be overthrown, but to destroy the party on whom alone reliance could be placed for the preservation of our monarchical institutions; or, did not the measure admit of delay, by which we might have been enabled to feel our way in the direction of a removal of restrictions upon the import of food; and he gradually let in upon reluctant Conservatives, as they were able to bear it? To our minds nothing has been said, or pretended, which could convince us that this latter alternative was not practicable, and that Sir Robert, supposing him to be sincerely bent upon the one object alone, might not have accomplished it, or put it in the way of being in due time accomplished, without that second treachery to his party, by whom he had been forgiven and again adopted, which left them no alternative but ignominious submission to him as a dictator, or his utter rejection as a leader thenceforth, and for ever.

Nor are we sure that temper had not something to do with this second dereliction of principle, by which every one was taken by surprise, and his Conservative followers dismayed and confounded. He had intended to steal a march upon the recusants by such stealthy concessions, from time to time, to the Romanists, as might pave the way for the exaltation of Popery, and render its final establishment plain and easy. And, to a certain extent, he had succeeded. The education of the country had been thrown into their hands. The Bill for regulating charitable bequests, and giving them their titles and their precedence, had advanced to the very verge of recognition as an establishment; and he little thought that the enlarged grant to Maynooth, which would have brought them within an easy stage of paying the Romish priests out of the treasury, would have roused the commotion it did amongst his followers, or so imminently perilled his administration. But so it was. The sincere Protestants of his party took the alarm. Their eyes were at once opened to the dangers by which they were menaced. Their opposition was strenuous and indignant. The Premier persevered. He overruled them with a high hand; and, as in the case of Emancipation, casting

off his friends, he carried his measure by the aid of his enemies. This was not to be borne. A large number of the best men of his party, feeling themselves thus driven below the gangway, left him; and the remainder were barely sufficient to furnish a measuring cast majority, by which he must live, as a minister, from hand to mouth, liable at any moment to be outvoted, and not certain, for a single day, of his ministerial existence.

It was not until the opposition of these men was settled, and became, to use the phrase, *chronic*, that Sir Robert Peel declared his conversion to the total repeal of the corn laws; thereby, whatever might become of himself as a minister, rendering it impossible for *them* to form an administration. If this rendered his tenure of office precarious, he thus rendered their aspirations after it fruitless, and their attainment of it impossible. He had now undisguisedly passed over to the enemy, and openly declared (a declaration which he repeated only a short time before his death) that the Roman Catholics "should never find in him anything but a friend."

How far he was moved by temper (for with all his blandness he was not without a portion of gall for *his friends*), how far he was influenced by judgment, in the strange and startling course which he now pursued, we pretend not to say. Possibly both were not without their effect upon him; and while he felt no grief at the punishment thus inflicted upon those who so keenly and bitterly resented his patronage of Popery, he had large and generous views of the advantage which the repeal of the corn laws would confer upon the empire. Take it how we may, his conduct was passing strange, and may well cause the thoughtful man to exclaim, with the meditative author of the "Night Thoughts"—

"How rich, how poor, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man."

When, therefore, it is said, that he proved his sincerity by the sacrifice of his party, that avowment must be understood with certain limitations. In his secret heart he believed that party had sacrificed him; and it was not, in point of fact, until he had no party to sacrifice, that the step was taken which alienated him from his old friends for ever, and that the man whom he

had denounced as an assassin in intention was lauded by him as a friend.

Sir Robert Peel was, at the passing of his bill for the repeal of the corn laws, in his fifty-eighth year. The subject was one which had repeatedly come under his consideration, and upon which he had expressed very decided opinions. To suppose that, with his experience, with his mental industry, with his means of information, and with his powers of mind, he should all his life have remained in ignorance of the merits of the question, would be to exhibit a credulity as strange as his change of opinion, when announced, was astounding. In March, 1839, he thus expressed himself:—

"We should view," he says, "with regret, cultivation receding from the hill-top, which it has climbed *under the influence of protection*, and from which it surveys with joy the progress of successful toil. If you convince us that your most sanguine hope would be realised; that this country would become the great workshop of the world; would blight, through the cheapness of food, and the demand for foreign corn, the manufacturing industry of every other country; would present the dull succession of enormous manufacturing towns, connected by railways intersecting the abandoned tracts, which it was no longer profitable to cultivate; we should not forget, amid all these presages of complete happiness, that it has been *under the influence of protection to agriculture, continued for 200 years*, that the fen has been drained, the wild heath reclaimed, the health of a whole people improved, their life prolonged,—and all this, not at the expense of manufacturing prosperity, but currently with its wonderful advancement."

And again, more strongly still. In 1841, just previous to the election, which, relying on the opinion thus expressed by the right honourable baronet, returned such a triumphant majority of Conservatives to parliament:

"The charge is," he says, "that I have reserved to myself such a latitude of action upon all subjects, commercial, political, and financial, that there is not one upon which I am not perfectly at liberty to act, according to that course which I may think conducive to the advancement of my party interests."

"I believe, however, upon the whole, that my political principles are pretty well known. I think the course I have pursued is tolerably clear. . . . Then, you say, tell us your details; *tate the corn-laws*. I should like to know who has stood forward more than I have done, in defence of the ex-

isting *corn-laws*. I should like to know whether any man looking at these debates *can really have a doubt that my desire is to maintain a just and adequate protection to the agricultural interest*. Have I not contended for this, while I admitted, and I always will admit, that there may be *some details* of the present law which require alteration?"

"What I say is, that I prefer the principle of a graduated duty to a fixed duty, and that I think protection to agriculture perfectly consistent with manufacturing prosperity; at the same time, I will not bind myself irrevocably against any improvement *in the details of the existing law*. You are now about to dissolve parliament upon the cry of cheap bread; you promise the substitution of a fixed duty for the present fluctuating one: my firm belief is, that a fixed duty will give *no effectual* protection to the agriculture of Ireland, or of many parts of this country."

Now, surely, if ever minister came into power pledged to any principle, Sir Robert Peel assumed office, upon the defeat of the Whig-Radical ministry, pledged to a principle of protection. If parliament is to be taken as a representation of public opinion, if the man who leads a great party in parliament be the representative of the opinions upon which the individuals of that party were elected, a minister so pledged (and who would have been discredited had he not been so pledged), should either have redeemed his pledges or resigned his seat; nor could any casuistry reconcile a man of high honour to the odious course of using his power for the purpose of defeating the very cause which he was chosen to champion, and promoting the very cause which he had been accredited to defeat. But such was the conduct of Sir Robert Peel. He became, again the terror of his friends and the admiration of his enemies. And his victory—why it was just such a victory as the Duke of Wellington might have gained at Waterloo, had he, from some sudden and overpowering conviction that Europe would gain more from the triumph of Bonaparte than from the restoration of the Bourbons, deserted his standard, and carried a large portion of his army over with him to the enemy. Such a victory would not have added much to his laurels.

To say that a statesman like Sir Robert Peel, after a life spent in the public service, remained up to his fifty-eighth year, ignorant of the me-

rits of the corn-law question, would be to discredit him altogether as a public man. But that he should have accepted influence as the leader of a party, whose predominance in the House of Commons made him a minister of the crown, and used that influence, *upon any pretext*, as a means of *destroying* that party, was conduct which cannot be too strongly reprobated by all who respect political morality, or, indeed, who have not utterly abandoned all just notions of truth and honour.

We do not here enter upon the question whether the bill for the repeal of the corn-laws was right or wrong—whether it was a good measure or a bad one. We are dealing with the character, not with the acts, of this distinguished man; and we do say deliberately, that for his dereliction of principle on this occasion, he deservedly forfeited public confidence; that his old friends never could trust him more; and that, notwithstanding the advantages of his accession to his new associates, their gratification at his conduct was mingled with anything but respect for himself.

But, supposing his conviction to have been sincere, that such a measure was absolutely necessary, what should he have done? He should have resigned his seat, abandoned office, and given the country an opportunity of pronouncing upon it. He should have respected other men's opinion, by whom he had been elevated to power. In acting as he did, he did that which he was not accredited to do. He belied former convictions, betrayed those who had implicitly confided in him, stifled the public sentiment of all those constituencies who had sent into parliament representatives pledged to protection, but who, under the influence of the right honourable baronet, had all changed their minds. And it was, surely, no more than reasonable, that these constituencies should again, upon so vital a question, have had an opportunity given them of pronouncing upon the measure, which was about to be passed into a law by many whose only title to a seat in the House of Commons was that they had pledged themselves against it. Sir Robert should have acted as he did when about to pass the Emancipation Bill. He resigned his seat for Oxford upon the express ground that he no longer

in reality represented the sentiments of his constituents. But upon this subject, also, *he had changed his mind*. He had now become convinced that it was his duty as a representative to act upon one set of opinions, although he had been chosen for another; thus making treachery to the body by whom he was elected the means of accomplishing the more extensive treachery to the great party by whom he had been blindly and fondly trusted, and whom, in an evil hour for his own fame, he abandoned.

In his latest speech he prided himself upon the removal of religious distinctions, and asserted that no man's profession of faith was any longer a bar to his promotion in Ireland. Was that true? Could he have been blind to the fact, that the profession of the Romish religion has been made, *ceteris imparibus*, a ground for promotion? We do not, as we would not be thought invidious, mention names; but the man must be blind to the recent history of this country who could not refer to many instances in which merits the most transcendent have been set aside because the possessor was a Protestant, and deficiencies the most considerable overlooked, because the candidate for office was a Romanist. Was this as it should be?

Of the measures which prostrated the landed interest in Ireland, he was the cause, while he eagerly and effectively aided and abetted ministers in the enactment of the iniquitous poor-law; a law amounting, in many instances, to confiscation of the little property which remained, when the new corn-law had blasted their agricultural prosperity. Why? Not that he would have been wantonly or wickedly unjust; but, that he contemplated a new order of things, in which Romish should supersede Protestant proprietorship, and an obstacle be thus removed to the full and speedy realization of his fondest hope, that the Romish should be the established religion in Ireland.

Nor has he ever seemed at all sensible of the cruel injustice of measures which have overtaken the wretched Irish proprietors with such a sudden destruction. The corn-law, which reduced the value of land, was aggravated by the poor-law, which made the paupers of Ireland partners with the proprietor in the residue of his pro-

perty, in many cases eating up all that remained, and leaving the wretched nominal possessor to bankruptcy and ruin. Surely, their destruction, as a class, must have been clearly meditated by one who either actively promoted, or looked with a tranquil eye on such things.

The Irish landlords may have been improvident themselves, or inherited the consequences of their fathers' improvidence; but that surely was no reason for suddenly coming upon them with measures of extra-penal severity; and not content with leaving them to the liabilities of their own proper embarrassments, aggravating them by enactments, by which they were more than doubled, while their means of meeting them were all but paralyzed.

We do not say that good may not arise out of this evil; but we do say that it could not have been countenanced by any one who did not contemplate ulterior ends, and regard the extinction of Irish proprietorship, as it then stood, as a means of facilitating good government in Ireland.

But what is to be said for Sir Robert Peel's heedlessness of, or indifference to, the cases of the persecuted Protestant converts? These poor men have been, and are at this moment, undergoing a most savage and unrelenting persecution, in Galway, in Roscommon, in Clare, at Dingle, at Berehaven, and in many other places, where they are stoned, hooted, insulted, proscribed; where combinations have been formed against selling to or buying from them; where their lives are in jeopardy every hour, and where nothing but the most heroic devotion to their sacred duties could enable their venerable pastors to keep their posts, whose lives may be said to be a continued martyrdom. Of these facts no sane and well-informed man can entertain a doubt, even if recent trials had not rendered them matters of public notoriety, and given them an imperishable record in the conviction and punishment of some of the offenders. One word from Sir Robert Peel in Parliament would have drawn the attention of the Government and of the empire to the miscreants, who, having received

the full benefits of toleration for themselves at his hands, denied it to others. But that word was not spoken. His sympathies were not with the persecuted. No strong emotions were stirred within him at recitals which might be fully verified by his own Irish law officers, and which would have moved a heart of stone. Not that he was without feeling; but that his feelings were in abeyance to his politics. The establishment of Popery was the great end at which he aimed; and the worse than inquisitorial persecution of Protestantism was, therefore, to be connived at, because a parliamentary exposure of it might possibly interfere with this darling object.

We say, deliberately, that upon this subject *ALL our Protestant members are to blame*. Had the case been reversed, and had Protestants, under the same circumstances, persecuted those of their communion who desired to embrace the Romish religion, the empire would ring with parliamentary denunciations; the Government would be compelled to take some strong measures to protect the aggrieved; and the freedom of conscience which the persecutors claimed for themselves they would be compelled to permit to others. And for such an exercise of their parliamentary privilege we would honour the Roman Catholic members. But we confess that we feel humbled to the ground, that as yet, in the House of Commons, the poor, persecuted, Protestant converts have had no one to make their case fully known; no one to denounce the demons by whom they have been, in many instances, waylaid and murdered; no one to expose the perjuries by which miscreants, in human form, have sought to take away their lives; no one to exhibit, in words of truth and soberness, the popular outlawry by which they have been proscribed; no one to make known, in high quarters, the starvation and misery to which they have been subjected for their adherence to convictions grounded upon the Word of God, and the temptations by which they have been assailed, if they would only forsake the Gospel. "How long, O Lord! holy and just, how long?"

* While we write, the packet brings us news that Lord Roden has brought the subject before the House of Lords. The Marquis of Lansdowne in reply to the uncontroverted statement of Protestant persecution, says in substance, "Served 'em right. What business had

Nor can we separate this indifference from the frigidity upon matters of religious principle infused into the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel. In this particular, the later right honourable baronet was strangely inconsistent with himself. He would, perhaps, if properly solicited, have put his hands deep into his pockets, and contributed largely to the relief of these persecuted men, while he would shrink from giving utterance to a word in the house by which public sympathy might be enlisted in their favour. The truth is, he was as liberal of his money as he was jealous of his fame, which he felt to be bound up with his Irish policy; and he could not afford to make acknowledgments by which that policy might be discredited.

The following estimate of his character, by the late member for Newcastle, Mr. Colquhoun, is so just and vivid, that we cannot withhold it from our readers. It expresses all that we feel ourselves far better than we could do, and is, moreover, the production of one who was long a nightly observer of his senatorial labours:—

"We estimate highly the official abilities of Sir Robert Peel. We value his experience and his administrative skill,—we regard his tact in affairs and in debate as eminent. Few are abler reasoners; none manage a popular assembly with a more skilful hand. He would have made the most eminent and sagacious of lawyers. As a pleader, he would have commanded the jury and governed the bench. As a judge, his arguments would have been triumphant and his judgments incontrovertible. The eminence of the first Lord Mansfield would have been revived in Sir Robert Peel. But qualities attached to Murray, which also belong to Sir Robert Peel, and the same moral weakness which obscured the fame of the great lawyer, and made him in parliament a timid debater and an unsafe counsel, attach to the premier. In both, the qualities of the reason were such as to constitute a great man. The qualities of the heart lower them to the stature of inferior minds. The perception, the clear judgment, the absence of passion, the tenacious memory, give to them a forethought and a length of combination which form the sagacity of the statesman. In both, the want of nerve, of self-reliance, of

moral resolution, so damp their mind as to make it fall before the flatteries of opponents or their threats. One glance of Mr. Pitt's eye, one wave of his triumphant arm, one thunder from his eloquent voice, and Murray fled, daunted. Had he been prime minister, there is no concession he would not have made to avoid the clatter of that vehement squadron and the thundering charge of the terrific cornet. Sir Robert Peel, to avoid like assaults, makes the sacrifices which Murray would not have scrupled. The portraits of Lord Mansfield reveal his character. Any one may read on the floor of the House of Commons, still more than in the print-shop, the living portrait of the premier. The glance, sidelong, with which he enters the house, the look askance at his opponents, the anxious eye with which, on rising, he regards them; the shrinking back when a murmur from the opposite benches reaches his ear; the stealing adroitly into a new topic when he finds one unpalatable; the abandonment of opinion or associate when he perceives them to be obnoxious; the skill with which he lays out his argument to catch a cheer, the satisfaction with which he receives it—above all from his opponents; these signs mark the adroitness of the debater, and the infirmity of the statesman. When, after such an appearance, he resumes his seat, amid the cheers of his opponents and the silence of his friends, you have revealed to you his character and his policy. His character is to dread attack, and to make any compromise in order to avoid it: his policy is to shape his views according to the opinion of those who are most likely to thwart him. The effect of such a character is to make him adopt the opinions of others, and to borrow them from those who are most opposed to him.

"In a country like ours, and in the days upon which we have fallen, such a character placed in authority has an immense effect. Where public opinion governs, the important matter is to influence it. A man, therefore, of inflexible resolution and tenacious will, will always leave a strong mark on the opinions of his day. His impetuous force will sweep before it the disjointed materials of public sentiment, and leave in the deep channel which it graves the marks of its irresistible course. If he is the advocate of falsehood, he will make many falsehoods current. If he is the champion of truth, he will be paramount, and long after his day debates and the press will tingle with his words. These will form the opinion of thousands. A man of the character of Lord

they to make converts?" We trust that this will tell as it should upon the country. We confess, if it do not, we have very little hesitation in saying that England's doom is sealed. Such an expression, from a minister of the Crown, on such an occasion, argues something far worse than infidelity. If he be not an utter unbeliever, it can minister to him but little comfort on his death-bed, that he thus convived at the blood of the martyrs.

Mansfield leaves traces no less marked, but in a different direction. If he is on the side of falsehood, he adopts popular fallacies, defends them with skill, and relinquishes them when overcome by his opponents. If he is on the side of truth, his influence is stronger, but all the more mischievous. He espouses truth from conviction, his reason being clear. He abandons it on pressure, his courage being weak. He will generally be right in the outset, and he will maintain what is true; he will always be wrong in the end, and will be sure to abandon the truth; but before he abandons his cause, he will betray it: and he will be the worst of traitors, because he will betray while he holds the position of a friend. His mode of betraying will be this: as truth in politics is generally mingled with error, and the side which espouses the true defends also what is erroneous, such a party has to encounter assaults upon its political creed, which are always vigorous and often just. As they maintain their views with prejudice, and regard all attack upon them with indignation, their creed is a heterogeneous mass, and they are conservative of errors as well as of truths. At this juncture a man of Mansfield's character occupying the position of their leader, will be the vigorous champion of their prejudices, tenacious of all, and opposed to change. But when the tide rises, and public opinion turns against them, and prejudice becomes untenable, and the vulnerable part of the system must fall, such a leader passes, by a natural transition, from obstinate prejudice to a general surrender. He is now ready to give up every thing—the true as well as the false—for as no principle guides his judgment, and he listens constantly to fear, he is prepared for any compromise, so that he may avoid a conflict. Having maintained his system because it was popular, he deserts it as soon as it becomes obnoxious; and instead of expunging from it what is worthless, and retaining what is good, he rises the beaten champion of prejudice, to surrender everything, even truth, to its enemies. As his practice is to maintain what he has as long as he can, he judges by the amount of pressure as to when and what he surrenders. He prepares himself for the result by refusing to discuss any question upon its principles, and argues always upon what is temporary and accidental. Whenever he can he reserves his opinion, where he cannot he makes it obscure. You will never find him on lines where he plants his standard. He will always have ground on which he can fall back, and nothing will be certain except his retreat. He will never leave any feeling of despair to his opponents, or of confidence to his friends. The one will always look to him with hope, and the other with anxiety; the one always expecting that he will surrender, and the other that he will desert. The effect of this in a discussion of principle is transparent. The principles of

which he is the advocate, being held back and thrown into the shade, first dwindle and then die. The principles of which he is the opponent, watered by hope and invigorated by success, will become rampant and grow. The cause therefore which he resists is sure to triumph, and that of which he is the champion to dissolve. His influence will be felt throughout his own party, which perceiving his abilities will assume that his policy is founded on reason, and unwilling to attribute his acts to his fears, will refer them to his forethought. They will suppose that he foresees difficulties which escape them, and they will join him in abandoning positions, which are only indefensible because not defended, and only weak because deserted. His course will in fact be the reverse of that of the great warrior. The one driven into a peninsula, with Europe banded against him, conscious of his resources and confident in his cause, chooses his position with the eye of genius, supports it with the constancy of courage, gathers Europe to the rescue, and the world is freed. The other, with truth on his side, but fear in his heart, his hands filled with weapons of strength, his loins shaking with alarm, dreads the attack before it reaches him, and looks round for retreat; blows up entrenchments which are impregnable, undermines what is strong, damps his friends by his cowardice, inspirits his enemies, and finally surrenders bulwarks which would have stood the shock of foes, had they found a friend with the heart to love or the nerve to defend them."

He was, indeed, too indifferent to the feelings and remonstrances of his friends, and too sensitive to the reproaches of his enemies. Some men wear their honour (Canning, for instance), but he wore *his conscience*, on his sleeve, for claws to peck at. His political morality was but skin-deep and complexional. It received and did not give its tone to surrounding things, fluctuated with every variation in the temperature of the house, and was hot or cold according to the influences around him.

And yet it was not without a purpose and a principle that he acted, even when his conduct seemed most strange and inconsistent. When the great breach was made in the Constitution in '20, he long hoped against hope that the prophecies of the emancipationists would be fulfilled, that party differences, arising out of religious feelings, would cease, and that halcyon days were in prospect for Ireland. But when he became perfectly convinced that no such results were to be looked for, and that the measure

was irretrievable, he could see nothing but the destruction of the Church, and the exaltation of Popery, in the distance; and his course was at once shaped, not for the preservation of the one or the repression of the other, but such a gradual preparation of circumstances as that the rise of the one might not be too violent, whilst the fall of the other would be gentle and easy.

If the Church was to be defended, it was not because it upheld the truth, but because it really was not so rich as was pretended; that but little could be gained by its spoliation, while a great shock would be given to public opinion. But those who would uphold it in its integrity, and vindicate it from the assaults of the Romanists, had their merits imputed to them as faults, and were amongst the very last to whom any countenance would be given during his administration.

So it was, also, with respect to the Reform Bill. He thought he saw, in that measure, a principle triumphant, which must ultimately overturn the monarchy, and render it absolutely necessary that our institutions must henceforth be new modelled, and founded upon a democratic basis. This at once led him to believe that it would be idle any longer to contend for the existence of a territorial aristocracy; and, that point being once settled, that it would be wicked to struggle any longer for the maintenance of the corn-laws. The Irish corporations were surrendered to the Romanists, not because they could not have been effectually maintained by a minister who should "scrow his courage to the sticking-place," but because Sir Robert Peel deemed it useless any longer to maintain them.

Thus it was that there was a principle even in the most apparently unprincipled part of his policy. Altered circumstances gave rise to altered views, and made the altered man. When he said that Ireland was his difficulty, he was not understood. He would, he could, have found no difficulty in putting down disaffection. By one vigorous measure, in which he would have been supported by the best of all parties, he might have made sedition quail. The difficulty was in taking any measure which might be obstructive of the great end which he had in view, and to which he deemed that all things were tending, the establishment

of Popery, and the substitution of a Romanist instead of a Protestant ascendancy in Ireland.

Such we conceive to be the *rationale* of the late right hon. baronet's policy. He imagined himself amongst breakers against which he could not safely make head, and he doubled and twisted in the only way in which he deemed it wise to proceed, or even possible, to avoid certain danger. He saw an inevitable tendency downward, and his measures were all calculated, to the best of his judgment, to retard its rapidity and break the fall.

Had he been a man of nerve—had his mental and his moral temperament been such as, when the floodgates were up, would have fitted him to contend with the terrible element which poured in upon him with such sudden violence—he might have accomplished great things. The rally which, under his guidance, his party had made after the reverses of the Reform Bill, clearly showed what might have been done, had that party had a leader who was not hasty in taking augury from his fears. Had he relied upon them as they relied upon him, there were no difficulties which he might not have conquered; and it is our belief that, had he shown an intrepid front, he would have found it easier to raise public sentiment to a height which would have sustained our monarchical institutions in all their constitutional vigour, than he did find it to let them down to a republican level, from the forgone conclusion that, sooner or later, they must be swept away.

It was said, with truth, of Pitt, that he was "the pilot that weathered the storm." No man, than he, could have more disliked the hazards and the miseries of war. His great aim, when he entered office, was, to keep England at peace, and to extricate her, if possible, from her financial difficulties. He was long reluctant to act upon the views of Burke, who discerned the signs of the coming tempest when few others could see any symptoms of danger. But when he was once convinced that in peace there was no safety, and that our most sacred institutions were in imminent peril, he laid aside, for a season, his most cherished predilections, looked the dangers full in the face, and braced himself for the duties of a war minister with a courage as high as the cause was good, and per-

severed in the contest, "*per damna; per cædes.*" with a constancy as great as the blessings were inappreciable which were to be defended. All mere cheese-parings in finance he gave to the winds when the question arose what price would not England pay for the preservation of her liberties? And his name will, by all true lovers of their country, be held in perpetual honour, as the man whose trumpet-toned eloquence aroused a nation to the most heroic efforts of self-defence, and inspired them with a willingness to make the enormous sacrifices by which alone the enemy with whom they had to contend could be effectually resisted.

All this lofty courage was, in Sir Robert Peel, a-wanting. If the one was "the pilot that weathered the storm," the other was "*nimis procelle timidus;*" and whilst the boldness of the former, by confronting, overcame the most formidable dangers, the shrinking timidity of the latter, by eschewing, has only rendered comparatively lesser dangers more inveterate, until they can now, by scarcely any ability, be averted. They have become almost chronic in our constitutional system.

But was he not a great man? If the question be, was he fit to lead a great party? we have no hesitation in saying, he was not. He was essentially a subaltern, and lost his head from too high an elevation. A great man must inspire his followers with confidence. He only made those nearest to him feel that he was unfit to deal with critical emergencies, and those at a distance to feel that they were betrayed. He broke up, and scattered to the winds, the most powerful party England ever saw, and that at a time when such a party seemed indispensable for the preservation of the empire. And this he did upon grounds by which no man could be satisfied, which surprised his enemies almost as much as they grieved his friends. With such a parliamentary army as he had at his command, handled properly and managed wisely, he might have quelled all domestic faction, and bade defiance to the hostility of the world.

In the sense mentioned, therefore, it is our opinion that he was not a great man. But he must not be confounded with little men. If he was a subaltern, as we have stated, he was

the ablest of subalterns. Under a chief, like either of the Pitts, he would have been invaluable. His adroitness and dexterity in the management of details were consummate, and he possessed great skill as a financier; added to which, he was always ready and well-informed upon every subject connected with the department over which he presided. It might be truly said of him that he would be deemed "*consensu omnium dignus imperio nisi imperasset.*"

But did he leave behind him no great measures, as evidences of his ability and monuments of his fame? He did. His revision, amendment, and condensation of the criminal law is a great boon to his country. He found our criminal code a mass of contradiction and confusion, and, like the code of Draco, written in blood; and he devoted days and nights of intense labour to the reduction of it to its present form; classifying its enactments, simplifying its forms, and mitigating its severity, until it is no longer a disgrace to social man, but may vie, in humanity and perspicuous simplicity, with the most enlightened codes of criminal jurisprudence that have ever appeared in the world. For this he should ever be gratefully remembered.

Upon the merit of his great currency measure, as we before stated, we do not pronounce. It has not as yet, in our judgment, been sufficiently tested. There is no doubt that by it he became the idol of the chiroseocracy. No sooner were its effects felt than all the worshippers of mammon fell down before him. His merits in staying public credit, and putting monetary transactions upon what he deemed a solid foundation, were so great as to cause a forgetfulness of his errors and his short-comings in matters far more important. It is true he double-riveted the chains of the debtor; but that was no reason why he should not find favour in the eyes of the creditor, who, for that, forgave him all his tergiversations, and to whom his pro-priety and his anti-corn-law policy were but as dust in the balance when weighed against his transcendent merits in making the pound a veritable pound, and enabling the Shylocks of the day to claim much more than that for which they had bargained.

Nor do we presume to say, that hitherto the good of his currency

measure has not predominated over the evil; nor even that it was not, when it passed, the best thing that could have been done. The evil which he had to remedy was, a currency running wildly towards the extreme of depreciation; and he put upon it an Egyptian curb which, at all events, restrained its headlong course, so that one evil, that of a circulation in excess, was avoided. Whether something might not have been concurrently done to prevent the other evil, that of a circulation in deficiency, we omit, for the present, to inquire. But subsequent experience enables us to state positively, that against *that* evil Sir Robert was not equally on his guard; and future experience will, we trust, enable some equally able man to remedy the defect by some arrangements which, while they ease, shall not injuriously relax, our monetary regulations, but give to the currency a kind of elastic accommodation to our growing trading and mercantile requirements.

Of the private character of this eminent man there is, there could be, but one opinion. It was, in the highest degree, excellent. He was the light and the joy of the domestic circle; and his charities found their stealthy way to many an abode of suffering and of anguish, where the artist lay upon the bed of sickness, heart-broken and destitute; or, more unhappy still, with a family around him pining for food.

Often has the man of letters, whose pen had been dipped in gall against him, found in him, when overtaken by want and woe, a munificent benefactor. Nor were these deeds of mercy few and far between. It is our belief that an appeal to his compassion, whether by friend or enemy, never was made in vain; that neither his ear nor his purse were ever closed to the tale of calamity, from whomsoever it proceeded; and that he was as simple and unostentatious in the mode, as he was liberal in the measure of his princely charities. Doubtless all those works of love returned largely into his own bosom; and when he suffered most keenly under what he deemed the detraction and malignity of party hate, "sweet must have been the odour of their memory, and pleasant the balm of their consolation."

We now take our leave of him. As a public man, a sense of duty has compelled us to deal with him with a painful fidelity. If we have nothing extenuated his defects and errors as a politician, we are not conscious of having set down aught in malice. We are, perhaps, too near the scene of his actings and doings to judge with entire impartiality of his character as a minister. But the judgment which we have formed is now before the reader, and we believe it will not be found to differ widely from the award of an impartial posterity.

